

# METHODIST REVIEW

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## ART. I.—GERMANY REVISITED

BETWEEN "student days" and the "sabbatical year" twenty-seven years had intervened. Other holidays had been enjoyed, indeed, and occasional visits to the Fatherland, but there had been little opportunity to live oneself again into the life of the people. Now, a quarter century brings changes in both men and nations. The observer himself has changed; he sees with a different eye and his standards of judgment have been influenced by the years, therefore he must guard against too facile comparisons of the present with the past. But, although allowance must be made for the personal equation of the visitor, it is evident that Germany itself has altered. The nation has strengthened its position among the European peoples. Its riches have increased. Power and wealth alike have been furthered by technical achievement, especially since industrial progress has been often of the manufacturing type. Political and material prosperity have enlarged the self-consciousness and confidence of the nation at the same time that they have fostered the luxury noticeable among other modern peoples. The political and military organization of Germany, however, has been little altered. With recent movements in behalf of international peace the German shows scanty sympathy, but the military ideal is at least an ideal in an age of practical materialization. Hence it has value for the Germany of to-day, despite its interference with the progress of the world. A quarter century ago Germany was moving from its heroic era to its

established position in the modern world. The old Kaiser, and Bismarck, and Moltke still lived and took active part in the direction of affairs. Now the older generation has disappeared and the new is approaching age. The young lieutenants of 1870 linger on sometimes as gray-haired generals; but the old Emperor and his great prime minister have been succeeded by Kaiser Wilhelm II, who would fain unite the functions of ruler and premier and warlord in his own person. Wilhelm I, and Bismarck, and Moltke, and the lamented Friedrich III as well, are venerated names belonging to the history of the past. Through their labors Germany grew great and prosperous, but, in spite of the continuity of development, the position of their Germany was other than the situation of to-day. For Germany is not merely united; united Germany has become a power in the world. The Rhine must still be guarded by regiments which never sleep, but the enemy beyond the Rhine is to be fought in the Mediterranean also, or Africa, through economic rivalry as well as by force of arms. The new Germany has built itself a navy to maintain its international position, to guard the trade routes along which its surplus manufactures are carried to world markets, to protect the colonies to be settled by its overplus of population. Naval expansion increases the tension with England which economic competition had begun, as endeavors after new possessions or commercial advantage—in Asia Minor, it may be, or Africa—create new causes of international friction. So the empire stands supreme in central Europe. With Austria and Italy its allies, it can now give pause to opposing nations; now, if unable to carry through its plans, exact a price for their abandonment. The position of the country is a proud one, and the people are proud of their success, albeit the cost is heavy both for Germans and for Europe continually under arms. "*Berlin ist Weltstadt geworden*," was the cry of a quarter-century past. Germany a world-power—one had almost written *the* world-power—is the motto of to-day; or, in the Kaiser's words, German citizenship to equal the Roman citizenship of the ancient world. The change in verbal boasting reflects the change in the temper of the people and in national affairs. The gain in political influence has been paralleled by Germany's material prosperity,

on which in part it rests. The older Germany, or at least a large portion of it, was traditionally poor. In Prussia, for example, and in Prussian life, the virtues which flow from thrift, as well as its disadvantages, were salient characteristics. To-day, in Germany nothing impresses the visitor more than the signs of increasing wealth. Buildings, factories, commercial enterprises, force themselves upon the traveler's notice. Leipzig from without wears the aspect of a factory town; within it is boasting of the largest railway station in Europe, which it has just built. Dresden remains in many ways the delightful art center of earlier days, but at night the most prominent edifice in the city is a cigarette factory illuminated after the manner of a mosque. In Berlin a generation ago private equipages were rare; to-day the automobile rules as in Paris. Then the foreigner caught many an honest cold listening in the Tiergarten for the song of the nightingale; now he hears little but the chauffeur's horn, happy if he can escape the rush of the following wheels. Great business edifices line the streets, along which hurrying crowds replace the leisurely wayfarer of long ago. There is talk of giant steamships and dirigible balloons, as well as of military reviews, or court preachers, or the opera. The old "Athens on the Spree" has almost disappeared. In its place you find, on a basis of old Berlin, something of Boston and Paris mingled, with a considerable dash of the Bowery. And if these outward manifestations at times disturb the student of other days, the economists and statisticians assure us that they rest on a foundation of national prosperity. After 1870-71 it was plain that a new power had been born into the modern world, but who could foresee the rise of this new power to a position of economic leadership? The German soldier has ceased to be the sole menace to his country's rivals; the German artisan, farmer, sailor, has become a main source of national strength, alike in the inner development of the nation and in its conflicts with competitors beyond the borders of the Fatherland. In both fields success has been furthered by the German talent for organization. Visiting Germany anew, one finds the old impression of universal regulation forcibly, even unpleasantly, revived. Everything, down to the minutiae of life, is regulated

by law, if haply it escapes being *polizeilich verboten*. All men, or the great majority of them, do their work to order, often in unison with their fellows. Your railroad official explains the superiority of the system at the same time that he enforces its inconvenient provisions. The men laying asphalt in the streets work in gangs, with leaders, and beat down the pavement in rhythm at the word of command. System, order, unity, form the ideal of thought and life. Questions, of course, arise for the foreign observer, and even for native thinkers: Does regulation kill initiative? In the next great war, in the prolonged competition of industrial life, will great leaders still be found or can the system work itself without them? The resolution of such doubts is reserved for the future. Meanwhile, it is beyond question that the efficiency of the German army and Germany's industrial progress have both been promoted by intelligent organization. The obverse of universal regulation is foresight, adaptation, preparation. The merchant, like the general, studies his objective, investigates conditions, with infinite pains adjusts his arrangements or adapts his wares to the conditions ascertained. And both avail themselves of the latest technical achievements. To-day, as years ago, or rather more markedly than then, the German combination of abstract thinking and practical skill surprises the observer. Here, also, questions vex him. May there not be too great a massing of machinery and mechanical devices—too great, even, for the purpose in hand, not now to speak of the higher aims of life? May not railway trains—or battleships—be so cumbered with instruments for this purpose or that as to prejudice their principal service? As in the case of rules and regulations, is not something to be said in favor of the Anglo-Saxon margin for nonmechanical adjustment? However this may be, it is impossible not to admire the success of the Germans hitherto in their chosen course. The government favors trade and industry. The universities and technical schools supply the highest training in the principles of science, which as nowhere else are utilized in their application to practical needs. If the German schoolmaster helped win the battles by the Rhine, the German chemist and physicist and engineer have put German manufactures and commerce in the forefront of modern industrial compe-



tion. The factories and trade and agricultural progress are also victories for German thought.

But the dangers attending material prosperity are sensible in Germany as in other quarters of the world to-day. Renewed acquaintance with German culture enables one to understand the impatience of some of her own thinkers with our age of technical accomplishment. With wealth, expenditure has increased. Thrift has given way to luxury. In appearance—it is to be feared, in reality as well—the emphasis has been at times transferred from the ideal to the material ends of living. Abstract materialism, contrary to the fears of earlier scholars, does not form the outcome of later thought, but not a few earnest thinkers deplore a practical materialization of life, which they consider a note of the age. The ugly manifestations of this spirit are charged by superficial European writers to our native land. The “American millionaire” supplies one of the stock hobbies of Continental, or even of British, criticism. He lacks all culture at the very time that he abstracts art treasures. He corrupts the simple natives by his lavish expenditure, if he does not brutalize himself. It is he who is responsible for the false standards of modern living, because he has created them and diffused them through the world. The skeptic might ask, of course, how comes it that the simple native yields himself so readily to corruption, but the positive rejoinder is clearer than any quip could be. The Germany of to-day is, happily, far from being commercialized to a complete degree. She remains the home of science and she retains her love for art. Her people, as of old, are characterized by deep-seated loyalty and respect for law. Despite modern unbelief, the conclusion may be hazarded that the religious feeling enters still as an essential element into the spirit of the nation. Nevertheless, her culture has not entirely escaped the dangers of the hour, the dangers which spring from her own success. At times it is a relief for the student-traveler to escape from the rush of the centers to the quiet of some old-world town. A visit to one of the smaller universities, with its quaint student customs and its professors undisturbed by outside clamor in their pursuit of truth, the sight of the Thuringian peasants as, of a Sunday morning in

springtime, they thronged the Wartburg and bewondered the relics of Reformation times—experiences like these brought welcome change from glimpses of modern city life. After “palace-hotels” and fast expresses it was refreshing to turn to simpler ways and mingle with humbler folk, for they showed the best of the older German culture still leavening the new.

The consciousness of material success is thus an essential factor in the German spirit of the time. Its importance may be rated next to the realization of political power. In both respects the progress of the half century gone gives legitimate ground for pride. The advance from the days of scattered minor enterprises to industrial influence, the development of a score of diverse states into a world-power—both these phases of German evolution justify the growth of national feeling; of satisfaction with the way which has been traversed, with the results achieved. But it cannot be denied that the self-consciousness of the Germans of to-day creates problems for the world. Rarely has a people so succeeded. But of their success this people is aware; so that the consciousness of power renders them uncomfortable neighbors in the community of nations. At the present time the greatest danger springs from the desire for foreign territory. “Germany has a right to a place in the sun” is the motto, often repeated, which expresses the temper of the nation. The other peoples early acquired colonial possessions. Germany has late begun the acquisition of unoccupied territory. Now she must have her turn. At heart she is bent on peace. Her army and navy are maintained simply to assure the safety and the prosperity of the country. These well-forged weapons she will not use—unless she is denied her rights. And her rights include “a place in the sun.” It is even sometimes phrased “the place in the sun,” meaning that Germany’s claims to whatever lands remain vacant in the world is paramount. But even the milder doctrine involves a serious menace. The peace of the world is made dependent upon submission to German demands. Force is declared the *ultima ratio*, for it is enlisted in the service of the right. And Germany is in the right, it is assumed; whereas the other nations, except her allies, are resolved on excluding her from the benefits which of

right to her belong. The peril of such a spirit in times of international tension is evident. In the summer of 1911, during the controversy over Morocco, it was one of the forces which brought Europe to the brink of war, and it constantly embitters the relations of Germany with other nations. In particular, this is one cause of the breach with England, misunderstanding on either side intensifying the strain of economic competition and the rivalry for the mastery of the sea. Happily, the danger is diminished by many tendencies which make for peace, among them the clearer vision of a portion of the German people. But it grows more, not less, impressive on acquaintance. Before we visited, or revisited, Germany, war between the sister nations seemed, after all, unthinkable, while we were inclined in large measure to ascribe responsibility for the difficulty to England's fault. Observation modified both judgments. The objective situation, still more the antagonism of the two nations, may precipitate the conflict. And if it comes, the blame will be chargeable to neither of the two alone.

The confident spirit of the Germans, it is further to be noted, does not imply alteration in the national constitution. In the organization of the government, in the political ideals of the governing classes, there has been relatively little change. The enlargement of political power and the industrial progress have not been paralleled by inner political development. The government is singularly efficient, as experts tell us, and notably free from the taint of corruption. The administration of German cities, in particular, furnishes models of enlightened management. And later years in Germany have brought a remarkable development of governmental care for the poorer classes in society, but, judged by Anglo-Saxon standards, the body politic continues organized on a basis suggestive of pre-Revolutionary principles, with here and there a touch of feudal institutions. Many Germans recognize the fact—with regret, or with a defense of the old as better than the modern ways. Even the socialists have not succeeded in transforming the political order, and socialism itself is confronted by problems of inner evolution. A few recent examples may serve to illustrate the issue: In the past spring, for the first

time in its history, the members of the Reichstag secured the right to interpellate the government. And still the privilege is hedged about with limiting conditions; the questions allowed are restricted to matters of minor moment, and even these the representatives of the government may decline to answer if at any time they deem refusal wise. Again, in 1911-12 there has been renewed agitation concerning the question of dueling in the army. Two medical officers had been driven to resign because of their attitude in relation to the practice, or because, as in one celebrated case, a surgeon had refrained from challenging a fellow practitioner from whom he had previously obtained professional and legal satisfaction for slander. The issue was carried into the Imperial Parliament, where the minister of war helped the cause of the opposition by his blundering management of the debate. But in the end the interests of feudalism triumphed. "The Emperor has taken effective measures to limit and to mitigate the duel," so ran the minister's final statement of the matter, "and no officer is forced out of the army because of his moral or religious scruples; but when a member of a great organization finds himself out of harmony with the opinions of his fellows, it is best for him to withdraw." And with this formulation of doctrine the opposition was compelled to rest content. The second of these examples has especial pertinence, since the spirit of reaction culminates in military circles and the army continues, as in former years, the most prominent feature in German life. By the recent bill fixing the strength of the forces, over 700,000 men will serve with the colors in time of peace, with millions to reinforce them if war should actually break out. In spite of dissenting voices, moreover, the military organization of the nation is based on the prevailing will of the majority of the people as well as of the monarch and the nobles. The university professor joins the "man in the street," the serious writer the reporter for the newspapers, in praising the army as an indispensable instrument of national defense and as a training school for the youth of the nation. To the English, much more to the American mind, there is something sad, or even repellent, in this concentration of the national consciousness on preparation for war. With the German it is generally the con-

trary. For him the military organization of his country is normal; even, in spite of its cost, something valuable and desirable. The socialists themselves depart less than their French associates from the military ideal. These share in the antimilitarist propaganda. The Germans favor peace, indeed, and advocate a militia in substitution for the standing army, but in recent years they have repeatedly made known their determination that, if the order to march should come, they will be found in the ranks.

Among later modern thinkers the view has widely prevailed that social progress consists in an advance from the militant to the industrial organization of society. Germany presents a partial exception to this law. Her successful industrialism has not destroyed her military tendencies. And the results of this phase of her development must be reckoned with as frankly as those we first discussed. While other leading nations are moving toward the ideal of international peace, the policy of Germany often tends in the contrary direction. For her, international arbitration and disarmament are excluded by the circumstances of the political situation, if not by the conditions under which human society normally exists. German voices even are not lacking which declare military training, and war itself, necessary to the maintenance of national virility. If England and France, therefore, and the United States are minded to continue their efforts for universal human brotherhood, they must be prepared to encounter distrust and opposition in central Europe. From Germany and her allies little encouragement is to be expected; for the German empire still shows one of the most surprising combinations of later times: the most scientific, in certain ways the most cultured, among the nations is organized on a political basis which other nations consider retrograde, and she is convinced of the necessity, or even the desirability, of international conflicts. At the same time, the military question has another side. The disadvantages of the German position are serious, but there are advantages also which should not be ignored. Certain of these are familiar from repeated discussion: the value of the army as a nursery of patriotic feeling and the important provision which it makes for the physical and mental discipline of the people. A final benefit is

less often noticed: the military spirit supplies a living ideal in an age when the wonted ideal restraints of conduct have lost somewhat of their force. Despite the ingrained religious temper of her people, Germany has felt the decay of faith like other European nations. In some ways, as the home of critical scholarship and in virtue of the German predilection for abstract conclusions, she has been peculiarly responsive to the modern influences which menace religious belief, and this decline has gone on in a period which has exposed her, as never before in her history, to the dangers arising from material prosperity. The army, on the other hand, although it imposes heavy economic burdens and remains a focus of reaction in the European world, inculcates a lofty ideal of its own. Patriotism, obedience, self-sacrifice—these are the virtues of the soldier. The German army has not created these in the mind of the German people; rather it has drawn from the reservoir of fidelity and loyalty which the nation possesses as by birth. But it has supported these ideals, and proclaimed them, in an age when ideals generally are questioned in the name of the "practical man." Its proclamation, moreover, has been made in the streets, in the midst of the daily round. The foreigner wearies of the tramp of soldiery; to the German the passing troops mean the defense of the Fatherland, in which he himself has share. If generals are represented on the many monuments, along with monarchs and statesmen, it is the nation's resurrection which they stand for and the new-born national life. That the new Germany is organized on a military basis includes misfortune for herself and for Europe, which she greatly influences, but the returning visitor can grasp something of the significance which she attaches to the military ideal. If lower than the highest, it is nobler than many which are suggested by the spirit of our age.

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## ART. II.—A POET CHRYSOSTOM

NOT to be secretive, the poet intended is Francis Thompson. A twentieth-century man we might call him, since he dwelt so deep in the nineteenth as to have been in the very swirl of twentieth-century living. He seems a dweller in the age of Elizabeth and brother to those gorgeous singers who lipped the flute and from it dripped words with wings. An anachronism you might name Francis Thompson if you were stickler for the calendar, although such as keep close ear to the heart of the world's best things know that all days are June days to the witcheries of the world, and men are all the while as that great spirit who said of himself that he was as one born out of due season. All seasons are seasonable to the creative God; and we may well rejoice with wide rejoicing that in all climes the soil grows blossoms of rarest hue and perfume. The accident of time is not serious. The man who overleaps his century and comes into the middle meadow of the wonders of the eternal consequentials is your immortal. We must not wish to tie men down to their contemporaries. What is man that he should ever be hedged in by his century? Is he not by virtue of his immortality a citizen of all the centuries, and shall he be traitor to his eternality? Was Shakespeare son of England or the sixteenth century, or Milton son of the seventeenth century, or Burke son of the eighteenth century? Were they not transcendent men and spurners of barriers of time? And was Keats a nineteenth-century man? To name it is to deride it. He was son of the long ago, when the world was new and dream-swept and wondering, like little children searching the moonlights for the fairies' forms spinning in the gleam. He was fronted, so to say, backward, and had the flattened eyeball, so that the far seemed near and the near was invisible. Or in what deeper regard was Shelley either Englishman or eighteenth-century man? He was woven of shimmering moonlight as regards all those elements in him which make him immortal. His atheism goes for naught and his serious spirit of revolt falls away like a mist when we come to search for the nightingale that sings in those shadows which we name Shelley.

No, contemporaneity is not a thing for emphasis for such as have the wings to overleap the centuries. We stay where we are born and put because we be lesser men. The last century is, in much, the noblest; but the centuries are larger than any century. The glory and the beauty of living now are that we lightly skim—as swallows do—across all the open water of the centuries of the life-time of the world. A body need not be archaic because his thought runs hot in the mold of some distant day. He may be simply luminous and barrier-defying. He may be happy kinsman to all the days that are. He may eschew our grammar with its tenses and swim like morning in an eternal now. For me, it is ever good to light upon the soul not “cabined” nor “confined,” the eclectic that goes where it will and asks no odds save of God, by whom it is and for whom it is. I love the innovation of the vital and the winged and the espouser of the eternal. Such is Francis Thompson.

And golden is the identificational word for Francis Thompson. Golden throat, golden mouth, golden speech—all these equally belong to him. His sun is golden, and blooms yellow like a sunflower in a golden sky. The much-burdened epithet “simplicity” has no relation to him, or his thought, or his dealings with the destinations of the soul. He did not know simplicity. He knew involvedness; remote conjunctions which to the very many appeared incongruous. Meanings which had not yet come to bloom swept over him like daisy fields at perfect flower. How readily we are duped by a phrase. We surrender to a word and remain abject menials. “Simplicity” is good for what it is good for, but so few things are dwellers in that land. The hated dandelion (howbeit I enroll myself among its lovers) is the completest flower and we regard it as a weed! Why spill all odors but one? Why not let the many herbals have their chance and ambulatory where they may rightfully walk abroad? May we not be happy thus with simplicity and complexity? Why not? God is. May I not plant my feet where I see his shoeprints? We become little because we live on a very narrow strip of land when we might inhabit a limitless landscape. The poet who calls out so that the slow-coming centuries have heard his jubilant voice, “I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord,”

had the philosophy of the matter so that it needed not to be revised. He took it all and enjoyed it all. Happy he, and we who "follow in his train." To want the all, to be waiting for it, ready for it, jubilant in it, is life's secret and sunrise. The in-condite poetry, like Burns's "The Daisy"—flower, dew, plow, plowman, sag of field—this is to be desired, but some far-sought splendor, like Spenser, that, too, is worth the quest. From sky to sky, from hill to hill again, from mountaintop to mountaintop, with all that lies between, this prince of the blood owns and treasures and pours from heart and brain; a quiet occupant of every inch of ground in this extending universe. Why flaunt the "far-flung battle line"? Why scorn far-fetched imagery? Those who have swift wings may bring from far as effortlessly as a beetle from a neighboring leaf. Give souls room. Because we are cramped by lethargy or rheumatism, why compel all to share our incapacity? Better that they should be free for their quest and go far in their spaciousness of room. Better that the little should become kinsman of the large than that the large should forsake its sky and sheer away its pinions. Shakespeare was quite as at home in his splendid azure as we are in our kitchen room. Why kitchen him? We need scullions less than we need poets. What if the scullion became poet? I have known them to become so by the sweet providence of God. I could rehearse the story of a dishwasher, a man old and gray and alone, who died at a hotel kitchen washing dishes, as was his wont, who was a soul which outsoared eagles and the sun. Ah! me, the poet he was when Jesus touched him! Let men get out into the sky who can. Plenty of us stay upon the ground. The streets and the field will have population, never fear; but the dizzying altitudes where the Pleiades stretch their wings, who shall companion with them there? So, peace to the prating about simplicity. Give some strong souls to space, to neighbor with Eternity, and let them come from far and bring back on their shining wings from their far soarings dust from the hidden suns. So shall we know a little of that holy dust flicked on our garments. "From afar" is just how Francis Thompson impresses us. He is not a native of our town, he is a passer through our town. What world he was born in we can but wonder

at; though what matters it, since his speech is so full of all refreshment and radiance and redolence? What odds is it from what corner of the world he saw the day-spring? He saw it and we see him. Golden-mouth, speak on! Have and hold are the words, Strong Singer. Have a hold on thy words as the singers do. Haste not with thy goings; we wait to hear them. We are not as pressed for time as we look, nor as we thought. We have leisure to wait a little space while thou speakest on and on. Not all need to run; some may loiter. Let them.

This flight backward to start to fly forward which I observe in Thompson fairly charms me. I answer to it as to starlight. "Where did this poet stay," is thrust in on me. Can we hear the whippoorwill night by night in dusk or moonlight without wondering where he spends his days? Where does this remote-phrased poet keep house by day? Where could a body reach him with a missive? He is native to a realm remote—not to some city flat. Where is Camelot and Caerleon? Where dwell the princes in their coats of gold? There dwells this poet. Knows anyone where Caerleon uplifts its pinnacles of gold? If not, we shall not knock at this poet's door. Let be. He comes though, from very far.

Francis Thompson has been compared to Crashaw and Cowley and quaint George Herbert, and to Shelley in his "Epipsychidion." Herbert's "The Collar" has been specially mentioned. Why must we always compare? Can we not let well enough alone? "One star differeth from another star in glory," yet why compare the stars? One star alone could make the night divine. My own opinion is that neither Cowley nor Crashaw can compare with Francis Thompson, and the "Epipsychidion"—in patches a noble poem—breaks in its own weight in this: it seems much ado about little. The clamor is too great for the occasion. There needs to be distinct relevancy between event and ceremonial to keep congruity alive. Of course my feeling about "Epipsychidion" is of slightest value, yet as opinion it has a value. As we feel, we speak. On Francis Thompson there is such a splendor thrown about any event, however apparently incomplex, as that we feel that were we qualified with inner knowledge, we should find a

larger field than we now perceive. His cloth is many-colored. It is tapestry, and woven by king's daughters clad in rare apparel. Souls are near and remote—a moment near and then a thousand æons removed. Where Francis Thompson is we are never in company with anything but souls. Souls! "All Souls"—what a charmed name for a Church. Here Francis Thompson worships. I feel Dante Gabriel Rossetti and William Morris, in "The Blessed Damosel" and "The Defense of Guinevere," to be spirituelle rather than spiritual. I feel Francis Thompson to be spiritual rather than spirituelle. One may be spirituelle and very flimsy, but "to be spiritually minded is life," and very deep, sea-deep, sky-deep; and Francis Thompson stays where the depth is under him and the height is over him. I recall the fascinating hortatory of the Christ, "Launch out into the deep," and always with a thrill as he spoke it in my hearing and I climbed to lift the sail! Francis Thompson has heard the beckoning voice and has launched out into the deep. No reefs are where his boat makes answer to the winds. In "The Blessed Damosel" is something sensuous. We feel the charm of a poem resident in its earthly uneartheness. We perceive the woman and avert the saint. In Francis Thompson it is not so. They are enskied and sainted, these saints of his. We hear the rush of wings and ourselves announce the angels are hovering around. Any "Saint" may illustrate this suggestion. Of this saint say:

His shoulder did I hold  
Too high that I or bold  
Weak one  
Should lean on thee.  
But he a little doth  
Decline his stately path  
And my  
Feet set more high;  
That the slack arm may reach  
His shoulder, and faint speech  
Stir  
His unwithering hair.  
And bolder now and bolder  
I lean upon that shoulder,  
So dear  
He is and near:

And with his aureole  
The tresses of my soul  
Are blent  
In wished content.

Or this from "Retrospect":

What profit if the sun  
Put forth his radiant thews,  
And on his circuit run,  
Even after my device, to this and to that use,  
And the true Orient, Christ,  
Make not his cloud of thee?  
I have sung vanity,  
And nothing well-devised.

And though the cry of stars  
Give tongue before his way  
Goldenly as I say,  
And each from wide Saturnus to hot Mars  
He calleth by its name,  
Lest that its bright feet stray;  
And thou have lore of all,  
But to thine own Sun's call  
Thy path disorbed hast never wit to tame;  
It profits not withal,  
And my rede is but lame.

Only that, 'mid vain vaunt  
Of wisdom ignorant,  
A little kiss upon the feet of Love  
My hasty verse has stayed  
Sometimes a space to plant;  
It has not wholly strayed,  
Not wholly missed near sweet, fanning proud plumes above.

Therefore I do repent  
That with religion vain,  
And misconceived pain,  
I have my music bent  
To waste on bootless things in skiey-gendered rain:  
Yet shall a wiser day  
Fulfill more heavenly way,  
And with approved music clear this ship,  
I trust in God most sweet;  
Meantime the silent lip,  
Meantime the climbing feet.



From "The Dread of Height," this:

For low they fall whose fall is from the sky.  
Yea, who me shall secure  
But I of height grown desperate  
Surcease my wing, and my lost fate  
Be dashed from pure  
To broken writhings in the shameful slime:  
Lower than man, for I dreamed higher,  
Thrust down by how much I aspire,  
And damned with drink of immortality?  
For such things be,  
Yea, and the lowest reach of reeky Hell  
Is but made possible  
By foreta'en breath of Heaven's austerest clime.

These tidings from the vast to bring  
Needeth not doctor nor divine,  
Too well, too well  
My flesh doth know the heart-perturbing thing;  
That dread theology alone  
Is mine,  
Most native and my own;  
And ever with victorious toll  
When I have made  
Of the delfic peaks dim escalade,  
My soul with anguish and recoil  
Doth like a city in an earthquake rock,  
As at my feet the abyss is cloven then,  
With deeper menace than for other men,  
Of my potential cousinship with mire;  
That all my conquered skies do grow a hollow mock,  
My fearful powers retire,  
No longer strong,  
Reversing the shook banners of their song.

Ah, for a heart less native to high Heaven,  
A hooded eye, for jesses and restraint,  
Or for a will accipitrine to pursue!  
The veil of tutelar flesh to simple livers given,  
Or those brave-fledging fervors of the Saint  
Whose heavenly falcon-craft doth never taint,  
Nor they in sickest time their ample virtue mew.

The poet chants himself when, in "Assumpta Maria," "Help comes with lion leap," and in this poem a single phrase which is fitted to stay immortal is "Beating Godward." Thompson is

temperamentally spiritual. He is so and does not notice, just as Thackeray was temperamentally moralist, and moralizes, not seeing that he does. From all his poems graphically shines this redemptive quality. "The things which are not seen are eternal" is unconsciously, though surely, matter for his thought, and so, whatever his theme, drifts away as the clouds do toward the heavens. To such as care for the spiritualities, and care to live in them by the grace of God, here is a helper.

If you were to hang Francis Thompson on a single hook, that hook would doubtless be "The Hound of Heaven." As the immortality of Keats might hang on "The Ode to a Nightingale," or of Emerson on the cabalistic poem "Days," or Mrs. Stowe on "When purple morning breaketh," or Joaquin Miller on "Columbus," or Whittier on "When on my day of life the night is setting," or Lowell on "The Commemoration Ode," or Mrs. Browning on the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," or Stephen Phillips on "Marpessa," or Alfred Tennyson on "Ulysses," so Francis Thompson would have easy thoroughfare through immortality by "The Hound of Heaven." And wisely so. In that poem he is all there. His remoteness, his soul-nearness, his splendor of diction, his golden glow, his mastery in tense phrasing, his flight far as the flight of stars, his imperiality of conscience, his distinct sense of God, his immediate sense of God in heart and soul, his Christ sense, his absolute knowledge of the necessity of holiness hold sky heights here above his other highly endowed poems. Here is his whip hand, which lays on nor spares, which hurts to heal, which whistles in the wind and stings like thongs of steel, yet which has the sound "of the sweet south which breathes above a bank of violets, stealing and giving odors." His involvedness, all his far-fetched phrase, yet luminous, which would set a dark night on fire, these are all here. In a way we might say that in this poem, splendid in its massiveness, we have all the wealth of this man's mind and all he truly meant to say. All else might be set down as froth: this was his wave, buoyant, far coming, far going, uplifting in its sublime billowing. It should be printed by some disciple of Aldus Manutius in beauty fitting its own beauty. To now, it has not been so set. It will be. May the time be soon.

Having set this laureate poem so high, let it not be inferred that what remains is persiflage. Far from it. Some other had been queen had this not been written. Francis Thompson is robust odist. He cannot help it. That flames forth from his wideness of strength and thought. It stretches as a great circle, slow-going, but a mighty orb at the last. We might compare him with those other noblest English ode writers, and Francis Thompson would not blush that he were present, though such conclusion is ever unessential. Not who is first, but that one might be first, is noblest riches, but to be set with Cowley, Lowell, Keats, Wordsworth, Milton, is immortality enough. He liveth and shunneth death, who rests in company with such great poet masters, and will wear a diadem all of gold, chased in olive wreath, whose brow is wreathed with such high companionships. Or suppose this were done: an anthology made of his passages which resound in the soul in some such wise as his own description has it, "That voice is round like a bursting sea." Mark these:

"As gale to gale drifts breath  
Of blossoms' death."

"I sit and from the fragrance  
Dream the flowers."

"Of locks half lifted on the wings of dream."

"With broken stammer of the stars."

"Flasked in the grape."

"God sets his poems in thy face."

"What plumèd feet the winepress trod."

"Thy wine is flavorful of God."

"Your skyward jetting soul."

"Dry down and perish to the fruitless root."

"By secret instincts inappeasable."

Or take this as the rendering concrete the littleness that all of us must sometimes feel, where the poet reduces self to

"A dead fly in a dusty window crack."

"Whose spirit sure is lineal to that  
Which sang Magnificat."

"As birds see not the casement for the sky."

"I am a darkened cage  
Song cannot hymn in."

"Song's Indian summer."

"I have no heaven left  
To weep my wrongs to."

"They have struck Heaven's tent  
And gone to cover you:  
Whereso you keep your state  
Heaven is pitched over you!"

"Star-flecked feet of Paradise."

"What of her silence, that outsweetens speech?"

"A sad musician, of cherubic birth,  
Playing to alien ears—which did not prize  
The uncomprehended music of the skies—  
The exiled airs of her far Paradise."

"And Tenderness sits looking toward the lands of death."

"Poor Poetry has rocked himself to sleep."

"His reign is hooped in by the pale o' the world."

"And longings which affront the stars."

"My restless wings, that beat the whole world through."

"For its burning fruitage I  
Do climb the tree o' the sky."

"Those Eyes my weak gaze shuns,  
Which to the suns are Suns,  
Did  
Not affray your lid."

"The shoulder of your Christ  
Find high  
To lean thereby."

"So flaps my helpless sail."

"Life is a coquetry  
Of death which wearies me.

. . . . .  
A tiring-room where I  
Death's divers garments try  
Till fit some fashions sit  
It seemeth me too much  
I do rehearse for such  
A mean  
And single scene."

"The grave is in my blood."

- "When doom puffed out the stars."  
"A whole God's breadth apart."  
"With hair that musters  
In globed clusters,  
In tumbling clusters like swarthy grapes."  
"Like a rubled sun in a Venice sail."  
"But a great wind blew all the stars to flame."  
"Deliberate speed, majestic instancy."  
"Lest having Him I must have naught beside."  
"I said to dawn, Be sudden, to eve, Be soon."  
"Clung to the whistling main of every wind."  
"But soon from her own harplings taking fire."  
"I shook the pillaring hours  
And pulled my life upon me."  
"Long savannahs of the blue."  
"Plashy with frying lightnings round the spurm o' their feet."  
"Still with unhurrying haste."  
"Lucent weeping out of the dayspring."  
"Lo, naught contents thee who contents not me."  
"Ah! must Thou char the wood ere thou canst limn with it?"  
"Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds  
From the hid battlements of eternity."  
"That voice is round me like a bursting sea."  
"The immutable crocean dawn."  
"As when the surly thunder smites upon the clanged gates of  
heaven."  
"Ridgy reach of crumbling stars."  
"The singer there where God's light lay large."  
"Like the tattered wing of a musty moth."  
"The life I textured, thou the song."  
"The Mary titled Magdalene."  
"To see ourselves with the eyes of God."  
"In vasty dusk of life abroad."  
"And the harebell shakes on the windy hill,  
Oh the breath of the distant surf."  
"Then went her sunshine way."  
"So fearfully the sun doth sound  
Clanging up beyond Cathay,"

"Pierce thy heart and find the key."

"In skies that no man sees to move  
Lurk untumultuous vortices of power."

"And is made a habitation  
For the fluctuous Universe."

Or the horror of this:

"The lowest reach of reeky Hell."

"My soul with anguish and recoil  
Doth like a city in an earthquake rock."

"Laughing captive from the wishing west."

"Leashed with longing."

"Back from the windy vaultages of death."

"Or cling a shameful fungus there in Hell."

"By this, O singer, know we if thou seek,  
When men shall say to thee, Lo, Christ is here,  
When men shall say to thee, Lo, Christ is there,  
Believe them: yea, and this—then art thou seer,  
When all they crying clear  
Is but lo here, lo there, ah me, lo everywhere."

"The world so as the vision says  
Doth with great lightning-tramples run."

"A little told of the never told."

"And the dream of the world is dream in dream."

"Hath trumpeted  
His clangorous, 'Sleep no more,' to all the dead."

"The world's unfolded blossom smells of God."

"What winds with music wept  
Over the foundered sea."

"I in this house Mfted, marred,  
So ill to live in, hard to leave."

"Wide o'er rout-trampled night  
Flew spurned the pebbled stars."

"To long in aching music."

"Who scarfed her with the morning."

"I so star-wearied overwarred."

"The stars still write their golden purposes  
On Heaven's high palimpsest,  
And no man sees."



- "Unbanner your bright locks."  
"A calm of intempestuous storm."  
"Sifts in his hands the stars."  
"Thou puttest on  
Strange scanttles of pathos."  
"The solemn purple thistle stands in the grass  
Grey as an exhalation."  
"Where the rat memory does its burrows make."  
"Clap my wise foot-rule to the walls o' the world."  
"Thou fillest thy mouth with nations, gorgest slow  
On purple æons of kings. Man's hulking towers  
Are carcases for thee."  
"Hear'st thou not  
The world's knives bickering in their sheaths?"  
"And man superfluous cloud shall soon be laid  
In a little blood."  
"Into the cleansing sands o' the thirsty grave."  
"The muddy wine of life."  
"Here I untrammel,  
Here I pluck loose the body of cerementing  
And break the tomb of life; here I shake off  
The bar o' the world, man's congregation shun,  
And to the antique order of the dead  
I take the tongueless vows; my cell is set  
Here in thy bosom; my little trouble is ended  
In a little peace."  
"It came up redolent of God."  
"Like gray clouds, one by one my songs upsoar  
Over my soul's cold peaks."  
"Methinks my angel plucked my locks."  
"It knew the eyes of stars which make no stay,  
And with the thunder walked upon the hills."  
"To make song wait on life, not life on song."  
"The gardener of the stars."  
"Great noiseless meres of radiance."  
"No thought but you were garden to."  
"Which the whole girth of God secures."  
"Make lights like shivered moonlight on long waters."  
"Tip-toe on the sound o' the surge."  
"And heaves her scolding sea."

"And all the firsts are hauntings of some lost."

"Till skies be fugitive."

Viewing this stately retinue, we may say Death himself could warm his hands at fires like these. For shattered splendors Francis Thompson may vie with Robert Browning. These phrasings seem to me like shattered rainbows glowing on the ground.

Or take up those colossal poems—for a lesser word to characterize them would be defective—the various odes, "The Orient Ode," "Ode to the Setting Sun," "An Anthem of Earth," "A Corymbus for Autumn," "The Hound of Heaven," "From the Night of Forebeing," and others which keep the ode pitch of tune as in that penetrant poem "The Dread of Height," which for thought-weight is passionately impressive, and we feel the poet manhood of the man. When reading such craggy poems, life grows great on the moment. This poet handles stars and earths and suns with easy aptitude. Depths are in him down which the rays of light vainly finger. We stumble over great matters when we walk this man's pathway; and that is good for all of us. He has an Oriental love of light, and sunrise or sunset or birth or death each cling to him and claim from him a song, nor plead in vain; they have their song of him. He is an Apollo for them. He blows upon the trumpet of the sea, and we think thunders have hired a trumpeter. About the truthfulest word I can express my own feelings in over these poems, is that their glory reminds me of a turbulent sea after the storm, when every wave is a new episode of variant fire and your boat rocks till you seem about to be engulfed in splendor; above you the wave all fire, below you the wave all fire, while beyond you runs a wave all fire. You sag with the fiery sea and float on a wave passionate as lava, yet are not consumed. Consider these extracts as indicative of the tremendousness of Francis Thompson when he uses the ode to express himself.

From "A Corymbus for Autumn" select this:

Richer than ever the Occident  
Gave up to bygone Summer's wand.  
Day's dying dragon lies drooping his crest,  
Panting red pants into the West.

Or the butterfly sunset claps its wings  
 With flitter allt on the swinging blossom,  
 The gusty blossom, that tosses and swings,  
 Of the sea with its blown and ruffled bosom;  
 Its ruffled bosom where through the wind sings  
 Till the crisped petals are loosened and strown  
 Overblown, on the sand;  
 Shed, curling as dead

Rose-leaves curl, on the flecked strand.  
 Or higher, holier, saintlier, when, as now,  
 All nature sacerdotal seems, and thou.  
 The calm hour strikes on yon golden gong,  
 In tones of floating and mellow light,  
 A spreading summons to even-song:

See how there  
 The cowed night  
 Kneels on the Eastern sanctuary-stair.  
 What is this feel of incense everywhere?

. . . . .  
 But a great wind blew all the stars to flare,  
 And cried, "I sweep the path before the moon!  
 For she is coming soon"—  
 Then died before the coming of the moon.  
 And she came forth upon the trepidant air,  
 In vesture unimagined-fair,  
 Woven as woof of flag-lillies;  
 And curled as of flag-lillies  
 The vapor at the feet of her,  
 And a haze about her tinged in fainter wise.  
 As if she had trodden the stars in press,  
 Till the gold wine spurted over her dress,  
 Till the gold wine gushed out round her feet;  
 Spouted over her stained wear,  
 And bubbled in golden froth at her feet,  
 And hung like a whirlpool's mist round her.

. . . . .  
 How have I, unaware,  
 Forgetful of my strain inaugural,  
 Cleft the great rondure of thy reign complete,  
 Yielding thee half, who hast indeed the all?  
 I will not think thy sovereignty begun  
 But with the shepherd sun  
 That washes in the sea the stars' gold fleeces,  
 Or that with day it ceases,  
 Who sets his burning lips to the salt brine,  
 And purples it to wine;  
 While I behold how ermined Artemis

Ordained weed must wear,  
 And toll thy business;  
 Who witness am of her,  
 Her too in autumn turned a vintager;  
 And, laden with its lampèd clusters bright,  
 The fiery-fruited vineyard of this night.

From a huge cliff of song, to wit, "The Hound of Heaven,"  
 splinter off two crags:

Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist  
 I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,  
 Are yielding; cords of all too weak account  
 For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.

Ah! is Thy love indeed  
 A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,  
 Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?

Ah! must—

Designer infinite!—

Ah! must thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?

"How hast thou merited—

Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?

Alack, thou knowest not

How little worthy of My love thou art!

Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,

Save Me, save only Me?

All which I took from thee I did but take,

Not for thy harms,

But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.

All which thy child's mistake

Fancies as lost I have stored for thee at home:

Rise, clasp My hand and come."

Halts by me that footfall:

Is my gloom, after all,

Shade of his hand outstretched caressingly?

"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,

I am He whom thou seekest!

Thou drawest love from thee, who drawest me."

Strong poet, have thy sway.

*W. A. Doyle.*

ART. III.—ABSOLUTE TRUTHFULNESS<sup>1</sup>

THE subject on which I am to speak to you to-day is the very simple and old-fashioned subject of telling the truth. Your State of Pennsylvania long ago gave to the world the adage, "Honesty is the best policy." My own State of New York at a much later date put forth the simple and effective saying, "Tell the truth." In still more recent years the question of personal truthfulness has come up in innumerable forms in which the country has been interested. Such interest has received emphasis and distinction by the employment of Scripture allusions to stigmatize the nefarious opposite of truth-telling. You recognize at once any reference to the Ananias Club.

There are two reasons why I like particularly to talk with you upon this subject. It is needless to say that I have never received the remotest intimation that such a talk is peculiarly needed at Haverford. My surmise would all be to the contrary. I am, undoubtedly, "bringing coals to Newcastle." None the less, these two reasons will hold good: I wish to talk to you as college graduates, because the characteristic thing with which instruction in our colleges is concerned is the search for truth; and, in the second place, just because you college graduates are now going out into the world, I like to talk to you about telling the truth, since that is one of the things which this world most urgently needs. We need it in our American life. I do not believe we need it any more than other nations—the whole world needs it. But to-day I am thinking of the fact that you all are of that great body of new recruits whom our colleges are sending out at their commencement time to take their place in our public life. You may not become politicians; you may not get inside of the red covers of our American Who's Who; you may not immediately find yourselves referred to in the newspapers as "our distinguished fellow citizen"; none the less, the college graduate has a public mission and a public life. He can escape it only by hedging himself about with all of the misdirected pains of a recluse. As soon as he goes

<sup>1</sup>An address delivered at Haverford College, Pennsylvania.

to work in the world he becomes another connecting link between the American College, that reservoir of all truth and virtue and wisdom, and our great, wide, American world, which stands in need of all of the wisdom and virtue and truth that it can acquire.

The scientific spirit is a beautiful and precious thing; its very core is the search for truth. It may be that some men, here and there, have sought after truth in all ages with the same devotion, the same contempt of their own prejudices, the same openness to evidence, that is shown by the makers of our modern physical sciences, but I do not believe there have ever been finer exhibitions of this quality than the past hundred years have produced. You will think at once of such representative names as Helmholtz and Darwin and Louis Pasteur. Certainly there has never been a time when this spirit of objective truth-seeking was so widely organized in the instruction of institutions of learning. Our physical scientists do not always keep up to their own highest standard. Sometimes they wander from their peculiar field and become as unscientific out on the broad highway of human life as are the common run of men. We may all pray to be delivered from the scientist who carries over to some alien subject all of his confidence in the adequacy of his scientific method, but fails to carry with it that modesty, that deference and openness to opposing views and to objective facts, which makes him a scientist in his own domain and without which he cannot be scientific anywhere. But, after all is said and done, our physical science is the science of seekers after truth. The facts which it has taught us are less valuable than the moral discipline which it has exercised. Science is the great schoolmaster of our modern world, and the lesson it has taught is to seek the truth, and know the truth, and tell the truth in all sincerity. We all know how the spirit and method of the physical sciences have spread over other reaches of human learning. Take, for a single example, the subject of history. In his preface to that admirable work of Langlois and Seignobos on the Introduction to the Study of History, Professor Powell, of Oxford, declared that "The historian has been (as our authors hint) too much the ally of the politician; he has used his knowledge as material for preaching democracy in the United



States, absolutism in Russia, Orleanist opposition in France, and so on . . . : in the century to come he will have to ally himself with the students of physical science. . . . It is not patriotism, nor religion, nor art, but the attainment of truth that is, and must be, the historian's single aim." Now, I do not for a moment believe that this is the last word on the subject. The method of the historian cannot be solely and simply the method of the physicist. But it is true beyond question that the attainment of truth must be the historian's aim. Do you realize that this is one of the hardest undertakings in the whole range of human learning? I do not mean simply that it is difficult to decipher and analyze the documentary materials of history. It is far more difficult to render an impartial interpretation of the facts when these have been laid bare. Not only the personal equation of the historian, but the demands of his constituency make this an ordeal of the severest kind. At two institutions in the Southern States within the past few months college teachers have undergone criticism that has been little short of persecution because of their independent and unpopular treatment of the history of the Confederacy. We of the North show a like sensitiveness when our historians tread upon our prejudices. The French writers to whom I have referred, and their coadjutors, made their great contributions to historical study during the latter half of the nineteenth century in the face of difficulty arising from the intensity of partisan feeling among their countrymen. It is hard for any nation or for any institution to hear the whole truth regarding its history. It has been said that the history of civilization could be written from the histories of Rome which successive generations have produced. So the civilization of any people to-day may be tested by the freedom and impartiality with which its own scholars write its own history.

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil  
Amid the dust of books to find her,  
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,  
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her,  
Many in sad faith sought for her,  
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;  
But these, our brothers, fought for her,  
At life's dear peril wrought for her,

So loved her that they died for her,  
Tasting the raptured fleetness  
Of her divine completeness:  
Their higher instinct knew  
Those love her best who to themselves are true,  
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do;  
They followed her and found her  
Where all may hope to find,  
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,  
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her,  
Where faith made whole with deed  
Breathes its awakening breath  
Into the lifeless creed,  
They saw her, plumed and mated,  
With sweet, stern face unveiled,  
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

We shall have to face the fact that truth of any kind is no simple and easy matter. The historians have no monopoly of the truth-teller's difficulties. "What is truth?" The ancient question is with us still. Commencement day is no time to discuss the ultimate philosophy of such a problem. I shall not settle any question as between the agnostics, the pragmatists, and the absolute idealists. We are chiefly interested to-day in a class of college boys who are going out into the work of full-grown, full-armed, full-minded men in this world of ours. What are they and their kind going to do for us? Are they going to raise the average and the standard of truthfulness in this land? If we warn them of the difficulty of such an undertaking, we may know that we shall add only to its attractiveness for them. Whatever pessimists may say, our young men are not looking for easy jobs nor for an easy life. They expect to do the things that are hardest to do. They will count it all joy if the heaviest responsibilities shall fall to their lot. And there is no weightier responsibility, let us tell them in all seriousness, nor any in which the public good is more concerned, than this same responsibility for seeing straight and talking straight, however their world may run. The newspapers gave much attention, not long ago, to a criticism of women by a woman. This critic declared that women are simply unable to tell the truth, the reason being that they do not know how. I will not attempt to criticise this criticism, but, as regards men and

women alike, it may be said that it is a more difficult matter to tell an unvarnished tale than would commonly be supposed. Our courts of justice find out how great is this difficulty. Even with witnesses who are not deliberately perjuring themselves, and many of whom have the best intentions as regards their evidence, it takes the closest questioning and cross-questioning to get at the exact facts which they are endeavoring to relate. The conversation of some third person is repeated. But even when the exact words have been determined there is no end of opportunity for conveying meanings that are utterly false through an intonation, an inflection, a shrug of the shoulder, or a facial expression which affects the whole intent of that which is spoken. A great part of the mischief done by a village gossip is done in this way. We shall hardly find anything more exasperating or harder to set right than the untruthful meaning which has been conveyed by telling the exact truth in such a way as to put it in a false light. The worst kind of a lie is the truth told wrong. And that leads to the further remark that the one who is endeavoring to tell the truth must consider not only what his words mean to himself, but what they will mean to another to whom they may be spoken. A great part of the pains of one who desires to make himself exactly understood, in the very sense which he has intended, must be given to the effort to understand the other man. When Sydney Smith, in talking with the fishwife at Billingsgate, spoke of an isosceles triangle and a parallelopipedon, she was sure he was using the vilest language she had ever heard. Even among men of the highest education the associations of words are so diverse and the shades of meaning so varied that the opportunities for misunderstanding are innumerable. Your slippery demagogue appreciates this fact, and his words are full of pitfalls for the unwary. When it was objected to a proposed treaty that it had in it an ambiguity, Talleyrand is said to have replied that if there was no ambiguity in it, one should be inserted. On the other hand, your politician or public speaker who really desires to make his meaning clear will study his audiences and endeavor to use such language as will raise in their minds conceptions and convictions like to his own. It is of incalculable advantage to the cause of truth in American

politics that Lincoln's speeches were not only popular, but were at the same time altogether plain and unambiguous. If any of you young men would be political leaders, of either party or of any party, let me counsel you to "know your Lincoln" as the Browning Club is supposed to know its Browning, and as a notable group of your neighbors in Philadelphia undoubtedly know their Shakespeare. For in Lincoln you will find both the form and the spirit of truth-telling in political life:

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. . . . I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

To tell the truth about our fellow men is an undertaking beset with difficulties of its own. There appears now and again a moralist with such power to tear away the mask from human hypocrisy and depravity that he is hailed as the seer and soothsayer who has shown to our humanity its real and essential character. A fearless revelation of wrongdoing has preëminently the look of sincerity and truth. This is peculiarly the case as regards the writing of biography. When one of the heroes of history is portrayed in all of his human weakness, and newly explored documents set forth in detail the shadowy side of his character, there are reviewers a-plenty to say, "Here at last we have the true story of his life. This is the real Cæsar—or Columbus, or Luther, or Napoleon. Here is Cromwell painted as he really was." With all of the love and devotion that our Washington and our Lincoln have called forth, those biographers who can show the character of either at its worst are rashly approved as having penetrated most deeply into the real heart of the man. Now, we cannot condemn

that unsparing research which accepts duly attested evidence of defects in such men as readily as it accepts evidence of their great-  
nesses, but let us never think that the bad things about any man are nearer to the true heart of him than are his excellences and virtues. Let us rather believe that, as regards any man, prince or pauper, outcast or hero, we find what is most real about him when we find him on the higher planes of his being. The most real thing in any man, after all, is that which lies nearest to the real heart of the universe. We shall not refuse to hear of shortcomings and delinquencies when there is need of such information, and particularly when something can be done toward reformation, but we shall not commit the folly of supposing that because a man scolds about his fellow men he really understands them better than the man does who has found goodness in them and who denies that they are past redemption.

So large a part of our telling of the truth in daily life consists in telling about other men that it is of the utmost consequence that one should learn at this point to judge righteous judgments. We say of a successful administrator that he is a good judge of men. As soon as the young college graduate rises to a position of large responsibility, his insight in this particular will be put to a daily test. Let me venture, accordingly, one further suggestion: You will never get at the real character of a man by getting him classified. Classification is necessary. It serves an important purpose, but not the highest purpose. In the study of mankind, as in the physical sciences, classification is one of the preliminary stages of our advance. When it is made the final stage it arrests the progress of the science, and likewise it arrests our understanding of the most interesting objects given to us in this life—the people with whom we have our human intercourse. These people are full of individual surprises. It is those whom you know best who will surprise you most. The infinite variety of woman did not die with Cleopatra. Be not too sure that you have sifted out all there is to be known in your nearest friend. Even your own innermost spirit may astonish you with some unexpected strength or foolishness. When you have occasion, then, to report, concerning friend or foe, tell the truth as best you can;



but remember there may be something more in him, and chiefly something better in him, than you have yet understood. Then there are other than human things concerning which we have truth to tell. A large part of our practical life consists in our seeing and hearing and our reporting of the things seen and heard. The man of scientific training should be able to perform these processes with greater certainty and precision than one who has missed such training. Definite measurement and mathematical statement are more and more taking their part in the practical concerns of life. The accountant has widened the range of his service in commercial establishments. There are innumerable weighings, testings, and measurings in our industries. The engineer, with his mathematical formulæ, grows daily a more familiar figure in our society. Exact methods are spreading in the practice of medicine and the care of public health, in the department of police, in the management of farms, and in all manner of unexpected ways and by-ways of our common life. Everywhere statistical information comes to hand; and the strength of statistics is in the making of comparisons. But this mathematical side of things need not greatly concern us to-day. Figures will not lie, and we may let it go at that. Not let it go at that altogether, however. Figures will not lie, but one has added that liars will often figure. The exact statement in mathematical terms is often the very statement that most needs scrutiny. Statistics may not be used lightly, nor in unpracticed hands. It is indeed astonishing to see how many of the most misleading statements of these present days appear in some statistical form. Accordingly, the spread of statistical information is not the end of care regarding the telling of truth. It is, instead, a new beginning. And the one who hears or who reports information in these numerical forms has need to be everlastingly on his guard.

The strength of statistics, as has been said, is found in its comparisons. When these are made with scientific accuracy, they are invaluable. When they are made in amateurish fashion, they may lead to all manner of error. But beyond the range of statistics, true or false, there is an unlimited field for the making of comparisons, and it is in this field that the truth-teller will wander



most circumspectly. There is one degree of comparison which we Americans dearly love, and that is the superlative degree. The tallest buildings, the longest rivers, the biggest fortunes, the most costly school systems, the record high jump—all of these things appeal to our taste. The superlative degree is the high seasoning of our information, and without it our fare would seem insipid. This is one of our national defects, but it is a defect that other peoples have shared with us. When Julius Cæsar declared that he would rather be first in an Alpine village than second in Rome he was as much of an American as any of us. Not long ago, in reading Wordsworth's "Prelude," my household came across a line which hits off this characteristic so admirably that I think it should be more widely known. I give it to you, accordingly, for what it may be worth to you. The reading is,

*Hyperbole of praise comparative.*

When I hear of Americans boasting in the presence of wondering and approving foreigners, when there comes to me the prospectus of a sale of real estate in some city that is destined to grow more rapidly than any other place in the world, when there come the announcements of summer tours which are absolutely unparalleled in the wonders of scenery which they have to offer, I steady my nerves and comfort my spirit with the words:

*Hyperbole of praise comparative.*

There are some things that are not to be compared at all unless it be as regards likeness and unlikeness. They are incommensurable because they are unmeasurable. The beauty of natural scenery is one of these things. You will add greatly to the enjoyment of life if you will not insist, even to yourself, that one beauty is more beautiful than another, but will enjoy them both, each in its kind, and each without a disturbing thought of any other.

What we are coming to, in all of this discussion of the difficulties of telling the truth, is a plea for broad judgments, for comparisons which are not quantitative, but which correct and reinforce our estimate of values and moderate our tendency to recklessness and exaggeration. It is a plea for that wealth of

discriminating appreciation, that catholicity of taste and judgment, which colleges, of all our human institutions, ought to bestow. The fact that Haverford has in conspicuous measure a reputation for imparting genuine culture such as this may seem to render my words superfluous, but it will also assure for them a sympathetic hearing.

There is another thing that should be said with reference to the endless difficulties in the way of absolute truthfulness: they are not insurmountable. It is a mark of weakness to let them hinder the practical business of life. A man of affairs brushes them aside when there is work to be done. If exactitude is not attainable, he seizes upon the nearest approximation that will serve his purpose and goes forward. Often enough, while others are bewildered or equivocating, he pushes through the cobwebs and finds the exact information that he requires. In industry and commerce, this ability to arrive at truth and turn it to immediate account is often the capital characteristic of the successful operator. In the practice of law and the decisions of the courts, those who weigh conflicting evidence and reach conclusions which are clear and definitive render to society a valuable and indispensable service. Difficulties are not to be ignored. It is not the mark of a great intellect to be unmindful of details and differences. The first-rate judge or administrator does not merely push by them to his conclusions. The physician and the detective have this in common, that they notice trivial and incongruous circumstances and find in them many a clue to unexpected revelations. It is not to be forgotten that the Sherlock Holmes of fiction was the counterpart of a physician uncommonly skilled in diagnosis.

While we have been considering the subject of truth in a variety of practical ways, I trust we may not have merely brought our discussion down to the ground. Let none of our practical considerations obscure the fact that that with which we are dealing is one of the greatest things in God's universe. He has learned one of the chief lessons of life who has become fully aware of the fact that falsehood, in its very nature, is disintegrating and doomed to failure, while truth is coherent, creative, and everlasting. All of our hopes for this world—and for all of the worlds—are bound

up with it. Any false confidence which we may have gained by an adherence to untruth when we know it to be untruth will crumble at the last beneath our feet. The truth itself may break our best-loved idols and scatter them to the ways of earth, but in the very nature of this universe it can tear down only to build again, and its building shall abide. If we are not mistaken in the signs of our age, our civilization is every day gaining in the volume of truth, but, what is more important, it is every year becoming, in spirit, and intent, and endeavor, a more truthful civilization. The lie and the author of lies are less and less at home in this world. It still requires not only insight, but unlimited courage to speak the truth as it should be spoken; but the world is growing more familiar with straight-out truthfulness, and it is growing better in consequence. Even our modern diplomacy is ceasing to be a means of concealing and misrepresenting international purposes.

I welcome you, young graduates, to a world in which there is still opportunity for no end of heroism in the search for truth and in the defense of truth; but it is heroism with larger hope than ever before, and it is well worth the activity of the strongest and the most highly trained men that we have in this land.

Elmer Ellsworth Brown

## ART. IV.—ARTHUR HALLAM AND “IN MEMORIAM”

You leave us; you will see the Rhine,  
 And those fair hills I sailed below  
 When I was there with him, and go  
 By summer belts of wheat and vine

To where he breathed his latest breath,  
 That City. All her splendor seems  
 No livelier than the wisp that gleams  
 On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

Let her great Danube rolling fair  
 Entwine her isles unmark'd of me:  
 I have not seen, I will not see,  
 Vienna. . . .

THE city of the poet's aversion was the scene of the death of Arthur Henry Hallam, September 15, 1833. He came here, blithe and full of hope, in the company of his father, when suddenly “the shadow feared by man” met him and all that sweet companionship was ended. A sudden rush of blood to the head, following a brief attack of intermittent fever, wrecked what was perhaps the finest, most delicate brain possessed by any youth of his time, if not of his century. His remains were conveyed to England in a sailing ship and interred in the crypt of Clevedon Church, in Somersetshire, overlooking from its lonely promontory the waters of the Bristol channel.

The Danube to the Severn gave  
 The darken'd heart that beat no more;  
 They laid him by the pleasant shore  
 And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;  
 The salt sea water passes by,  
 And hushes half the babbling Wye,  
 And makes a silence in the hills.

If the poets can have power to consecrate, “where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground” throughout this region. Tennyson scatters but a few leaves over the laurel-strewed spaces. With the mention of the Severn and the Wye, the wraiths of heroic and

poetic generations rise before us. Chatterton, "the sleepless soul," wanders there; and there is the singer seen who looked out of the wondrous eyes and who sang of Christabel and the Ancient Mariner. Into these waters Wycliffe's dust was thrown, for Shakespeare's Avon is not far away; and close at hand is Tintern Abbey, where the youthful Wordsworth walked. His words are sweet as the musically flowing "Sylvan Wye," the "wanderer through the woods." Somerset and Warwick, "no earth of thine is lost in vulgar mold!" In visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, the eyes of Tennyson are unclosed. The wakeful poet is in spirit transported to the last resting-place of his friend. He deems it fit and good that his relics should

In English earth be laid,  
that  
from his ashes may be made  
The violet of his native land;

that they should repose with those of his ancestors, among "familiar names" that consecrate "the places of his youth," rather than in the night of shipwreck, to "toss with tangle and with shells." The poet sees the interior of Clevedon Church on some splendid midnight, when the effulgence melts through the pictured windows and the moon-radiance creeps upward upon the wall till it covers the tablet of his buried friend:

Thy marble bright in dark appears,  
As slowly steals a silver flame  
Along the letters of thy name  
And o'er the number of thy years.

If it cannot easily be read by moonlight, this is the inscription that the early dawning rays will show:

TO THE MEMORY OF  
ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM,  
ELDEST SON OF HENRY HALLAM, ESQUIRE,  
AND OF JULIA MARIA, HIS WIFE,  
DAUGHTER OF SIR ABRAHAM ELTON, BARONET,  
OF CLEVEDON COURT,  
WHO WAS SNATCHED AWAY BY SUDDEN DEATH,  
AT VIENNA, ON SEPT. 15, 1833,  
IN THE 23RD YEAR OF HIS AGE:

AND NOW IN THIS OBSCURE AND SOLITARY CHURCH  
 REPOSE THE MORTAL REMAINS OF ONE  
 TOO EARLY LOST FOR PUBLIC FAME,  
 BUT ALREADY CONSPICUOUS AMONG HIS CONTEMPORARIES  
 FOR THE BRIGHTNESS OF HIS GENIUS,  
 THE DEPTH OF HIS UNDERSTANDING,  
 THE NOBLENES OF HIS DISPOSITION,  
 THE FERVOR OF HIS PIETY,  
 AND THE PURITY OF HIS LIFE.  
 VALE DULCISIME,  
 VALE DILECTISSIME, DESIDERATISSIME,  
 REQUIESCAT IN PACE,  
 PATER AC MATER HIC POSTHAC REQUIESCAMUS TECUM USQUE AD  
 TURAM.

Arthur Hallam is dead and buried; the common dues are paid, the funeral dirge is sung, the rites and obsequies are over: why may he not be given to oblivion? Why continue the mention of his name? Four words may furnish a sufficient answer: Personality, Character, Friendship, Genius. We might have added Appreciation, but that this is implied and included in the two words last written. These describe the efficient qualities in the possession of the fittest subjects of commemorative song and of the greatest of poets in our era.

"In Memoriam," then, in our first view of it, is a testimony to the value and sacredness of friendship and is a record of one of the great friendships of all time. It is written concerning the monarch-minstrel of the Hebrews that when he beheld Jonathan, the son of his king, his heart clave unto him, "And it came to pass . . . that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." Then, when the lover and warrior of the house of Saul had fallen down on Mount Gilboa, David leaned over his golden harp to touch the heart of time with an immortal regret. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." So when he heard that Arthur Hallam was dead, Alfred Tennyson felt as if the world had withered away and the sun of his life had fallen into shadow. His aims and purposes were for the time being broken up; a thousand awful misgivings rose like specters out of the desert of



his heart; a thousand unanswered questions concerning life and death, sorrow and loss, duty and destiny, that had never so greatly troubled him before. So, to give relief to his overburdened spirit, and his awakened mind unfolding thoughts as a rose-bush in blossom, he poured himself out from time to time in the lyrics which compose that magnificent threnody to which he gave the familiar title, "In Memoriam," of which Stedman has said that "The grave, majestic hymnal measure swells like the peal of an organ, yet acts as a brake on undue spasmodic outbursts of discordant grief"; with "a steady, yet varying, *marche-funèbre*; a sense of passion held in check, of reserved elegiac power." This great elegy impresses us with the truth, that, if "Freedom" may be, as the old poet Barbour sings, "a noble thing," so is Friendship; and not only a noble thing, but a mysterious, a beautiful, a sacred thing. It has its origin in the soul of man and marks him as a spiritual being. It is love in its highest, purest form; it is the inspiration of sublimest expression and of the most heroic action. Has God given to you a true and real friend, he has given you no richer treasure. Hold him; cherish him; weave a thousand filaments, fine as sunlight, yet strong as steel, to bind him to you. May we not say, I have no other treasure so worthful that I can afford to lose it? May we not all say with Emerson, "My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. . . . High thanks I owe to you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts"? When this gift and treasure, with its inherent and accompanying virtue, becomes the subject of our meditation, there rises to view that type of elegance and strength, of courage and moral beauty, that mirror of knightly truth and courtesy, than whom none fairer adorn the pages of chivalry or romance; that child of graceful song; that man of the "sweet attractive grace" who "wore the white flower of a blameless life" and had "the lineaments of gospel books," whose noble thoughts were written in his eyes; that epitome of the virtues "which every man in arms should wish to be"—who, dying on Zutphen's field, passed, with a smile, his wished-for cup of water to the soldier, whose asking eyes had moved him to pity, with words love makes

immortal: "Thy necessity is greater than mine." Close behind him comes the youth who charmed the learned coteries of Trinity; for never since Sidney died has the realm of song known friend so fair as Arthur Hallam, and never since David ceased has harp been stricken with loftier and tenderer strains than sound in "In Memoriam."

Among the lyrics of this noble series in which his friend's lineaments and language are recalled, we note the following. It regards the musings of Arthur on sacred subjects:

But brooding on the dear one dead,  
And all he said of things divine—  
And dear as sacramental wine  
To dying lips is all he said—

I murmur'd, as I came along,  
Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd,  
And loiter'd in the master's field,  
And darken'd sanctities with song.

This first stanza was, when the poem first appeared, most ignorantly, unjustly, and even brutally criticized. The critic, perhaps from a High Church sacramentarian's point of view, condemned the reference to "sacramental wine" as blasphemous; whereupon Frederick W. Robertson, of Brighton, came to the rescue in one of his lectures to working men. He took occasion to explain the nature and true meaning of a sacrament, which is honored "when it consecrates all the things and acts of life," and he said: "One would have thought that the holy tenderness of this passage would have made such a charge impossible. . . . If there be anything in this life sacred, any remembrance filled with sanctifying power, any voice which symbolizes to us the voice of God, it is the recollection of the pure and holy ones that have been taken from us, and of their examples and sacred words,

—dear as sacramental wine  
To dying lips.

In these lines Tennyson has deeply, no doubt unconsciously—that is, without dogmatic intention—entered into the power of the sacraments to diffuse their meaning beyond themselves. There is no irreverence in them; no blasphemy; nothing but delicate

Christian truth." For a time there continued in the strain of his poem a tone of hopeless regret, and images of gloom are multiplied and shadows with few relieving lights; yet these are so tempered, moderated, and restrained as to make, in a retrospect of the whole, a part of the general harmony. The poet does but exhibit the natural course of sorrow and the yearning over past happiness in the possession of his friend as he recalls their pleasant intimacy and its sudden and final interruption, the time when

round us all the thicket rang  
To many a flute of Arcady.

And we with singing cheer'd the way,  
And crown'd with all the season lent  
From April on to April went,  
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walked began  
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,  
As we descended following Hope  
There sat the Shadow feared by man.

This Shadow dominates this threnody in all its earlier strophies. If, perchance, in his somber, rueful musing he hears the church bell toll, his grief bursts forth anew, yet with the awakening of early song memories and some such classic recollection as the cry of Catullus for his buried brother, "*Frater, Ave, atque Vale*":

Yet in these ears till hearing dies,  
One set slow bell will seem to toll  
The passing of the sweetest soul  
That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er  
Eternal greetings to the dead;  
And "*Ave, Ave, Ave,*" said,  
"*Adieu, adieu, forevermore!*"

These words recall the gloomy grandeur, mingled with horror, of that passage of De Quincey, in the Confessions of an English Opium Eater, where, at the close of his dream, "came sudden alarms; hurrying to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I know not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the

sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells!" As time elapsed he left gloom and bitterness behind, and his touches upon the subject of his sorrow take on a spiritual exaltation and have sometimes a tone of hallowed tenderness:

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,  
So far, so near, in woe and weal;  
O loved the most when most I feel  
There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown, human, divine;  
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;  
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,  
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be;  
Loved deeper, darker understood;  
Behold I dream a dream of good,  
And mingle all the world with thee.

Thy voice is on the rolling air;  
I hear thee where the waters run;  
Thou standest in the rising sun,  
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou, then? I cannot guess;  
But though I seem in star and flower  
To feel thee some diffusive power,  
I do not, therefore, love thee less;

My love involves the love before;  
My love is vaster passion now;  
Though mixed with God and Nature thou,  
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;  
I have thee still, and I rejoice,  
I prosper, circled with thy voice;  
I shall not lose thee though I die.

So Shelley, in a more pantheistic strain of the "Adonais," identifies his friend and brother poet Keats with the universe—the boundless deep of air and ocean, the fields and woods and hills,

and all fair forms, and the breathing spirit of this living and life-giving world in which they took such mutual delight. We may quote it, as in partial correspondence with the lines of Tennyson:

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;  
 Mourn not for Adonais. . . .  
 He is made one with nature. There is heard  
 His voice in all her music, from the moan  
 Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.  
 He is a presence to be felt and known  
 In darkness and in light. . . .  
 He is a portion of that loveliness  
 Which once he made more lovely.

And who was he of whom such things may properly be written? He should have been an extraordinary man. We can find but little concerning him apart from the bibliography of Tennyson, for his life was a potentiality unfulfilled, his records and accomplishments were few, and, as his chief eulogist confesses,

The world that credits what is done  
 Is cold to all that might have been.

Briefly, then, he was a Cambridge student with whom Tennyson became acquainted at Trinity College; he was the son of a lawyer in London famed as an historian; he was himself an apprentice at law in the office of his father; he was the *fiancé* of Tennyson's sister Emily; and, finally, he was the author of a few pieces in verse and prose published after his death as his literary remains. Many of equal accomplishments have perished out of sight and sound forever; but he lives, and is likely to live in the memory of man as long as English letters can endure. Why? How should such thing be? The answer is, as we have said, Personality and Character on his part and abiding friendship and genius on the part of Tennyson. The poet did not invent a fictitious character and invest it with qualities unknown to the actual being. The character of Arthur Hallam was in its nature extraordinary, and it attained in brief space an unusual development. He was not only an intellectual, but a moral and spiritual prodigy for the singular harmony and equability of all his faculties. This was well known but to a select few. To many who knew him not Ten-

nyson's description of him seemed to be a piece of extravagance, and the poet's work was condemned as a censurable example of effervescent eulogy, the creation of a friendly, but blind, partiality. So one critic objected that "a vast deal of poetic feeling had been wasted on a lawyer, and much wit is spent upon the tenderness which is given to Amaryllis of the Chancery bar." Such an attack brought Robertson to the rescue with all his nobleness of feeling and the keen incision of his critical lance: "A barrister, it seems, is beyond the pale of excusable because poetical sensibilities. So that if my friend be a soldier, I may love him and celebrate him in poetry, because the profession of arms is by all conventional associations heroic; or if he bears on his escutcheon the red hand of knighthood, or wears the ducal coronet, or even be a shepherd, still there are poetic precedents for romance; but if he be a member of the Chancery bar, or only a cotton lord, then because these are not yet grades accredited in song, worth is not worth, and honor is not honor, and nobleness is not nobility. O, if we wanted poets for nothing else, it would be for this, that they are the grand levelers vindicating the sacredness of our common humanity and in protest against such downright vulgarity of heart as this, reminding us that

"For a' that, and a' that,  
A man's a man for a' that."

That Tennyson's poem is an authentic piece of spiritual biography we are warranted in believing. It was not upon the mind of the poet alone that the spirit of Hallam exercised so profound and wonderful a spell. He affected others in an unusual manner. Traditions have been handed down from the lips of that remarkable fraternity who then inhabited the chambers of Trinity and who regarded him as the most extraordinary person they had ever known. There was during those years a club, known as "The Apostles," which met at stated periods for conversation and discussion of high themes. Most of these attained distinction in church or state or in literature. We may name, besides Hallam and the Tennysons, James Spedding, editor, scholar, and life-long friend of the poet; Richard Monckton Milnes, afterward known as



Lord Houghton, statesman, poet, *littérateur*, author of graceful songs, and the editor and biographer of Keats; Richard Chenevix Trench, afterward Bishop of Dublin, philologist, poet, expositor, and commentator, whose work on the Parables and whose studies of Words are standards—a gifted scholar and a noble man; William Makepeace Thackeray, a great Englishman and great author, whose trenchant, earnest words search the heart and move it with tones of solemnity and beauty; Henry Alford, afterward Dean of Canterbury, divine, and biblical scholar, whose occasional poems show poetic feeling and delicacy of expression; Charles Merivale, historian of Rome under the empire, and a translator of the *Iliad*; John Mitchell Kemble, son of the actor Charles Kemble, and brother of Fanny Kemble, whose Shakespearean readings at Boston Longfellow praised in a well-known sonnet; and, greatest of all, William Ewart Gladstone, the "Grand Old Man" of modern England, peerless as orator, as Christian statesman, long venerable in splendid stalwart manhood. Yet of all this company, during their college days Arthur Hallam was counted the leader; and that this was no fanciful partiality or mere fleeting or romantic impression will appear from this statement of Gladstone, written at an advanced age. Looking back over fourscore years, the venerable statesman could say:

Far back in the distance of my early life, and upon a surface not yet ruffled by contention, there lies the memory of a friendship surpassing every other that has been enjoyed by one greatly blessed both in the number and the excellence of his friends. It is the simple truth that Arthur Hallam was a spirit so exceptional that everything with which he was brought into relation during his shortened passage through this world came to be, through this contact, glorified by a touch of the ideal. Among his contemporaries at Eton, that queen of visible homes for the ideal schoolboy, he stood supreme among all his fellows; and the long life through which I have since wound my way, and which has brought me into contact with so many men of rich endowments, leaves him where he then stood, as to natural gifts, so far as my estimation is concerned.

Let us now look for the portrait of Hallam in the stately memorial that Tennyson has reared to him. I have before me a print showing a model of his face by the sculptor Chantrey. It shows a singularly harmonious, tranquil, benevolent, highly in-

tellectual countenance, youthful, yet mature. I think the delicately molded mouth, lined with strength and beauty, with the large, languaged deep-set eyes, reveal the poet and philosopher, though I fail to discover in the pictured marble the "bar of Michaelangelo" spoken of in the poem: that very noticeable ridge above the brows of the great Italian. It may have appeared when Hallam was in exalted, energetic action, as Tennyson describes him in the eighty-seventh lyric of "In Memoriam," which records a visit to Trinity College and the memories there awakened:

I passed beside the reverend walls  
In which of old I wore the gown;  
I roved at random through the town,  
And saw the tumult of the halls;

And heard once more in college fanes  
The storm their high-built organs make,  
And thunder-music, rolling, shake  
The prophets blazon'd on the panes;

And caught once more the distant shout,  
The measured pulse of racing oars  
Among the willows; paced the shores  
And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt  
The same, but not the same; and last  
Up that long walk of limes I passed  
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door:  
I linger'd; all within was noise  
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys  
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor;

Where once we held debate, a band  
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,  
And labor, and the changing mart,  
And all the framework of the land;

When one would aim an arrow fair,  
But send it slackly from the string;  
And one would pierce an outer ring,  
And one an inner here and there;

And last, the master-bowman, he  
 Would cleave the mark. A willing ear  
 We lent him. Who but hung to hear  
 The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point with power and grace  
 And music in the bounds of law,  
 To those conclusions when we saw  
 The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow  
 In azure orbits heavenly-wise;  
 And over those ethereal eyes  
 The bar of Michaelangelo!

We have glimpses of him in his seasons of relaxation, unbending in the social hour when he had come down into Lincolnshire, to the parsonage home of Alfred's father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, the rector of Somersby. There we have a portrait of him, happily absent "from brawling courts and dusky purlieus of the law," outstretched on the lawn, "immantled in ambrosial dark" of witch elms and "towering sycamore," reading aloud from the "Tuscan poets." In the one hundred and ninth lyric Tennyson gives an intellectual and spiritual portrait of his friend:

Heart-affluence in discursive talk  
 From household fountains never dry;  
 The critic clearness of an eye  
 That saw through all the Muses' walk;

Seraphic intellect and force  
 To seize and throw the doubts of man;  
 Impassion'd logic, which outran  
 The hearer in its fiery course;

High nature amorous of the good,  
 But touched with no ascetic gloom;  
 And passion pure in snowy bloom  
 Through all the years of April blood.

But this exhibit of an embarrassment of riches can be only as a nugget of gold cropping out here and there in the neighborhood of an unbroken mine. We may but refer to the lyrics in which the poet imagines his friend as he might have been had he lived to bring to fruitage the blossoming promise of his powers! how he

would have moved in the domestic circle as the husband of the poet's sister and the father of a family beloved; how he would have stood in the councils of his country—

A life in civic action warm,  
A soul on highest mission sent,  
A potent voice of Parliament,  
A pillar steadfast in the storm.

Then all is grandly closed with the exalted view given of him in the Prologue,

Thy creature, whom I found so fair,

and in the final stanzas of the Epilogue, where he imagines the archetypal man, that noble creature that is to be when time has witnessed the utmost of God's creative power, there he discerns a form, and lineaments of his friend—the perfect Man after the Messianic order,

Whereof the man that with me trod  
This planet was a noble type  
Appearing ere the times were ripe,  
That friend of mine who lives in God.

"In Memoriam" is not simply a memorial to Arthur Hallam; it is not only the greatest of threnodies—after the ancients, Moschus, Bion, Theocritus, and their fellows; after the "Lycidas" of Milton, "with its primrose beauty," and the elegies of Gray and Collins; after Shelley's "Adonais," with its "spiritual ecstasy and splendor of lament," and the "Thyrsis" and "Scholar Gipsy," of Arnold, and Swinburne's dirge for Baudelaire, "a wonder of melody," and all "other modern ventures in a direction where the sweet and absolute solemnity of the Saxon tongue is most apparent" still at the summit of the elegiac pile, "a more important," if not a "more enduring, creation of rhythmic art"—it is more than all this. It is also a great philosophic and religious poem, dealing with the most vital and universal subjects that can engage the thought of man—the mystery of death and the mystery of human personality; the meaning of life, of sorrow and suffering; the great reality of God, and the great idea of Eternity. Here we have Tennyson's "most characteristic and significant work," in which the author's matured power is revealed, and in which his "intel-

lect has full sweep"; a work in which are embodied and "concentrated his wisest reflections upon life, death, and immortality, the worlds within and without." These conceptions he wrought out for himself, in his own peculiar way, amid the fierce fires of affliction, and fashioned into enduring form with large utterance and with master art; the result being a unique poetical masterpiece, in elaborate comprehensiveness the first of its age, and also a spiritual autobiography, a rare epitome of experience. In scope and technical construction, it is unique. It consists of a series of one hundred and thirty-four lyrics, including that matchless "Prologue," which rises to the dignity of a divine hymn, and the "Epilogue," which is an epithalamium or marriage ode on the union of his sister Cecilia with his friend Professor Edmund Law Lushington, October 10, 1842. These lyrics are of unequal length and progressive in spirit and meaning, more or less closely interrelated, and varying in excellence, but all scintillant with a starry wealth of beauty and splendor. Indeed, objection has been made to the rich involutions of form and thought and to the elaborateness of poetic ornamentation as not quite befitting an elegy. To this the answer may be made that the work abounds in real and deep pathos, and wherever the subject really requires, the virtues of directness and simplicity appear. But the emotions come strained through the intellect. It is written in the meter known as the iambic tetrameter, in which the final words of the first line and the fourth of each stanza have the like sound, and in which the final words of each line forming the intervening couplet rhyme together. Stedman affirms: "The author's choice of the transposed quatrain verse was a piece of good fortune. Its hymnal quality, finely exemplified in the opening prayer, is always impressive, and, although a monotone, no more monotonous than the sounds of nature—the murmur of ocean, the sighing of the mountain pines." The form is not original with Tennyson, having been borrowed from Ben Jonson, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and a few of the earlier poets, but the later poet has given it currency and developed its higher possibilities. It is sufficient to say that this stanzaic form is well adapted to the serious strain of the poem, and is flexibly and musically handled, though not without lapses and

flaws here and there, as must appear in any extended work of human art.

As intimated, the general purport, character, and purpose were greatly misapprehended and misrepresented upon its first appearance. Even so capable a critic and so fine a poet as FitzGerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat," and a close friend of Tennyson, failed to enter into its spirit, and thought the work overloaded. One would-be critic said: "Let the acknowledgment be made at once that the writer dedicated his thoughts to a most difficult task. He has written two hundred pages upon one person; in other words, he has painted one hundred and twenty miniatures of the same individual." What an absurdity to anyone who reads the work with intelligence! He has not done this; but what if he had? One hundred miniatures of Hallam, painted by the skillful hand that has given the few really existing, might yet command the lasting attention and admiration of the wise among mankind. The whole meaning of a single soul is not told in a few words. But what Tennyson has done one of his early admirers tells us: "He has written a poem in one hundred and twenty divisions, or, as it now stands, in one hundred and thirty divisions, illustrative of the manifold phases through which the soul passes from doubt through grief to faith." It is, indeed, an elegant poetic *escritoire*, full of compartments, abounding in thought, sentiment, picture; a casket of rare workmanship, in which are pearls and diamonds of the soul, set with lapidary skill; or, to borrow his own memorable phrase in "The Princess,"

Jewels five words long,  
Which on the outstretch'd finger of all time  
Sparkle forever.

The death of Hallam, followed so soon by that of the poet's father, and accompanied by the delay of his projects and the deferring of poetical hopes and ambitions (for the public was a long time in finding and accrediting his genius), sank him into a temporary despondency and raised those terrible specters of the mind that man must meet alone and slay; or as Christian in Bunyan's allegory met Apollyon and by the help of God won the victory. In that hour Heaven seemed withdrawn and Earth to be



failing him. He then found no longer in the traditional faith of the church that assurance he supposed was there. Reaching out to the right hand and to the left for comfort and reassurance, he found only the blankness of despair and reminders of his loss. It was in such an hour that Dante cried out in the bitterness of his soul, "Alas! I have gone about like a mendicant, showing against my will the wounds with which fortune has smitten me!" It was in such an hour that the Man of Uz called for darkness upon the face of the sun to greet the day of his birth, while an evil, mocking voice seemed to cry, "Curse God and die!" When man is awakened by misery to reflection, this hour begins. "It is an awful moment when the soul begins to find that the props on which it has blindly rested so long are many of them rotten, and begins to suspect them all; when it begins to feel the nothingness of many of the traditionary opinions which have been received with implicit confidence, and in that horrible insecurity begins also to doubt whether there be anything to believe at all. It is an awful hour—let him who has passed through it say how awful—when this life has lost its meaning and seems shriveled into a span; when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dread expanse, black with the void from which God himself has disappeared. In that fearful loneliness of spirit I know of but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scathless; it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still—the grand simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hours through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God, and no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks, . . . thrice blessed, because his night shall pass into clear, bright day."<sup>1</sup> Tennyson, despite his constitutional tendency to speculative thought and his disturbance by the influx of strong materialistic currents, was well grounded in the foundational virtues;

<sup>1</sup> Frederick W. Robertson,

he kept the outworks of morality, and came to hold in the white light of Christ the pure crystal of his soul. Yet it was such gloom as this that he passed through and had to face, while clouds of dubious philosophy and inchoate science drifted before the spiritual sun. This was his struggle; and it was also such a blessed consummation of unsullied light to which he attained, of settled assurance and trust. Then for the solace of his soul, and for the strengthening and guidance of others, he made this poetical record of his moods and experiences through a period of three years, where you may trace him from the dreary and shadowy valley with which he begins up to the majestic outlook of the mount of God. His comes to be the bright and shining way that Bunyan's Pilgrim knew, the summit from which one sees an end of all confusion, the Center at which this flowing universe converges:

One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event  
To which the whole Creation moves.

For, let priest or prophet say what he will, a real man must think, and thinking at first brings perplexity. But let a man live and act, as well as think, and all shall be well, if he act well and if he be true. Let him be obedient to the truth he has and he shall have more. Let us not be afraid of thinking, nor shrink from philosophy; for though the apostle has declared a necessary truth when he tells us that spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and the intellect may not invade or occupy the domain of the soul, nor usurp the function of the spirit, whose it is to see and declare intuitively truth that the intellect itself, unaided, may not reach, so, on the other hand, intellectual things are intellectually discerned; and the intellect is sole in its own province and has to deal with matters of faith as well as science, and may not, with its findings, be wholly set aside. It may not be first or greatest, but it has an assured, though secondary, place. To the intellect is the function of cognition and comparison upon the findings of the soul, of judgment upon the things seen, whether by the visible or the invisible eye, and it is the office of the thinking, reasoning faculty to reconcile these two, if there are, indeed, irreconcilable or discrepancies, which often are more seeming than real. The *vates* or

seer and the philosopher may exist in the person of the poet, as in the cases of Wordsworth and Tennyson. Such brave and earnest thinking Tennyson did, and this true living he achieved, showing that the faith which rests first upon the intuition of the soul, corroborated by the inspired Word, and then upon the finding of the intellect, has surest foundation. This truth he expresses in the stanzas of the one hundred and twenty-fourth lyric, and the ninety-sixth lyric of "In Memoriam." He is the one who

Fought his doubts and gather'd strength,  
He would not make his judgment blind,  
He faced the specters of the mind  
And laid them; thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;  
And Power was with him in the night  
Which makes the darkness and the light  
And dwells not in the light alone.

"In Memoriam" is one of the most personal of poems. In it the writer may be said to "wear his heart upon his sleeve." It contains not only his spiritual autobiography, but his exterior life as well, and that of his friends. In living hues depicted appear the scenes and haunts amid which they lived and moved and the people with whom the poet was neighbor and companion. There we trace the downs, the wolds and fens of watery Lincolnshire, his native county. There he is seen at evening, wandering like the pensive Gray in the shadow of the parish church, halting meditatively "where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap," and where, rising amid the dusky umbrage of the yews, the clock in the tower "beats out the little lives of men." He is seen standing at early morning in "the long unlovely street" (Wimpole Street, London), before the door of his friend's father, thinking of pleasant meetings gone by, and of hours spent in the little upstairs chamber within. We see him amid the reverie of an autumn morning on the high wold, with its dew-drenched furze, and the silvery gossamers twinkling into green and gold, overlooking "the crowded farms and lessening towers" that seem at last to "mingle with the bounding main." Or at evening we are his silent companions in the tempestuous time when "the last red leaf is whirled away" and "the rooks are blown about the skies," and he shares

the discomforts of the huddling cattle. We hear him hailing the Christmas time, when the bells of the neighboring villages of Telford, Hagg, Langton, and Ormsby, sounding "from hill to hill," "answer each other in the mist":

Each voice four changes on the wind,  
That now dilate, and now decrease,  
Peace and good will, good will and peace,  
Peace and good will to all mankind.

What poet-peals like his have wrung out the old year and rung in the new? Who has so welcomed in exquisite lyrics "the herald-melodies of spring" and shown us the "sea-blue bird of March" gliding past on welcome wing? Who has so rejoiced in Flora's graceful bowers, to see the rose "pulled sideways in the shower," the wet daisy's crimson fringes, the "little speedwell's darling blue," orchis and fox glove,

Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,  
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

Who but can paint the autumn wolds of England when, with the coming of the frost, the wizard is seen to be

—— laying here and there  
A fiery finger on the leaves?

All these passages, and many more unquoted, prove "In Memoriam" to be a poem universal in spirit, yet reflecting particularly the life and landscape of the England Tennyson knew. The poem is, in Stedman's words, "a serene and truthful panorama of refined experiences, filled with pictures of gentle scholastic life, and of English scenery through all the changes of a rolling year; expressing moreover, the thoughts engendered by these changes. When too somber, it is lightened by sweet reminiscences; when too light, recalled to grief by stanzas that have the solemnity of a passing bell."

"In Memoriam" is the distinctive poem of that age in which it was produced, and therein are reflected the peculiar features as they can be found in no other work of contemporary art. The peculiar restlessness and unsettledness of the time, in every domain of thought, and particularly in the domain of religion, the

materialistic temper, the advance in science, discovery, and the mechanical arts, the thoughts and emotions of men in conflict, the outbursting sorrow of those who cry, "The temple of our faith is being demolished, and the temple of science is rising in its stead," or, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him"—all these things, so peculiar to Tennyson's age, and not unknown to ours, are mirrored in these songs, which now are dirges and now are psalms. It is at once the product of its own age, which could have appeared in its entire content and form in no earlier age, and the most universal, dealing as it does with the heart and spirit of man and the facts and ideas fundamental in every age. When our period of time shall have become what we term antiquity, and the dwellers on our earth in these far-away years shall be looking back, as we look back, upon the artistic documents that reveal the spirit and reproduce the form of a vanished race, they will doubtless light on the pages of "In Memoriam," and there, as in a wizard's glass, read the legend of the past and learn what manner of men we were.

Since the active spirit of Arthur Hallam became one of the redeeming forces in the life of Alfred Tennyson, a poet and prophet of our time, and sent him forth as one of the healers and comfort-bringers among the sons of men to the latest age, it follows that we cannot know too well what manner of spiritual being he was. Let us therefore close this rambling commentary with a prayer written by Arthur, and found among his papers after his decease:

Lord, I have viewed this world over, in which thou hast set me; I have tried how this and that thing will fit my spirit, and the design of my creation, and can find nothing on which to rest, for nothing doth itself rest; but such things as please me for a while, in some degree, vanish and flee as shadows before me. Lo! I come to thee—the Eternal Being—the Spring of Life—the Center of Rest—the Stay of the Creation—the Fullness of all things. I join myself to thee; with thee I will lead my life and spend my days, with whom I am to dwell forever, expecting when my little time is over to be taken up into thine own eternity.

Arthur J. Lockhart,

## ART. V.—THE PRESENT RELIGIOUS SITUATION

SOME men say that modern life is becoming secularized, or, put somewhat more brusquely, that the religious view of the world is becoming obsolete and the religious consciousness correspondingly enfeebled. It is easy to exaggerate this. The opinion that religion would be lost is one which recurs with surprising frequency in history. But religion survives, and is to-day one of the potent forces in civilization. The fact is that the religious instinct manifests itself in many forms and the religious life embodies itself in varying guises. And to one who has been accustomed to center his attention upon the temporary forms in which religion is cast, and through which it must necessarily express itself, any modification of these temporary and outward forms will seem to be a serious modification of religion itself. For many persons any readjustment of theological doctrines, for example, means an abandonment of religion. But to those who accept theological progress as a necessary and legitimate phase of general and scientific progress, such theological reconstruction will not mean an abandonment of the religious point of view or of the fundamental principles upon which the religious life rests. On the contrary, the power of theology to readjust itself to the constantly enlarging world of social and scientific standards and ideas may signify an inherent vitality and strength which is entirely reassuring. Nevertheless, when all is said, there probably remains some truth in the belief that religion has suffered some depression in modern life. The causes of this are so complex in their nature, and often operate so silently, that they are extremely difficult to isolate and to describe. There are, however, five broad tendencies distinguishable whose bearing upon the moral and religious life is tolerably obvious. Three of these are scientific in character and affect most directly the educated classes; two are more general and affect the great body of our population, especially in towns and cities. I shall enumerate them in the order mentioned.

Among the more strictly academic influences tending to dis-



organize and disturb religious life one is the excessive specialization which is a striking feature of modern science. The scientific, literary, philological, and historical labors of the last half century have been immeasurably fruitful, presenting us with a body of facts and generalizations intricate and imposing. Year by year the problem of interpretation becomes more difficult, and the intellectual task of bringing the vast materials of science under a single world-view which shall have some degree of adequacy is even to-day an almost hopeless one. The result of this development has been what might have been anticipated: a widespread feeling of perplexity, in the face of certain problems of ethical and religious import, particularly, for which traditional solutions are no longer available. Many of the old landmarks of doctrinal tradition have been swept away and others are about to yield under the flood of scientific and historical criticism beating against them. Many views formerly held to be of grave moral and religious import have all but disappeared from among us. Some of these have been abandoned only after a prolonged and bitter struggle, others have slipped out of our thoughts unawares, owing either to a process of gradual corrosion or to the rise of other and more engrossing interests. Side by side with this negative result there appeared another phenomenon which, though constructive in outward appearance and in intention, also exercised a depressing influence upon the religious life. The philosophical instinct is strong, and it asserted itself in an heroic attempt to bring into some kind of organic unity the unwieldy materials accumulated by the extraordinary activities of science. The result was the somewhat *impromptu* organization of a system of philosophy out of what purported to be the assured results of modern, especially physical, investigations, and by the aid of categories whose employment in the special sciences had yielded such rich results. There arose, therefore, through the substitution of mechanical, or quasi-mechanical, categories, such as natural law, uniform causation, matter, and energy, the survival of the fittest, and the like, for the earlier teleological categories, such as special creation, purposive adaptation, etc., the system of materialistic and mechanistic philosophy whose leading features are to-day so familiar in scientific and even in

popular circles. Under this mechanistic and physical view of the world, matter, not spirit, is the sole reality, and man and the spiritual interests associated with his life appear as incidents only in the process of universal evolution. Religion, of course, cannot prosper in a universe of blind law, a universe indifferent to ethical distinctions and to the aspiration and ideals of man. All the life interests of man, indeed, must expire in such a universe for sheer lack of support and sustenance.

With this view of the place of life and mind in the universe I have no sympathy, and there is abundant evidence, that the mechanistic type of philosophy is fast being rendered obsolete by the progress of philosophy and by the process of self-criticism on the part of the very sciences, physics and biology, which are mainly responsible for the mechanistic view and the resulting physical and secular view of life. In so far, therefore, as the present religious unrest is due to the presuppositions and theories of mechanism and materialism, the religious situation may fairly be expected to improve with the dissolution of the world-view upon which it depends and the reestablishment of a philosophy more in harmony with modern knowledge.<sup>1</sup>

I think we shall not go far wrong if we mention as the third cause of the decadence of the religious life the changed attitude toward biblical tradition which has been such a striking characteristic of the higher intellectual life in Europe and America in the last half century. Owing partly to the faulty interpretation of the results of scientific investigations to which reference has just been made, and partly to the very energetic and fruitful literary, historical, and philological studies, the belief in any form of revealed religion has in many quarters been enfeebled and sometimes entirely destroyed. With the weakening of the revealed basis of religion, many theological traditions not directly depending upon biblical sources have likewise lost their power of appeal, and have, along with the biblical doctrines with which they were

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<sup>1</sup>That idealism in some form bids fair to dominate philosophy is suggested by the very large and valuable literature written within the present generation, most of it in the last decade, by writers of first-rate scientific equipment and of genuine creative power, such as James Ward, Royce, Mach, Ostwald, Karl Pearson, McTaggart, Paulsen, Eucken, A. E. Taylor, Edward Caird, John Caird, James and the pragmatist school, and a host of others.

associated, been discarded. Now it is my conviction (a conviction which I shall seek later to justify) that religion cannot exist without a nucleus of theological belief consciously or unconsciously held. When, therefore, one of the leading sources of such belief is questioned, it is inevitable that the religious life which has grown up around this belief and clings to it like a vine to its support should be disturbed. Professor McTaggart has put the case admirably: "The only roads by which religious dogma has been reached in the past are revelation and metaphysics. Now everyone who studies metaphysics does not arrive at conclusions on which religion can be based. And even if he did, the study of metaphysics is open only to those who have a certain amount of natural and acquired fitness for it. The number of people who will be left between the diminishing help of revelation and the possibly increasing help of metaphysics seems likely to be unpleasantly large."<sup>1</sup>

Another phenomenon which has not been without its effect on religion is the growing complexity of modern life and the restriction of church influence due thereto. A generation or a century ago the church was the center of the educational, social, and religious life of the community.<sup>2</sup> To-day many of the functions formerly discharged by the church have been taken over by the state<sup>3</sup> and by private enterprises. Among the more important of these are education and social relief. The state is everywhere assuming an increasingly large share of educational responsibility; systematic charity and philanthropy, formerly, like education, the exclusive care of the church, have also gained large legislative and public support. So thoroughly has the popular conscience been awakened to its ethical responsibility that the state, through the agency of its schools, is even undertaking the moral and religious training of the young, thus assuming at least a part of the responsibility for what would seem to be one of the most distinctive and essential functions of the religious organization. The result is,

<sup>1</sup> J. E. McTaggart, *Some Dogmas of Religion*, p. 36.

<sup>2</sup> For a vivid account of this change in Germany, compare Paulsen, *A System of Ethics*, p. 129ff.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Sisson, *The State Absorbing the Function of the Church*, *International Journal of Ethics*, April, 1907.

that the church, as an institution, occupies a relatively less strategic and conspicuous position in the community life than formerly. The pulpit, at one time the leading intellectual and spiritual force in the community, is obliged to compete to-day with the lecture platform and the public press, and the opportunity for social intercourse which the church, especially in villages and rural communities, almost exclusively afforded is to-day offered by a bewildering variety of competing agencies. The minister no longer speaks with the authority which his profession and the prestige of the church formerly conferred upon him. He has taken his place in the ranks of other influential men in the community, and he possesses only so much authority as his words and his personality naturally carry with them. Small wonder, then, that the interests for which the church has specifically stood have suffered some loss, and that the life of the people should become secularized. This is only to be expected, especially when, as is at present the case, no clear division of labor between the church and the state has been effected, and no systematic measures are anywhere taken for the conservation of religious interests.

Closely connected with the loss of exclusive control of the moral and religious situation on the part of the church is the similar failure on the part of an institution of equal importance in the moral and religious training of the young: the home. Nothing is more striking and lamentable than the publicity of our modern life and the unsheltered and homeless condition of great portions of our population. It is an important fact, which, I fear, much reiteration has rendered too threadbare for vital apprehension, that the higher life of a people, its ethical and religious culture particularly, depends upon the home and the powerful influences which flow, or should flow, from it. The integrity of the modern home, however, is seriously threatened by a number of influences, the most important of which are the ease and resulting frequency of divorce and, what is perhaps even more disastrous, the haste and nervous intensity of our life, with its tyrannical demands, which take parents and children alike out of the home and into the engrossing activities of business and social life. Family worship, with its simple and uplifting associations, is rapidly becoming a

memory. The companionship of the children with their parents and with each other is being replaced by the chance associations and friendships, often superficial and even dangerous, of the street, the shop, and the social gatherings.<sup>1</sup>

This, in its broad features, is the somewhat critical situation in which religion finds itself. For those, of course, who regard religion as a neutral or a negative influence in the life of man, or even, in the phrase of Burke, as "superstitious folly, enthusiastic nonsense, and holy tyranny," and a serious obstacle to progress, the present religious crisis may be viewed with complacency, and may even be regarded as a hopeful symptom, indicating the approaching dissolution of an obsolete feature of our civilization and the ushering in of a newer and more adequate world-view. I do not share this attitude. I believe, on the contrary, that the loss, or even the partial obsolescence, of the religious point of view and of the religious life would mean an irreparable loss to culture, a loss so serious as to be viewed as a social and national calamity. No candid student of history will deny that, in spite of many a miscarriage of good intention, in spite even of innumerable evils and crimes perpetrated in the name of religion (too much entirely, I think, has been said of these), the part which religion, and particularly the Christian religion, has played in moral progress has been an altogether elaborate one, and religion is to-day one of the most genuine and permanent aspects of our life and an ethical force of truly commanding importance. This view of the place and function of religion does not rest on sentimental grounds merely, or on the basis of a popular and traditional estimate of its worth and meaning, but on philosophical and reflective grounds as well.

These grounds might be made somewhat more explicit and the very existence of religion justified as a part or phase of our total life. Is religion, like the vestigial processes of an organism, or like the buttons on the back of a man's coat, something useless, a structure which has outlived its use? Is religion a remnant merely of an outworn world-view, or has it to-day a rightful place

<sup>1</sup>For a very interesting discussion of this, compare Professor Palmer's *Moral Instruction and Training in Schools*.

and meaning in the life process as a whole? To many this question will seem a gratuitous one, and he who raises it will expose himself to criticism. There will be those, on the one hand, who will regard an answer favorable to religion as self-evident, and to question whether religion is capable of justification as somewhat indelicate, indicating a lack of veneration. To anyone, however, who is even superficially acquainted with the great thought-movements of modern Europe and America, it will not be news to be told that there exists another class (it is not so large as it is independent and aggressive) who will regard the raising of this question as gratuitous for the very opposite reason; the reason, namely, that they consider any attempt to justify religion antiquated and futile. The time has passed when this latter class of critics can be met with the older line of "evidences" so popular in the religious discussions of a past generation. In the present state of intellectual opinion no discussion of religion will prove adequate which appeals to authority of any kind, no matter how old or how hallowed by religious tradition. Religious theories, like any other theories of the world, must rest upon experience and must be able to stand the test of experience.

*Emil C. W.*



## ART. VI.—MODERNITY OF ROUSSEAU

It is two hundred years since Rousseau was born and one hundred and fifty since he wrote the work by which he is now best known, namely, *Emile, ou l'Education*. This work is unique in French literature and perhaps in the literature of the world. It is unique in this, that it is a great work on a subject of which the author really knew but little, because he had never had much education as the word is usually understood. But that Rousseau had unusual power of some kind will be admitted when we remember that he was little more than a self-taught vagrant when, after thirty years of wandering and idling, he dropped one day into the brilliant society of Paris of the eighteenth century, where he must have seemed a veritable savage. Without any serious preliminary training he began to publish when nearly forty years old, and within the space of three years, and in almost constant physical suffering, he wrote three books which are neither very strong nor very striking, but which, ever since their publication, have taken high rank in the literature of the world. They are *La Nouvelle Héloïse* 1759, *Emile* and *Le Contrat Social*, both in 1762. These books revealed new modes of thought and turned the literature of his country into new channels. Rousseau loved a wandering life, and vagrancy with him was almost a passion. Before he was twenty-five years old he had been attorney's clerk, engraver, footman, valet, student of theology in a Catholic seminary, music teacher, and at intervals between these occupations he became again and again a tramp. He says: "I loved the view of the country, the liberty of the inn, the absence of all that could make me feel any dependence, but my roaming was also due to laziness and love of musing."

For more than sixty years educational matters had been very much under discussion in France, notably by Fénelon, in his *Télémaque* (1699) and Rollin, in *Traité des Etudes* (1726), but the greatest stimulus was, perhaps, given by Locke's *Thoughts on Education*, published in 1693 and translated into French in 1728. Locke in education, as in metaphysics and politics, was the pioneer

of the French thought of these stirring times. Voltaire did much to popularize him in France, although he was more interested in Locke's scientific and political writings than in his treatise on education. Voltaire was too much of an aristocrat to believe very strongly in popular education. In the Memoirs of Madame Duclos, moreover, we find a passage that is entirely in Rousseau's style:

"Monsieur," said Duclos to the tutor, "but little Latin, very little Latin, and no Greek. To what purpose your Greek? It is not a question here of forming an Englishman, a Roman, an Egyptian, a Greek, or a Spartan, but a *man fit for almost anything*."

"But," objected the tutor, "that is not a customary education. One must reform and make over character, so to speak."

"Beware of that," replied Duclos. "A child's character should not be changed. Make the best of the character which nature gave him. That is all that is required of you."

Rousseau says of his pupil: "When he leaves my hands he will be neither a magistrate, nor a soldier, nor a priest, but a man."

Examples are not lacking of books, not great in themselves, that have, nevertheless, had great influence because they summed up in a popular way ideas that were entertained by many persons and were merely waiting for some writer to give them expression. A familiar example is Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which did more to crystallize anti-slavery sentiment than all the writings and speeches of the professional agitators put together. So the influence of *Emile* is not due to its originality, but to the eloquent and impassioned way in which it proclaims familiar ideas and brings them down to the level of the meanest understanding. French thought at this time was undergoing a revolution, largely owing to Rousseau's ardent pleas for freedom and equality, and, as is always the case when new ideas come to the fore and upset existing conditions, men's thoughts were turned to education for the realization of their hopes. The legion of toilers, with eyes blinded by oppression, were groping with angry but uncertain hands for that divine something which to their minds constituted justice and right. For them *Emile* appeared at the "psychological moment," because the Jesuits had just been banished from France, and as up to this time they had had educational matters largely in their own hands there was now a de-

mand for something to replace them. So long as education was chiefly in the hands of the clergy it continued to be influenced by the theological dogma of the fall and total depravity of man. It was therefore necessary to eradicate, or at least suppress, "the old Adam." Men now began to rebel against the spirit as well as against the methods of the old system, and the trend of educational thought was away from this disheartening and paralyzing dogma. Men now began to regard themselves as made in the image of God rather than to cower under his curse. As John Morley says in his life of Rousseau:

The palsied conception of man—with his large discourse of reason looking before and after, his lofty and majestic patience in search for new forms of beauty and new secrets of truth, his sense of the manifest sweetness and glory and awe of the universe; above all, his infinite capacity of loyal pity and love for his comrades in the great struggle and his high sorrow for his own wrong-doing—the palsied and crushing conception of this excellent and helpful being as a poor worm, writhing under the vindictive and meaningless anger of an omnipotent tyrant in the large heavens, only to be appeased by sacerdotal intervention, was fading into those regions of night whence the depths of human misery and the obscuration of human intelligence had once permitted its escape, to hang evilly over the Western world for a season. . . . If man be born not bad, but good, under no curse, but rather the bestower and receiver of many blessings, then the entire atmosphere of young life, in spite of the toll and the peril, is made cheerful with the sunshine and warmth of the great folded possibilities of excellence, happiness, and well doing.

In this restless age Rousseau had at least the merit of expressing his ideas in new forms; and this is often more important than the discovery of new ideas, for an idea, like a mechanical invention, benefits no one until it is put on the market. This is illustrated in the history of all great reform movements—even the greatest of all, the introduction of Christianity into the world. There is almost nothing in the teachings of Jesus that is not found in the writings of the Greek and Roman philosophers, but these doctrines became a force in the world only when they were proclaimed by one who was on fire with what the author of *Ecce Homo* called "the enthusiasm of humanity." The most valuable of Rousseau's notions on education was his profound contempt for the foolish substitution of spoken or written injunctions and

prohibitions for the deeper language of example and the living instruction drawn from visible surroundings. The vast improvements which have taken place all over the world in the theory and practice of education, and of which Rousseau deserves the credit of being the first influential promoter, may all be traced to the spread of this principle and its adoption in various forms. Like most other good things, however, it is susceptible of abuse, and the doctrine of the dignity of man has been carried to extremes, as is shown in the frequent feeble treatment of the young by their instructors as well as in the treatment of law-breakers by the State.

In France, Rousseau's influence was at first political. His impassioned plea for the emancipation of the French *peuple* brought forth the overthrow of the old regime in less than thirty years, and one of the first, as well as one of the most permanent, reforms was that of the educational system of the nation, which dates from 1791, when the legislative assembly decreed that primary instruction should be free and universal.

It was in answer to a request from Madame Dupin de Chenonceaux, who asked Rousseau's advice about educating her children, that *Emile* was written. The author says in his preface:

My original purpose was to write only a memorandum of a few pages, but my theme led me on against my will, and the memorandum, before I realized it, had become a sort of book, too large, doubtless, for what it contains, but too small for the subject it discusses.

The author realized that his preparation for writing such a book was inadequate, and he hesitated about publishing it. He says:

I was often made to feel while working at it that the writing of a few pamphlets is not a sufficient preparation for composing a book. After vain efforts to do better, I think it my duty to publish my book just as it is, judging that it is important to turn public attention in this direction, and that, even though my ideas perchance do not amount to much, my time will not be wholly lost if I succeed by this means in stimulating others to produce better ones.

That the author "built better than he knew" is evident from what has been said in a general way, and in particular that Pestalozzi became inspired by this book and followed Rousseau to the

summit of the new Mount Nebo, looked out upon the promised land, and immortalized in his philosophy of education the fundamental ideas of *Emile*. Froebel caught the spirit of the new message and, turning from the playful activities of the child to the prompting impulses within, found a new paradise of childhood. Herbart heard the plea for recognition of the child's individuality and made it the keystone of his system of education. Basedow heard the call and became one of the most influential educational reformers of his day. Lavater, who differed from Basedow in being an ardent Christian, was thrown into company with him in 1774 and grew equally eager with him in reforming education in accordance with Rousseau's precepts.

The central thought of Rousseau's book is education according to nature, the author's thesis being, "All is good that comes from the Author of all things." According to Rousseau, however, everything degenerates in the hands of man, especially of man living in society. It may be admitted at once that Rousseau's scheme is impracticable for most persons, since *Emile* is educated entirely by a private tutor, and such a one, moreover, as it would be difficult to find. The boy's senses are carefully trained, but unknown to him. This idea is applied in the modern kindergarten system, where children have no set tasks and never do anything with the deliberate intention of learning. Another theory that has been much advocated in modern times is that a child should be as much as possible out of doors. It is intended that a boy should learn rather by *doing* than by obeying precepts or studying books. Largely owing to the influence of Rousseau, whatever may be our opinions as to ways and means, the end to be aimed at is now clear. It is now generally recognized that education should be a direct preparation for life, and that everything in our present system that is not in accordance with this principle will of necessity disappear, because between the purely speculative studies which it inflicts on the young and the realities of existence, between the scholar's life and the man's calling, there is a profound disagreement. Rousseau must also be regarded as the father of the literary movement now known as romanticism, and to him also belongs the credit of having given the impulse to those important studies now

known as the psychology of the child. The germ of the modern elective system may also be found in *Emile*. The author says:

An education of a certain kind may be practicable in Switzerland, but not in France; one kind of education may be best for the middle class and another for the nobility. The facility of execution, greater or less, depends on a thousand circumstances which it is impossible to determine save by a particular application of the method to such or such a country, or to such and such a condition. Now, all special applications, not being essential to my subject, do not form part of my plan.

That is, a boy's education should be planned according to the use he expects to make of it. It is one of the greatest merits of *Emile* that it established the doctrine that education must be adapted to the individuality of the child. Rousseau was the deadly foe of mere routine. Since each mind has a peculiar bent, it must be trained in accordance with this bent, and in no other way. Allow the germ of the child's character to unfold freely, and you will the better see him as he is and train him accordingly. Time thus sacrificed in earlier years will be more than regained later. A child is educated by circumstances more than by precepts, and in order that he may develop naturally, he must be kept away from all corrupting influences. Rousseau's modernity is likewise shown in his insisting on the value of the study of modern languages as compared with the ancient, and he also indicated the best way in which these languages can be learned, namely, by coming into contact with those that speak them.

It is interesting to note, as an evidence of the development of freedom of thought and expression during these hundred and fifty years, that *Emile*, which but few would now regard as a dangerous book, subjected its author to such persecutions as to make the rest of his life miserable. Within a few weeks after its publication the Parliament of Paris ordered the book to be burned by the public executioner and its author to be arrested. He was charged not only with saying that belief in God was not necessary to salvation, but that the Christian religion did not exist—a charge so absurd as to lead one to suppose that those who made it had not even read the book. Rousseau was informed of what was coming and hastily left France, intending to go to Geneva, but before reaching that city he heard that the council had ordered *Emile*, as well as *Le*



*Contrat Social*, to be publicly burned and their author to be arrested if he appeared on Genevan territory. He escaped to the Principality of Neuchâtel, then under the jurisdiction of Frederick of Prussia. He remained here a little more than three years, when he was driven out by popular hatred. He asked permission to inhabit one of the cells of a Bernese prison, but was refused. After some wandering he arrived in England, but found the atmosphere there uncongenial in more senses than one. He returned to France and spent the rest of his uneasy life in and near Paris. He died suddenly on July 2, 1778. The cause of his death is involved in mystery. The physicians reported the cause of his death to be apoplexy, but a rumor gained currency that he had committed suicide, and this rumor has never been disproved. That he had meditated suicide is proved by his writings. Even his remains were not permitted to rest in peace, for in 1794, amid the roar of cannon, the crash of trumpet and drum, and the wild acclamations of a frenzied populace, they were transferred to the Pantheon, the national temple of great men.

*O. B. Super.*

## ART. VII.—THE PARABLE OF THE GOOD WILL

THE parable usually known as the vineyard laborers is perhaps the hardest of all Jesus' sayings to reconcile with our modern sense of justice.<sup>1</sup> The unusual procedure of paying to a man who has worked but one hour the same wage as that given to those who have borne the heat and burden of a twelve-hour day arouses sympathy for the complaint of the latter. There is nothing that rankles like a sense of injustice. To toil on under the burning sun and see yourself discriminated against by the boasting over your head those whose hands have yet no callouses and on whose brows the sweat has not even appeared is enough to push one toward atheism and anarchy. It speaks well for our humanity that we sympathize with the complaints of the vineyard laborers. There is, too, something that, at least to our ears, sounds autocratic in the reply of the employer: "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" The words have a familiar tone. It is the argument against the closed shop. What labor organization has a right to dictate to me whom I shall or shall not employ? "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" It has been the cry of the trust against government regulation. "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" It is the cry of the brewery, the saloon, the racetrack, against attempted regulation and prohibition. "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" It is the cry of the Personal Liberty League against any curtailment of freedom. "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" There can be but one answer. You may not do what you will even with your own if you thereby interfere with the equal rights of others; if you thereby injure the morals of others; if you thereby disturb the good will among men. On the other hand, one might defend this employer, from a modern sense of justice, on the ground that he was, though two thousand years ahead of his time, championing a minimum wage, and that he paid the man employed at the eleventh hour a penny for his work because he believed it the

<sup>1</sup> Matt. 20. 1-16.

lowest wage that ought to be paid for any sort of work. In applying the teaching which goes with the parable, of the first being last and the last first, some have seen the ideal of communism—an equality in which all should share alike. That interpretation, however, immediately gets us into trouble when we remember the parable of the pounds<sup>1</sup> and the talents,<sup>2</sup> where men are rewarded, not on the basis of equality, but according to the manner in which they have improved their opportunities, graduated to the scale of their own talents. To answer these questions which the parable suggests—Does the employer violate the modern sense of justice? Has he not a right to do what he will with his own? Was his wage just, or unjust, that day in the vineyard? Has what he said anything to do with modern social conditions?—one must first discover the purpose of the parable.

We find that Jesus had so astounded his disciples by enlarging on the difficulty with which a rich man could enter into the kingdom of heaven<sup>3</sup> that Peter began to wonder where his next meal was coming from; and, if it should be a particularly good one, whether he would forfeit his seat in the kingdom by partaking of it. In other words, Peter was wondering if there was any reward for forsaking all and following Jesus. And so he asked the question, "Lo, we have left all and followed thee. What, then, shall we have?" Jesus answered, "Everyone that hath left houses, or brethren, sisters, or father, or mother, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit eternal life." "*But*"—he raised his finger in warning. To be sure, the workman is worthy of his hire. Certainly there are rewards in Christ's kingdom. But the man who follows Christ for the loaves and fishes is going to be disappointed. Sacrifice and service in Christ's kingdom must be built on the good will, rather than on greed of gain. So the raised finger and note of warning—"Many shall be first that are last, and the last first." Wages, or rewards, in Christ's service, is the point of the question. Jesus promises the best wages, the highest rewards, but not without warning; and he illustrates the warning with a parable, saying, "The kingdom of heaven is like a man that is an employer

<sup>1</sup> Luke 19. 12-27.<sup>2</sup> Matt. 25. 14-30.<sup>3</sup> Matt. 19. 23-30.

of labor." Look a moment at this employer. He advertises for laborers by going out in the early morning after them. He agrees to pay them a penny a day and sets them to work. He goes out again at the third and the sixth hours. Finding men idle, he does not tell them to come around to-morrow for a job, but puts them to work at once, promising to pay what is right. He goes out on the street at the eleventh hour and still finds men idle. When they tell him they are unemployed because they cannot find work, he at once invites them to come back with him and sets them at work in the vineyard for the last hour of the day. At the close of the day he pays every man for a whole day's work. Those who have worked all day protest at this leveling up process. If the head of the Street Cleaning Department in New York should employ men that way and pay them on that basis, what citizen would not protest or raise the cry of graft? The parable is not intelligible as an economic proposition; you must read into it the fact that the Employer in the vineyard is the Divine Father himself. His action is not the teaching of a new economic doctrine, or the manifestation of an autocratic purpose, or a mere whim, but of his good will. This is the key to the parable. It is the good will, without which no economic doctrine can succeed and with which men are bound to improve under any social system. A discriminating name would be "The Parable of the Good Will."

Compare this parable with that of the prodigal son.<sup>1</sup> Here, in the beginning, the father deals justly with the two sons, by dividing his living. When the prodigal has come home, penitent, the father deals mercifully and forgives him. But the elder brother, who has received nothing but kindness from his father, at once criticizes the music and dancing and the killing of the fatted calf. He says, "No such display has ever been made for me, and yet I have been faithful to every commandment." But the father answers, "All that I have is thine. It is meet that we should be glad, for thy brother was lost and is found." Here the lesson of the father's forgiving love is perfectly simple. But the

<sup>1</sup> Luke 15. 11-32. "The Parable of Fatherhood," by J. Ernest Rattenbury, in *The Christian Advocate* for July 25, 1912.

lesson is not dissimilar in the parable of the vineyard laborers. The employer, out of his good will, gives work to the unemployed. He has mercy upon their needs and pays them for a day's work, irrespective of the hours they have actually toiled. Like the elder brother, those who have borne the burden and the heat of the day criticize the kindness of their employer. They cannot see beyond their own selfishness. They lack the brotherly spirit. To them comes the answer, "Friend, I do thee no wrong. Didst thou not agree with me for a penny? Take that which is thine own and go thy way. It is my will to give unto this last even as unto thee. Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Or is thine eye evil because I am good?"

The man who grumbled at the good employer's generosity evidently got his discharge: "Take that which is thine own and go thy way." This is the ground for the lesson which Jesus is enforcing. "So the last shall be first, and the first last."

It is lawful, then, for this employer to do what he will with his own because his will is the good will. We must infer that he paid the later workers, even as the first, because he appreciated their need and also that, while they worked, they worked with a good will. Note that this is an exceptional wage and not a daily one. The father will not make a feast and give a party for the prodigal every day. Nor will the employer excuse the man who came at the eleventh hour from a whole day's work on the morrow; but he may be trusted to always show good will among men in whom he is well pleased.<sup>1</sup>

We may draw, then, from this parable, in its application to modern social and economic conditions, that no economic system built on the pure sense of justice will answer the purpose of social life on that ground alone. Men cry, "We do not want charity; we ask only for justice." And though there be justice in the cry, yet they must have more than the pure letter of justice or they have nothing. There is nothing so illogical as logic. Justice without good will is a cure for no evils in modern society. Shylock asked only for justice. To Portia's "Then must the Jew be merciful" he answers: "Why must I? Is it so nominated in the

<sup>1</sup> Luke 2. 14.

bond? I stand on my bond. I'll have my pound of flesh." But the wise judge well replies,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this:  
That in the course of justice none of us  
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.<sup>1</sup>

In the parables referred to, strict justice might have demanded that the father waste no money on the prodigal, who had wasted his substance in riotous living, and that each laborer in the vineyard be graduated from one penny a day down to one twelfth of a penny to the man who had worked but one hour out of the twelve. But Jesus is teaching good will to men; the good will of God's Fatherhood responding to the good will of man's sonship and brotherhood. The hope and joy of the world depend upon the manifestation of this good will in the hearts of all people. Laws may help to bring about justice between employer and employee, but religion alone will produce the good will necessary for the amicable adjustment and enjoyment of our working relations with one another. The modern tendency in political life seems to be more and more toward placing representative authority in the hands of the few in whom the good will has already manifested itself and then holding them responsible for honesty and efficiency in their stewardship. It is only when the good will tempers justice that mercy and truth may be said to have met together and righteousness and peace to have kissed each other.<sup>2</sup>

To sum up: The parable of the good will serves primarily to illustrate the Master's answer to Peter's question, "What shall we have who have left all to follow thee?" The answer is clear. Like those employed in the vineyard, we shall be rewarded according to the response of our good will plus the good will of our Father, for whom and together with whom we labor,<sup>3</sup> to reward us, not according to our works, but according to his infinite mercy.<sup>4</sup> But this reward comes to those who are counting what they contribute to the kingdom and not what they can get out of it.

<sup>1</sup> Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Scene 1.

<sup>2</sup> Psa. 85. 10.

<sup>3</sup> 1 Cor. 3. 9.

<sup>4</sup> Psa. 103. 10-14 and Luke 12. 32.



"The gauge is not what we have, but what we do with what we have."<sup>1</sup> Those who are thinking about the reward rather than about the kingdom, those who are worrying lest others shall secure a better place or be more favored in the Father's family than themselves, need the warning with which Jesus began and closed his parable, "The last shall be first, and the first last." With the least opportunity some will come in at the head of the race; with the greatest opportunities others will be altogether distanced. The rich man appears to be first now, but it will be easier for a camel to go through the Needle's Eye than for him to reach the kingdom. The fishermen who have left their nets and are poor now will find the kingdom, with its rewards swinging wide its doors for them. Nothing is more apparent in our modern life. How often the rich man's son, who started with every opportunity, discovered only when he found himself last in the race that his very riches had been his handicap, while the poor man's son, soon passing him and reaching first place, found his very poverty and lack of opportunity the spurs that did most to push him forward. The popular churchman may hold the stage to-day, but some misjudged and misused toiler may sit in judgment on him to-morrow. "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."<sup>1</sup> The real reward comes to him who is not working for the reward, but who is living sacrificially, who has the brotherly spirit, and whose will has become the Good Will of the Father. And is this not, in the last analysis, the answer to all our questions, personal or social?

*Frederick Hudson*

<sup>1</sup> W. T. Grenfell, in *The Adventure of Life*.

<sup>2</sup> Matt. 7. 21.

## ART. VIII.—TWICE-BORN MEN—A PERSONAL TESTIMONY

WITH great personal benefit I have read and reread Mr. Harold Begbie's books *Twice Born Men* and *Souls in Action*, published in England as, respectively, *Broken Earthenware* and *In the Hands of the Potter*. Each book has a significant subtitle, the first, "A Clinic in Regeneration," the second, "The Crucible of the New Life." All of these titles are suggestive and descriptive truly of the character of the books. Both books, I take it, have their primary inspiration, as Mr. Begbie testifies concerning *Twice Born Men*, in Professor William James's book *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. "The purpose of this book, which I venture to describe as a footnote in narrative to Professor James's famous work," says the author in the Preface, "is to bring home to men's minds this fact concerning conversion, that, whatever it may be, *conversion is the only means by which a radically bad person can be changed into a radically good person.*" The difference between the two books is seen not merely in the localities where the subjects are found. *Twice Born Men* tells of "sudden, violent, and passionate conversion," while *Souls in Action* cites cases "in which a gradual and quite tranquil change of heart leads to the new birth." Another difference: "In *Twice Born Men* the testators were all men, and of the humblest classes in the community, some of them the very lees and dregs of society," whereas in *Souls in Action* most of the stories concern women, and in all cases the strata of society are above the depths. Having before him Professor James's treatise on *Religious Experience*, with its carefully stated definition of conversion—"to be converted, to be regenerated, to receive grace, to experience religion, to gain assurance, are so many phrases which denote the process, gradual or sudden, by which a self hitherto divided, and consciously wrong, inferior, and unhappy, becomes unified and consciously right, superior, and happy, in consequence of its superior hold upon religious realities"—Mr. Begbie goes forth into the depths of a London slum, where the serpent and the tiger, the fang and the claw nature of humanity

are in the ascendant, and there, where a Salvation Army barracks lays siege and wins miraculous triumphs, he finds "The Puncher," "Old Born Drunk," "Rags and Bones," and the rest. Or, in the West London Mission, a monument to the vision, devotion, and enthusiasm of Hugh Price Hughes, where the Wesleyan Methodists qualify grandly as exponents of the church militant, sustaining "an army ever at war against all that is vile, base, and degrading, an army ever exhilarated by the zest of conflict and forcible with the hardihood of active service, an army whose battle song should be no morbid whine after individual mercy," the author leads us to a community such as the inquirer must seek "if he would really understand the place and power of Christianity in the destinies of the human race," and stirs our blood as we read of "The Flowing Tide," "Betrayed," "The Girl and Her Lover," among others, ending with three tales, told under the caption, "Sister Agatha's Way," delineating the personality, methods, and triumphs of one consecrated soldier of Jesus Christ. All of which means that Mr. Begbie divested himself of his prejudices pro and con, and in the spirit of modern science, by a true laboratory method, proved his accepted definition of conversion.

It is not my purpose to review the lives of the twice-born men and women whom Mr. Begbie has made familiar to every Christian community in the English-speaking world. That work has been done, with unwonted enthusiasm, not only by religious journals, but even by the secular press. For this there is occasion for gratitude. Yet there is a certain note in comments which may be heard, as well as in reviews which have been printed, against which I would respectfully protest. My objection is not against Mr. Begbie's thorough service to Christianity and the world, but against a possible inference that there is a new discovery in that which he relates, or that a lost art has been brought to light. Mr. Begbie makes no such claim. Such moral miracles as these books exploit are as old as Christianity and as recent as to-day. They can be verified, I believe, wherever in Christendom an earnest Christian minister has been devoted to his holy calling for a short term of years. Often, in a local community, they may not become generally known because of the embarrassment which such revela-

tion would bring to individuals and families. Even the secret of such marvels of grace may be known. There are two great principles of divine procedure which pertain. First, *God is now, as he ever has been, reaching out for all men by his Holy Spirit.* It is the peculiar office of the Spirit of God to "convict the world in respect of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment" (John 16. 8). It is true, too, that the warning stands, "Quench not the Spirit" (1 Thess. 5. 19), "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, in whom ye were sealed unto the day of redemption" (Eph. 4. 30), and with good reason, for even in the days of Noah, before the Deluge, "Jehovah said, My Spirit shall not strive with man for ever" (Gen. 6. 3). From which we conclude that the Holy Spirit at some time or times, perhaps on many different occasions, knocks at the door of every individual life. But he is not always appealing, and the recipient of this divine favor who resists knows not when the Spirit may depart, grieved away by human obstinacy, back of which always is sin. The second principle is this: *The man who follows the guidance of the Holy Spirit will find God.* The converts on the Day of Pentecost were new-born men, "and they continued steadfastly in the apostles' teaching and fellowship" (Acts 2. 42), not merely because they heard the apostles' preaching, but because that preaching was in demonstration of the Spirit and with power, and because they were not disobedient; they followed the Holy Spirit's guidance. It was ever thus. Saint Augustine, Wiclif, Huss, Luther, Knox, the Wesleys, every other great Christian soul and every Christian convert—all tell the same story. Mr. Begbie demonstrates these truths in his books. This may not have been his purpose. He started out to put Professor James's definition of conversion to a rigid scientific test, and the demonstration of these principles is a result. He does not claim to discover anything which is new; he does not reveal a lost art. He simply proves the conquering power of the Christian religion under most disadvantageous conditions. Surely, if any Christian worker, toiling in this age of materialism, has lost heart and questions the potency of his message, these tales should bring back courage and fill with abounding energy, for, given the devotion, what has been done in the most difficult places can be ac-

accomplished in more favorable surroundings. As a matter of fact, just such results are being achieved daily. As a humble laborer in Christ's vineyard I am so presumptuous as to assert that in my own ministry these great principles have been demonstrated many times to my complete satisfaction. I have not the slightest doubt that thousands of Christian ministers can recite just such triumphs of grace. In detailing briefly certain cases in my own work, my purpose is to embolden Christian workers everywhere, convinced that God can work and is working, through his servants, to conquer the world for righteousness.

In a city in Connecticut where I was pastor, friends informed me of the arrival of a family of Methodists on their street. I called and gained permission to secure the transfer of membership of the wife and mother, but only after I had promised to visit the husband and interview him personally as to his religious life. I kept my pledge, calling a number of times, enjoying interesting conversations, finally winning this man for Jesus Christ. His story is an unusual one. His mother died when he was young. There were other children. After a time the father introduced a stepmother into the home. The new wife had little liking for the children. Soon, their father supporting them, they were committed to a so-called home, where there was no specific religious instruction, though there was moral training. This husband and father testified that he had never been taught to pray, that he did not know how, and that he never had prayed. Yet it was evident he was a man of distinct religious aptitudes. He respected his wife's religion. He wanted his children reared as Christians. He was gentle in speech and action. He was willing to attend church services, and did so. Naturally enough, he did not feel that he was qualified for church membership, but he was willing to be guided. He had been worshipping with us for some time. I felt the day had come to bring matters to a decision. I called at his home on a Saturday evening preceding the first Sunday of the month. I did my best to engage him in religious conversation, but without avail. At length, deciding that, after all, the occasion was not propitious, I prepared to leave. We—the husband, the wife, and the pastor—were standing in the parlor and the greetings of the

departing guest had been made, when the husband, speaking my name and looking me straight in the eye, said: "Wait a moment. I did something last night I never did before. I have not told my wife as yet. You will be interested. I had been at lodge over at W—. We had been doing some impressive work, and as I was walking home in the beautiful, clear night, with stars overhead and mystery everywhere, I was deeply moved with the thought of God. As soon as I got into the house I went down upon my knees in prayer." Needless to say, I was completely surprised. Evidently the religious had been the uppermost idea in the man's mind, but I had not been able to discover it, though that was my particular purpose that evening. I did not leave the home as I had intended. We prayed together. There was extended Christian communion. The outcome was that the man was received on probation the next morning, became a full member of the church in due time, and is now an official member. Only last April we reviewed his experience in conversation together with a group of friends. To it he added his testimony that the religious life is profitable not only for spiritual, but for secular interests as well; that his firm has much greater confidence in him than formerly, and that, as an expert mechanic, he now holds a position of great responsibility. Is not my contention established by this man's experience? God, by his Holy Spirit, was reaching after his creature. The man was responsive to the divine guidance, and he found God.

A number of personal histories are connected vividly with work done in a densely populated district of the greater New York. Soon after that pastorate began, I was called on an emergency case to a home in a tenement where a mother with a new-born babe was in great distress. Her husband, crazed by liquor, had come home, dragged his wife from the bed, kicked her, and otherwise treated her cruelly. Medical ministries were provided. The woman recovered and her husband became sober. He was sincerely penitent for what he had done. The pastor was summoned to baptize the baby, which he did. There were children in the Sunday school. Calls were made occasionally at the home—a comfortable one, as a rule. The husband was a skillful artisan.

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His great enemy was drink, but he was not an habitual drunkard. Nearly five years passed. God's Spirit had followed him all those years. Special meetings of deep interest were being conducted in the church. This artisan attended the meetings, though he rarely had been seen at the services before. The Holy Spirit gripped the man. He was converted. Subsequent pastors have testified as to his fidelity. A little more than a year ago, when on a visit to the old charge, I met him and he reaffirmed his allegiance to Jesus Christ. His wife has been no encouragement to him, but he stands fast in his faith, a marvel of the divine grace. It may have been a year after I had been called to minister to the mother in distress that I noticed a strange man of middle age in company with a young man at an evening service. The young man was well known to me. His story, too, is inviting, but that is another tale. The two men were present week after week at the Sunday evening service and sat always in about the same place. The stranger was interested. The young man came to me one day and asked me to speak to his friend if I could get a chance without too much effort. He was fearful any obtrusive action might be repelling. It was not necessary for me to seek out the stranger; he came to me. He had attended some twelve or more regular services. He asked me if I could give him the time for religious counsel. Of course I could. I did. His story came out in fragments during a number of conversations. He was born in a house on the Newmarket racetrack in England. He had been trained as a horse jockey. He had ridden on all the great tracks of Europe until he became too heavy for that profession. He drifted to the West Indies. He married. Finally, some twenty-five years before, he came to the United States. He knew a horse from hoof to ear-tip, and, while he had little school education, was known as "doctor" and had charge of the horses of a large corporation. He told me that he had not been in a church for many years, excepting when he took the children to a neighboring Episcopal church for baptism, until about three months before; that during twenty-five years he had never been free from liquor, though he had been able usually to take care of himself and always had provided for his family; that having heard the gospel preached for

five or six weeks, he had felt there was something wrong with him, and that he had quit drinking and had not tasted a drop in over six weeks. He came to the prayer meeting and related his experience. He became a faithful member of the church. I have lost track of him of late, but I am confident that he, too, illustrates the mighty power of God's grace to seek and to save lost souls.

The form of a sturdy, red-faced Englishman fills my mind's eye. He was in his prime, the head of a family which had moved next to the church. The children came to the Sunday school; the mother and one older child presented church letters. An attractive family. Our deaconess became a welcome guest in the home. The father was not religious. He said he was able to take care of himself; he didn't need God to look after him. For more than forty years he had managed to go it alone; guessed he could manage his affairs till the end of the chapter. If the wife wanted to go to church, well and good; and it was all right enough for the children; wouldn't hurt 'em, anyway. Evidently a difficult case. At length we were in the midst of a revival campaign. The deaconess was drawn to the independent spirit at the head of the nearby household. He promised her that he would attend the meetings, and he kept his word. A Sunday night service came. He was there—not for the first time. He was touched. He sat in the end of a seat next to one of the aisles. As the invitation was given he placed his foot in the aisle; there he remained, partly out of his seat, halting between two opinions, his face flushed and troubled. The altar service proceeded. I thought of going to him, but something held me back. The meeting was dismissed. He was at the Tuesday evening service. His face was a study. He was intense. The invitation was given; his foot was in the aisle again; but he did not come. The preacher pleaded for decision. "Feeling isn't enough! Judgment as to right isn't enough! A convicting conscience will not save! The will—the *will*—must assert itself!" This was the plea. The man's intensity increased. O, a battle royal was being fought in a man's breast in yonder pew, all the forces of habit and all the fiends of hell arrayed against one soul-troubled mortal. Several times between prayers and hymns the same invitation in different ways was given. All

the time a yielding was evident. Finally, in response to the appeal, "Who will come? Who will?" several times repeated, this self-sufficient man, the flush still on his determined face, shouted, "I will!" sprang to his feet and literally ran to the altar. Yes, he was converted, and there was glory in that ruddy face. He was a stationary engineer and had a responsible position. He told us that he had spent the best part of two days on top of one of the boilers wrestling with God in prayer; that he had scarcely closed his eyes for two nights; that the struggle was simply awful, and that he found relief only when he said "I will," and surrendered to Jesus Christ. His eldest son, a young man, and a younger son were converted during the same meetings. The man has had many vicissitudes in the intervening years, but when I saw him about fourteen months ago the glow was still in his face. This was not a human accomplishment. God honored the efforts of his servants, and this engineer became a new creature in Christ Jesus.

The church had been preparing for special revival effort. A famous evangelist was to begin work on a certain Sunday. Three meetings had been held during the preceding week. Friday night came, with a congregation of a hundred, possibly. There were several strangers present. One woman in particular was profoundly stirred, was even moved to tears. She responded to the invitation, and with other strangers, who were her friends, and practically the whole congregation, came forward to the altar. The pastor conversed with the seekers and was able to help all excepting the woman, who was weeping as though her heart was broken—as it was. Prayer was offered, earnest, searching prayer. But prayer and exhortation were apparently futile. Finally, the pastor was impressed to request all to join aloud in the Lord's Prayer. He believes that the Spirit of God moved him to urge the people to pronounce no petition of that model prayer unless it could be spoken sincerely. Then, very deliberately, he led the praying people, every petition standing out by itself. The heart-broken woman recited petition after petition clearly and firmly until "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us" was reached. She hesitated; she struggled. The conflict was

desperate. There was a great sob; it came from the depths. The fountains of the deep were broken up. Slowly, but earnestly, she pronounced the difficult words. In so doing she conquered a vengeful, hateful temper which, not without reason, had taken possession of her. I learned her story soon thereafter. She and her husband had been officers and successful workers in the Salvation Army—captains, as I remember it. They were happy in their work. Children were born to them. One little girl was a cripple. The husband sinned, became a race-track gambler, and left his family. For a time he supported them well. Then remittances ceased. Trying times came. The wife, too, had left the Army. She had friends there, but would rather suffer than betray her need and her sorrow. It seemed so heartless that her husband should desert his crippled child. She could not forgive him, and she would not! Where was God, that he could allow such wickedness? She found God. She forgave her husband, in spite of his infidelity, and was herself forgiven of God. When last I heard from her she had a responsible position in connection with a Volunteers of America Home in a neighboring State. In spite of her sorrow she became a happy and efficient servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Following an after-meeting on a Sunday evening, a German woman approached the pastor somewhat timidly and in imperfect English said she wished to join the Methodist Church, and that her husband would join with her. Inquiry developed the fact that she had been reared in Germany as a Roman Catholic, had come to America when fifteen years of age, and that a New Testament in German had been given her at Castle Garden. She had never read that Book before. It was fascinating. When her mother discovered her possession she took it from her, warning her of serious consequences from the reading thereof. She honored her mother's command, though sad of heart. After her marriage to a man nominally a Lutheran she purchased a Bible in German. It was, indeed, a lamp to her feet and a light to her path. Yet she was loyal to the Roman Church. She attended its services. Her children were baptized by its priests. But as the boys approached youthful years, she turned away from Rome. She told

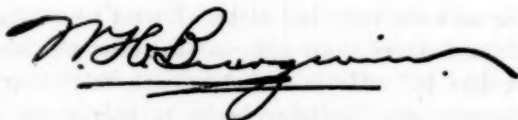
of conditions there which she felt threatened the moral integrity of her sons. "I could be a good Christian," she said, "in the Catholic Church, but I think of my boys." She, with her husband, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. She felt God had sent them there in answer to prayer, and she said so repeatedly in public testimony. Through his own word the Holy Spirit had reached the innermost life of this devoted mother, and she was obediently responsive to the heavenly Father's call. The devotion of the husband was, evidently, as real as that of the wife. Subsequently two sons and two daughters were received into church fellowship, and a new baby was baptized by the Protestant clergyman.

A single additional instance, one which has been a great personal inspiration. It would seem that it should convince men anew of the activity and the potency of God's Spirit. The place is a large Long Island village, a suburb of New York city. An intelligent man, slightly lame, stepped into the church and took the seat nearest the door. It was a Sunday evening. He was gone before the minister could reach him. He continued to attend the evening service; then came to the morning worship as well. One day he stopped long enough to invite the minister to call. He lived alone in a house near the church. His mother had died about a year before. That mother was a beautiful Christian, a member of that church. She had long been a patient sufferer with rheumatism. This son, fifty-five years of age, was a persistent infidel. He believed his mother had a comfort in her religion; still he insisted that her religion was a delusion. Before her death he had been her faithful nurse. After her departure he had remained in the home, his own health being impaired. He had come to church, he said, as a matter of pastime and to satisfy his curiosity. He never had been a deeply depraved man, but had used alcoholic stimulants more or less, and in a moderate way had been "one of the boys" in other days. To use his own phraseology, "You hit me in the neck the very first night. I went home angry, hunted up a Bible, and found to my surprise that what you said was there, and more like it." He said that he was "hit" every time he came to the services. Religion began to assume the form of reality.



He felt his own need of God's help. He read the Bible. He prayed. He gained relief, but he could hardly believe it lasting. He put himself on probation, deciding that if God would help him to lead a Christian life for a term of months, he would confess him and present himself as a candidate for church membership. He adhered strictly to his self-prescribed program, attending all services possible, including prayer meeting and class meeting. It was his delight to converse with the brethren on religious subjects. His religious life grew brighter and brighter, though the rheumatism fastened itself with constantly increasing tenacity upon him, and he could leave the house only with great effort. A brother-in-law, a sincere Christian, who knew his life from young manhood, called at the parsonage to express appreciation of the great change which had been wrought in the life of an infidel. "It's a wonderful change," he said. And it was—a complete transformation. The suffering rheumatic, rejoicing in peace of soul, lives in that brother-in-law's home in the State of Connecticut. Here is a sentence from a recent letter: "I can assure you that my faith in the Master is just as strong as ever, and I pray daily that it may become stronger and firmer." He is rarely able to attend the sanctuary now, but evidently is growing in grace.

God lives! God works in the hearts of men! God saves! He is not confined by seasons or localities. Some are reached in revival times, others under ordinary circumstances of worship within the church or elsewhere. The Holy Spirit is abroad pleading with men. When the plea is heeded, transgression is forgiven, iniquity is covered; where evil was the good abounds. These are working principles. All Christians should recognize them and permit themselves to be channels for the Holy Spirit. We should be convinced that none are too bad, that, if given a chance, the grace of God has such potency that the most depraved and debauched can be saved, "saved to the uttermost."

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "W. H. Burleigh". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.



#### ART. IX.—CHURCH ATTENDANCE AND AN EFFICIENT MINISTRY

THERE is a new figure in the modern labor market. It is the efficiency expert. He is an economist. His business is to eliminate waste. His work is to show others how to work. He goes into an industrial plant, studies all its details, and then plans how the maximum results may be obtained from the minimum effort. I wish to introduce this gentleman to at least one phase of our current church life.

Modern clergymen need not be told that this is an age of nonchurch-going. They know it from bitter experience. They are also well versed in the various reasons "why Smith does not go to church." Each class of society has its particular formula, the resultant of which is a very serious problem for the ministry. In former days the minister protested against the only-once-a-Sunday plan of church-going; now he would be delighted if his people came uniformly even once on Sunday. But why should Smith go to church when he finds a scattered, somnolent congregation and an overworked and sometimes involuntarily inefficient minister? Without are the enticement of green fields and blue skies and the exhilaration of a modern motor or the soothing comforts of a convenient home. At any rate the fact stands: people are not attending church as they used to. As a matter of personal pride, we may conceal from our neighbors the pitiful size of our audiences, but everyone knows in his heart that his congregation is not what it ought to be for the size and conditions of his parish. How many of us can look at their evening audiences and say of their people, "Well done, good and loyal Christians"? And the conditions which only a few years ago began to diminish the evening attendance are now also affecting the morning service. It is beginning to lag in zeal and size. Church attendance is becoming a universal problem, and the church with a uniformly large congregation for its parish is a local exception to a discouraging and general rule. In explanation of this small and listless church-going

of our day three reasons are advanced: (1) The preachers are dull and uninteresting; (2) there is a growing indifference to religion; (3) Sunday is occupied with other things than church-going.

We have heard that the modern preacher is mentally behind his times. Of course, our self-respect prevents our acceptance of this assertion with any too great enthusiasm. Perhaps inability to see how far we are behind the procession will also be laid to our charge. But a comparison of the mental ability and alertness of the clergyman with that of the professional men of his congregation does not reveal such a startling discrepancy as his critics would lead one to expect. Generally he has had technical training in addition to university equipment; he is genuinely devoted to his work and is doing about all that one man can do. If he is occasionally dull, it will be found in nearly every case that he has been spending his energy upon trivial tasks that an intelligent laity ought to take from his already overburdened shoulders. I fear the alleged dullness of the ministry is not a reason; it is only an excuse, and not a very good one at that.

Is our age becoming spiritually indifferent? Has the gospel lost its power to charm? Have the exercises of religion as provided by the modern church ceased to be helpful or necessary to the souls of men? These questions and others like them engage our serious thought, and we can come to no other conclusion than that, of all ages, this age needs the strength which comes from meditation and prayer; that the work of our modern world demands for its proper performance the zeal of men freshly come from the presence of their Lord. Yet philanthropy seems to have usurped the place of religion and good deeds have excluded worship. Perhaps the overemphasis of the social obligations of religion may have a vital relation to the declining church-going. Without doubt the type of our religion is changing. Mysticism is surely giving way to ethical performance. The religious emotionalism which has been the *sine qua non* of the past is not nearly so important to the new generation. The sphere of religion—the intimate relation of work and worship—is so broadening as to render localized church worship less imperative. Religion within

walls has been unfortunately associated with a certain white-waistcoated hypocrisy. A feeling—false, but still potent—is that the churches are for the rich rather than the poor. All these things are hostile to large congregations, but man is not losing his capacity for religion or outgrowing his need of worship. That would mean an evolution toward an animal destiny rather than a spiritual. Surely that cannot be God's plan for the race.

The third reason for indifferent church attendance—that of using the Sunday for other purposes—is of exceeding great importance. It must be given careful consideration, for herein lies a secret of the problem. The suggestion that the Puritanic Sunday was invented as a substitute for the hair shirt may be dismissed with the smile which it provokes. But no one can be indifferent to the great changes in Sunday observance now going on before our very eyes. The old Jewish Sabbath was a day of rest. The Christian Sunday is a day of spiritual activity, originating, as it did, in the resurrection and reanimation of the body of our Lord. The question of the appropriate activity for a Christian Sunday is of vast importance to both Christian men and the Christian church. The purpose of the Sunday is to recreate—restore the proper balance of human life. It aims to give a man all those elements of wholesome living of which his work in the modern world has deprived him. It strives to bring the spiritual up to its normal place and out of the mesh of commercial and physical preoccupation. In the older days, when physical work was the rule and common lot, as it still is in some rural communities, church-going was the natural means of restoring the spiritual equilibrium. When men worked all the week in the open air, "what can be more natural than that they should prefer to spend their Sundays indoors with their families; or that they should enjoy discussing the crops with their distant neighbors in the porch of the church? They wanted on Sundays what they did not get on weekdays." But now that the trend of commercial life has taken men from the fields and put them into factories and offices, the needed restorative is not indoor services, but out-of-door fresh air and relaxation. "But what of the souls of men and the spiritual life?" you ask. True, as the preacher sees it; but the man who has been in an

office for six days is pinning his religion to the fact that a man

... exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Because he likes his opinion, and sticks to it, the churches are empty and the ministry discouraged. This is not an appeal for Sunday laxity, it is only another way of saying that the migration from the cities on Sunday and the search for physical relaxation on that day are not matters of innate personal perversity, but are real efforts (however sometimes misdirected) to satisfy a legitimate need. Here may be the real explanation of nonchurch-going. To be sure there are the unnumbered saints who by their presence and purses support the ministry and the gospel, but they do so in spite of rather than because of our industrial conditions. I do not think we shall have large or general church attendance while the present conditions of intensified labor exist.

This nonchurch-going, whatever its cause, is a matter of great importance to the ministry, and in more ways than one. Shall we say that the day of great congregations is past and with it has gone the day of great preaching? We all know that "without a great occasion there can be no great speech. Place, hour, issue, audience, and orator make up one work of art." We may say that sermons are not made by congregational enthusiasm, still we are all conscious of the spiritual reaction of a large and religiously passionate audience. It has put the crown upon all the really great preaching we have experienced. The ministry cannot meet the tests of modern efficiency by doing its poor best before empty seats. It may not be the minister's fault, but it is the fact just the same. The question before us as modern clergymen is whether we are going to adapt ourselves to the new conditions. Are we going to recognize that modern industrial life is not propitious to church-going or, shutting our eyes to modern and active facts, shall we, like blind preachers, go on the way our fathers trod, with a supreme indifference to results? There may be in the future a return to church-going habits, but until there is some change in industrial conditions, and some improvement in

the methods of living resulting in better church attendance, there ought to be a readjustment of the average minister's activity to meet the requirements of modern efficiency. Our efficiency expert would agree with this opinion.

What shall be the principle of reorganization in ministerial activity? It should be to eliminate those things which do not produce results commensurate with the investment involved. If, for example, people will not or cannot attend two preaching services on Sunday, why persist in having two? If the old-time prayer-meeting has lost its fervor and we already know by heart the well-worn prayers and testimonies, why continue the monotonous recital? Since I do not believe in careless sermonic preparation, I am not in favor of the minister using his precious living energy to cover dead things. He ought not to drain his very life to conceal an unproductive servitude to outworn religious habits. Every minister knows the strain of trying to reanimate a dead service. There are enough living things in every parish to use profitably all of a minister's time and energy. He does not serve his Master well who ignores them. The conviction grows that the sermonic does not wield as large an influence in church work as it used to; that not too much dependence can be placed on it as a means of doing the vital work of a modern church. The proportion of church work done before a congregation is not nearly so great as in former days. Out of that fact there must arise some readjustment of the functions of the ministry, especially where the church is able to support only one clergyman. But there are compensations in all things. With the decline of the hortatory there open to the modern minister the most fascinating opportunities of service ever offered to Christian workers. The decrease of the rhetorical should mean the increase of pastoral and educational efficiency. As to the increased effectiveness of the pastoral work in a proper readjustment of the minister's time and strength, it would require much time and space to speak at length. From the decreased importance and size of the congregation there arises the significance of individuals. Men rather than sermons become the minister's objective. Eloquence before empty seats will be supplanted by personal pastoral helpfulness. Those families which



even the most energetic of us seldom see, the new-comers into the parish, the sick and the afflicted, will all be helped by a quiet and not too hurried talk with their man of God. Pastoral service would be increased many fold in efficiency and satisfaction if we had adequate time to deal with the many pastoral problems and opportunities which crowd every parish, and then perhaps shall come the time when the man in the office and the woman in the home shall know more of their minister than his sermonic voice.

But the greatest opportunity of the modern ministry lies in the religious education of the young. If homes are not meeting the requirements in religious training of the children, then the Church must do it, or be forever lost. It is doubtful if this greatest of Christian obligations can any longer be left in the untrained hands of benevolently inclined laymen. Here is work for the best skill and ability of the ministry. What would an efficiency expert say about the use of the minister for two poorly attended sermons as compared with the neglect of the opportunities for religious education in a modern church? What would he say of the stereotyped prayer meeting—aging sadly—as compared with an adult session of the school for religious instruction? Would he not decide, if people cannot get to church twice on Sunday, that one service well attended, the minister using his rescued time and trained skill in his Sunday school and Epworth League, is better than two poorly attended sermonic strains and only a superficial contact with the religious instruction of the young? Surely he would. And so would the minister if he were in any other business. The successful direction and leadership of the religious education and spiritual growth of its young people is of vastly more importance to a church than any sermonette, tinctured as it frequently is with sensationalism and helped out with unnecessary music. This is the day of good literature and cheap Bibles and religious thinking on the part of the laity. The demand for biblical exposition is not nearly so great as it was years ago. But the methods and ideals of the secular education of the young have gone forward by leaps and bounds, and there is an imperative call for trained leadership to undertake the same great enterprise for religious education. It will not wait. The church of to-



morrow depends on the training of the children of to-day. The church of to-morrow will be seriously hurt as well as imperiled if the church of to-day does not bring immediately its best efforts and its best-trained ministry to the newer evangelism of religious education. In all this expanding field the minister must be the conspicuous leader. In his church he ought to be the superior in every position of any man in any position, and he ought to be where he is needed most. The religious education of the young of his parish needs him more than any other department of his church work. Not that he shall be superintendent, or teacher of pupils, but that he shall be the director of the religious education in his church. Under his guidance should go on the teaching of the young—whether in the Sunday school, the Junior League, the Epworth League, or the Probationers' Class. As a teacher of teachers his skill and experience should be there and his spirit should animate the whole.

The reason why the minister cannot undertake all this in addition to his present labors lies in the fact that he is only one man, with one man's time and strength; that in the details of a one-minister church there are already too many things for one man to do well. If he is to take upon himself the intensified pastoral oversight which our modern times demand, and also the directorship of the religious instruction of his parish, he must have relief from some other, and preferably less productive, activity. It is a question of producing results. If our churches are willing to go on in defiance of modern tests of efficiency and insist upon sermonie deliveries which individually they generally prefer not to hear; if prayer meetings are to be maintained solely as ecclesiastical luxuries for the mystically inclined—then the minister will have to go on in the same old rut. He can make a personal choice between well and badly prepared sermons, between effective and galloping pastoral oversight, between vital contact with the growing youth of his church and indifference to them. He cannot do everything. He will fail if he tries. Where a church employs but one minister it ought to have enough business perspicacity to allow (or to direct, if necessary) that he shall use his time and energy to produce the best results. If the church board

cannot do so, or if the minister is not so inclined, it ought to engage an efficiency expert to do so for them. I do not mean the printed questions of the district superintendent, or the quadrennial legislation of the General Conference, but an efficiency expert who would go over the situation as he would a factory and its product. He would condemn unproductive sermonic exhibitions. He would concentrate two feeble congregations into one big assembly, two hastily prepared sermons into one soul-stirring message, and he would save heat, light, and human energy thereby.

If there were less haste in sermonizing and more thorough pastoral visitation, if there were less mere preaching and more real teaching, the modern church would be a more effective power for godliness in its generation. Let us save the pulpit by concentrating its now scattered influence. Let us save our people by more careful pastoral care over them. Let us save our children by more vital training unto the Christ likeness. If our churches cannot realize the crisis, then let us have the courage to demand a revision of the functions of the ministry; for without that readjustment of the minister's time and usefulness there will be a defect in the church's efficiency and a flaw in its success.

Robert J. Trevorrow.

#### ART. X.—THE IMPRESSION A MINISTER SHOULD MAKE UPON HIS PEOPLE

IN William James's *Psychology* there is an interesting paragraph on the "Conflict of the Different Mes." Here it is stated that for a time everyone has open to him a number of different possibilities, but that inevitably he must choose between them and select the ones which he wishes to make characteristics of himself. After the selection is made, the qualities upon which his choice rested must determine what he is to be. This abstract principle becomes relevant and vital when considered in connection with the impression a minister should make upon his people. At the outset a great variety of alternatives is open to him. He cannot choose them all. They might be wholly incompatible, or they might involve too much to be brought to completion in one life. At the outset he must choose from among the many Mes the few which he desires to possess and then specialize on them, to the probable neglect of the ones rejected. It is hardly to be expected that any definite rule can be postulated that will appeal with equal force to all ministers. They are so variously constituted that what is attractive to one may be wholly without interest to another. The writer simply advances what to him seem the most necessary impressions a minister should make upon his people.

In the first place, a minister should appeal to his people as a man of convictions possessing the courage to stand behind them. When a preacher enters a new field his position is peculiar. It is unlike that of the physician, or lawyer, or teacher, for with respect to medicine or jurisprudence or pedagogy the convictions of the people are not definitely fixed. They are willing to allow the new practitioner, the new instructor, or the new attorney to advance his views and work them out without molestation. But the minister faces a condition distinctly different. Every member of his congregation, from the janitor to the trustee, has convictions of right and wrong, propriety and impropriety, tact and rudeness, the true faith and heterodoxy. One believes that perfect love is a blessing to be experienced subsequent to regeneration, an-

other that it is coetaneous with conversion. The personal workers are inclined to differ as to the method employed in bringing about a change of heart, each usually favoring his own experience and inclined to doubt the validity of that of the others. One will be positive in his belief that truth should be handled without gloves, while a second will contend that it should be presented so as to cause the least offense. He is an advocate of tact and diplomacy. Several good brethren think it is improper to hold festivals or give suppers in the church; others, equally good, will say they are necessary if the church is to meet its financial obligations. A trustee brands it as unequivocally wrong to do ordinary work on the Sabbath day, and backs his position by Paragraph 30 of the Discipline, but a class leader holds that Sunday labor is not a question of right but of expediency, and points with an air of finality to the twelfth chapter of Matthew. Now, when a new minister takes up his work in a church like this (and these conditions, with slight modifications, will be found to exist in every church of Methodism), what should be his attitude? What impression should he give to his people? If he attempts to "play safe" with all, in nine cases out of ten he will "cut off his own head" by doing so. I know a case in point. A minister in a church where there were many conflicting opinions thought there was no need to be too assertive. He would give consideration to all, even though they were a little radical. Better that, he reasoned, than to stir them up needlessly. So he agreed in an ambiguous way with all and modified his statements to please the particular one with whom he happened to be speaking. The result was that one day in a class meeting, during his absence, a heated discussion arose about the experience of perfect love. As each one concluded his remarks he quoted the minister as upholding his position. At the close of the discussion it was found that the preacher had been quoted in support of no less than four distinct theories, the acceptance of any one of which would of necessity preclude the acceptance of the others. You can imagine the confidence the people would have in that minister as their spiritual adviser after that. The only thing for a minister to do is to go to the bottom of these various questions and definitely settle in his own mind which position seems to him right,

and then stand behind that position whether the official board likes it or not. A minister's business is not to see how many people he can agree with, nor how many friends he can make, but how much good he can do. It is hard to see where he does good in agreeing with a man, when he knows that man to be wrong, simply to hold his friendship. If people have wrong ideas it is a preacher's business to make them right, not to agree with them lest he offend. The preacher should not work for popular applause; he should not seek for effect; neither should he acquiesce in wrong in order to be beloved. He should do good, whether anybody is offended or not. He should not throttle his convictions or emasculate his individuality. The first impression that a preacher should make upon his people is that he has convictions, and has also the courage to stand behind them no matter who complains.

I was in Clairton, Pa., a number of years ago when a new preacher came to town. There was a weak, spavined, disheartened Methodist church in the village, which owed its run-down condition to the fact that the majority of us members were Christians, but were not working much at it. We were inclined to look upon the new preacher with tolerance, and our chief concern was whether he would preach so long that we should be late to dinner. Just as we feared, the first Sunday he preached for an hour and two minutes, while we sat and longed for the flesh pots of Egypt. But our weak, spavined church was on the eve of a great awakening. About the middle of the second week the new preacher called upon me and put the proposition up to me, man to man, about doing definite church work. That was a new line of preacher-activity to me, as most of the ministers I had known, what time they were not at home, were off eating big dinners that had deprived some widow of a week's sleep and of her best and most marketable chickens. But here was a preacher who paid for his board and worked with men. He said men were the leaders in business and politics and should be the leaders in religion. He put his proposition up to every man in his church, shoulder to shoulder. We were interested. Later we were greatly interested. Finally we went wild with enthusiasm. He inspired us by his aggressive personality, enthused us by his own indomitable per-



sistence. We went to work, and we worked hard. Six months of it was all I could stand. At the end of that time I was in college preparing for the ministry. But the Clairton men carried on the work. To-day the spavined Clairton church of old has grown into a beautiful new building, it is tremendously aggressive, it is a great moral force—all because a man of men came to be the minister.

This illustrates my second point, that a minister should impress his people that he is a manly man—a worker with men. Of course the women of the church are not to be neglected, but from their preponderance in the average congregation it is not hard to see that the emphasis should be placed upon securing men. Let the preacher be virile; let him show himself to be a general of men. Let him be neither a book worm nor a ladies' man, but a man of men, and he will soon win the coöperation of men so that they will transform the church from a Ladies' Aid Society into a Laymen's Missionary Movement. Then, with the coöperation of both men and women, the minister can make the church a moral force that will revolutionize the church and the world. Nothing is as powerful as the personal, face-to-face, direct, virile contact of man with man. The minister of to-day should use this personal, shoulder-to-shoulder method. He should give the impression that he is a man for men.

But, greatest of all, the people should never be able to get away from the impression that the minister is a man of God. A preacher is the ambassador of Jehovah, and as such the marks of Christ should be indubitably upon him. Take away a minister's ambassadorship and there is no need for him to exist. A preacher is Christ to men, and he should be about what we would expect of Christ if he were here. When a minister is selecting his various Mes, Christlikeness must be the one on which greatest emphasis is placed. But the impression of godliness cannot be given as a result of practice. It is the result of possession. No matter how much one tries to imitate the Christ in an external way, the true effect will be obtained only as he has Christ within, the King of the life. The scholarly preacher is having his inning to-day; and the captains of many churches are clamoring for him. There



is a demand for the minister of new ideas, for the learned and profound preacher. And it is well. The man of penetration is needed. We should be delivered from those who believe there is no item of knowledge that has escaped them—that they are the people, and wisdom will die with them. Christ intimated to his followers that he had many things he would like to say to them, but they were not able to hear them. And I am persuaded that there are many truths yet to be uncovered that are too subtle for our grasp to-day. We should not discourage the efforts of the McConnells of rare ability to open up wells of new truth. But when the attempt is made to divorce godliness from scholastic ability, as though they were antagonistic elements, and as such incompatible in the same individual, it is time for six million Methodists to ask the reason why. We need scholarly ministers; but first of all, the minister should be a man of God.

There comes a time in the life of every individual when the old eternal longing after God springs up within his heart. It is deep calling unto deep; mortal longing for immortality; finity groping for the infinite. It is Elijah at the cave of Horeb; it is Peter before Pentecost; it is John Wesley in the Aldersgate Mission. In all ages and climes men have been awakened to the sense of need of the infinite. To-day numberless men are thirsting after God, even as the hart panteth after the water-brook. All they want is a sympathetic mediator to make clear the way. They want some one to whom they can unburden their hearts with an assurance of ready sympathy and understanding. The minister should be such an one. The marks of Christ, the Comforter and the Way to God, should be indelibly stamped upon him, that with the first unexpressed longings of the soul after the Eternal the mind should turn to the minister with an assurance of help.

Albert B. Cunningham

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

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### NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

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#### THE OPEN FIRE

I. "THE open fire is a primitive, elemental thing; it is a bit of the red heart of nature laid bare; it is a dragon of the prime docile and friendly there in the corner. What pictures; what activity; how social! You are not permitted to forget it for a moment. How it responds when you nudge it! How it rejoices when you feed it! Why, an open fire in your room is a whole literature. It supplements your library as nothing else in the room does or can."

Not a poetic Burroughs rhapsody, this, but description fairly scientific and verified by common experience. "A primitive and elemental thing," writes the Master of Slabsides, well acquainted with the elements. And so it is; the subtle, mysterious, mesmeric spell of the open fire is elemental, like to those which winds and waters cast over human sensitivity; as irresistible as they are inexplicable. The four elements the ancients knew were earth, air, water, fire. All these have the call on man. His sensibilities lie open to them. Their touch notifies him that at least the fringes of his constitution are interwoven with the world, and that to the powers called Nature his kinship is close and his subjection sure. Physically, they own him, and at any moment may take possession. The cosmic tides wash all his coasts and flush all his inlets.

Exceptionally sensitive to all things elemental was the emotional nature of Robert Burns, who said that the influence which most exalted and enraptured him was that of a stormy wind howling among the trees and raging over the plain. And the sound of moving air is one of the stirring elemental voices, whether whispering in the silky grass, or rustling leafy branches, or solemnizing the pine forest with a sonorous chant, or roaring in wild tempests across the somber sky.

Equally potent with the voices of the winds are the voices of the waters in the elemental spell they cast over human kind, as in the rhythmic booming of the breakers on the beach or the cannonading of

great waves against the cliff. Bishop Warren could remember that during weeks of tramping and climbing in the high Alps, he and his friend fell asleep each night within hearing of the hoarse roar or muffled thunder of some cataract or mountain torrent, and found it like a wild, but soothing, lullaby sung by Mother Nature to her tired children. Gilbert White, the naturalist, fabled how a young tortoise went abroad and kept a diary of his travels. The pleasantest recollection recorded in the hard-shell tourist's notes of a sea voyage was that "the rippling of the water against the sides of our vessel as we sailed along was a very lulling and composing sound to go to sleep by." An instinctive wisdom, reinforced by experience, led the Cistercian monks to locate their monasteries by the side of running water in secluded valleys and to inscribe upon the inner walls a sentiment from Bernard of Clairvaux which Wordsworth rendered into English:

Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,  
More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,  
More safely rests, dies happier, is freed  
Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal  
A brighter crown.

We all understand Coleridge in the "Ancient Mariner" when he tells of mysterious music in the rigging and says that the sails "made on a pleasant noise till noon, a noise as of a hidden brook in the leafy month of June, which to the sleeping woods all night singeth a quiet tune"; and we understand Browning's picture in *Saul* of the channel where "the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well."

Most of us have a brook flowing through the green fields of memory. There is a New Jersey brook which forever makes music to the man who is pushing this pen. Often he hears it flowing through the middle of the night. To him "Stony Brook" is not a silent stream slow-moving toward Raritan River. Tinkling over its pebbly bed through its earliest stages and his, it sings of a friendship which began on its grassy and wild-flowered banks in the far-away meadows of boyhood. That little stream runs through his very soul and seems to empty far on into the River of Life which Saint John saw in his celestial vision, into the actual glory prefigured by which vision the comrade of Stony Brook disappeared one wild March morning when the angels called his soul.

Le Gallienne, defending Walter Pater's literary style from the charge of artificiality, preciosity, and excessive ornamentation, speaks of Pater's sincerity as seen in many passages of delicious simplicity,

fresh country vistas, and pictures of primitive color—all full of verisimilitude and of truth told with delicate fidelity. Le Gallienne says that in Pater's pages, among the rich colors, exquisite odors, sweet music, and shapely forms of his literary artistry, we find three things—reverence, reality, and purity; and all through Pater's writings, the soul, in its wanderings, is healthily aware of heaven and earth, "never strays out of sight of the white temples of the gods nor out of hearing of the sound of running water." Contact with the elements is favorable to normality and balance. "Heaven and earth from my window!" exclaimed a grateful woman, glad for her new sight of them, as she gazed out on the wondrous beauty of the October world from her fourth-story Clifton Springs room, to which she had just been brought back convalescent from three months in the surgical ward. Health coincided with ecstasy at the sight of heaven and earth. Heaven and earth, temples of worship and running brooks, altar-fires and hearth-fires, all of them elemental things, are alike essential in literature and in life, to health, sanity, normality, and poise. The condemnation and the ruin of much modern life—social, commercial, æsthetic—is that it is so far from the healthful and the sacred, from running brooks and white temples, and the things they signify, and in consequence, is so artificial, so false, so godless, so rotten.

Because the spell of the open fire, like the voice of winds and the voice of many waters, is primal and elemental, as the Master of Slab-sides remarks, therefore it also has easy access to what is primitive and elemental in man. Sidney Lanier held two things necessary to the making of a home, an open fire and music; two things which are alike in this, that all can feel their magic spell, but none explain or translate it distinctly into language. A Baltimore professor of literature, feeling his home to be now for the first really complete, diverts a lecturer from the bee-line between train and lecture platform, apparently to show the passerby a new fireplace just built into his library, over which the man of letters seemed happier than a child with a new toy, or a millionaire with a new yacht, or a spendthrift with a new automobile which he has mortgaged his house to purchase. That rugged veteran General Simon Bolivar Buckner boasts of his century-old log-cabin, his birth-place and latest residence, because every room has a big fireplace where they can "bake apples, pop corn, roast game, and make hot drinks." Not for Elihu Root's twenty-five-thousand-dollar a year steam-heated apartment in a Fifth Avenue flat-house in Gotham would the proud old "Johnnie Reb" exchange

his clay plastered house of logs with its blazing open fires. For Elizabeth Hamilton, the splendor of palaces has no sight so delightful as "the bonnie blithe blink o' her ain fireside." T. A. Daly, the laureate of Little Italy, informs us in verse that he has bought an old colonial fireplace, and invites us all to come and enjoy it with him so soon as he can find the wherewithal to build a house around it.

Take away the word "fireside," with all that it connotes and suggests, and you have done much to rob life of meaning, sanctity, and desirability. The hearth-fire is the emblem, synonym, and acme of domesticity. That erudite instructor, Etymology, informs us that the fireplace is, in Latin, literally the "focus" of the house; upon which definition experience and the dictionary are agreed. It is the point at which the life of the home concentrates and confers. Only the dining-room table matches it in power to assemble the family. About it, at the day's close, the generations gather as David's flock came, one by one, to the sheepfold when he played the tune all the sheep knew.

II. Is an open fire one of the "Aids to Reflection" not found in Coleridge's great book? Is the combustion of logs on the hearth conducive to the combustion of phosphorus in the brain? When an ingenious real estate promoter in the forest sections of Greater New York city, yearning to bless mankind and parenthetically to promote his own enterprise, hit upon the novel expedient of opening a Thinking Resort, he did it by constructing a huge fireplace and chimney, around which a Virginia Negro, who knew how, built for him from the woods of Emerson Hills a very large log cabin, which is dignified with the name of "Philosopher's Retreat," and is offered as a quiet refuge for pestered and distracted thinkers, who are invited from near and far to come and enjoy a season of meditation in the peaceful comfort of that big logfire, which is relied upon to produce a superior quality of thinking, already in great demand and as sure to appreciate in value as are eligible corner lots in the promised course of boom-town events. This Philosopher's Retreat, erected out of real estate profits, is dedicated to the use of "lovers of nature, statesmen with political futures before them or behind them; for those wishing to reflect on the gratitude of future generations or the ingratitude of present and past generations; for philosophers, born as such or grown to be such by the trials of professional, social, commercial, or political strife." Such is one practical philanthropist's contribution to the promotion of deep thinking in America, and incidentally to the fine

art of advertising. No grumpy old unphilosophical curmudgeon growling outside the Staten Island log cabin and repeating sarcastically the childish drama which began, "Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly," can prevent us from using the incident to emphasize, or at least to query, the intellectual value of the open fire. So great a body as the Association of Arts and Sciences has been seen in session in that Philosopher's Retreat, knitting its high brow and trying to think with the aid of a roaring fire, which is not so absurd as the unscientific might suppose. One man sat before an open fire shortly after reading the newest conception of matter. He was meditating on the marvels brought to mental view by the atomic theory; he was considering what vast subrealms of the infinitely minute are revealed by the microscope or inferred by science. While meditating thus and watching the sparks go up the chimney-throat, his scientific imagination sees submicroscopic atomic systems—galaxies whirling inside each tiny spark that floats upward on the chimney draught. This scientific vision of the infinitely small below him, added to his knowledge of the infinitely large above, made one watcher of an open fire realize himself to be a creature placed midway between the infinite and the infinitesimal in this astounding universe; the most amazing and immensely significant fact being that he finds himself to be an incurably curious and considerably competent observer of it all, having by his very constitution a search warrant to explore, and ability to take knowledge of both the bottomless abyss and the topless empyrean—his mind so near akin to the Intelligence seen at work in all the universe that he is capable of thinking God's thoughts after him, as Kepler said with awe-struck ecstasy and adoring love. Such cosmic reflections as these were suggested and vivified by an open fire. The human sense of kinship with the infinite overhead is uniquely expressed by Angela Morgan in verses read before the Poetry Society of America:

I am aware,  
As I sit quietly here in my chair,  
Sewing or reading or braiding my hair,  
I am aware of the systems that swing  
Through the aisles of creation on heavenly wing—  
I am aware of a marvelous thing.  
Trail of the comets in furious flight,  
Thunders of beauty that shatter the night,  
Terrible triumph of pageants that march  
To the trumpets of time through Eternity's arch.  
I am aware of the splendor that ties  
All the things of the earth with the things of the skies,



Here in my body the heavenly heat,  
 Here in my veins the melodious beat  
 Of the planets that circle Divinity's feet.  
 As I sit silently here in my chair,  
     I am aware.

As to the productive value of thinking anywhere, it seems, like everything else, to be in dispute. Voltaire had hope for the world when it shall have learned how to think. Montesquieu believed that the world is to be redeemed by men who think. But a nineteenth-century sage said, "Beware when the Almighty lets loose a thinker on this planet, for then all things are at risk"; and now comes Anatole France gravely warning us that thinking is the most dangerous of occupations, and if indulged in too freely will break up the world. And there we are. To think or not to think, that is the question. At this point we overhear the dialogue between the owl and the cat. The cat went to the owl to find out how to be happy. The owl said: "My opinion is, cat, that the only thing that is necessary is to think, think profoundly and deeply upon some philosophical question." But the cat said, "What shall I think about?" "O, it isn't so much the question you think of as the thinking, the mental exercise, that will give you peace. But this is a good question: 'The owl came from the egg and the egg comes from the owl—now which was first?'" The cat thought a moment, then said, "How am I going to settle the question?" "Why, my friend, you can't settle it, and that is the beauty of the question. If you could, it would end all your thinking." To get happiness out of the insolubility of life's problems seems a bright idea and may be the part of wisdom. Philosophy, like the colored preacher, sometimes attempts to "explain de unexplainable and unscrew de unscrutable"; and if thinking on insoluble questions can insure happiness, "I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings," since "the world is so full of a number of things" which philosophy cannot explain.

Whether sitting by an open fire is usually conducive to much thinking may be doubted. Hudson Maxim describes a husky laborer coming in from his day's work, appeasing his fierce hunger with a homely meal, and then humping himself up in the chimney corner, contentedly smoking his peaceful pipe, while the good wife cautions the children not to disturb father, because he is in a brown study. And when one little urchin approaches and asks, "Papa, what are you doing?" the answer he gets is, "O, I'm just thinking." Mr. Maxim says the tired man is not thinking at all; he is just luxuriating in the comfort of merely feeling: or in stately scientific language, "He is

enjoying the goings-on of his reflex processes. Thinking would be an effort. Therefore he has inhibited from action and consciousness as many of the higher thought-centers as possible, consistent with a waking state." The consensus of experienced observers is that strenuous and resultful cerebration is not the usual effect of the open fire on the human constitution. Probably it was not while sitting in an easy chair before the fire, pervaded by a blissful sense of physical *bien etre*, that Gutenberg thought out his printing press, or Stevenson his locomotive, or Fulton his steamboat, or Morse his telegraph, or Howe his sewing-machine, or McCormick his reaper, or Bell his telephone, or Edison his phonograph and incandescent light or any of his four hundred inventions.

To be sure, Hopkinson Smith pretends that while seated "In the Arm Chair at the Inn"—the old inn of William the Conqueror on the Normandy coast—before the fire, he overheard in his mind a sculptor, a painter, an architect, an engineer, a writer, and various other friends engaged in a brilliant discussion of art, literature, love, and other things, covering almost the whole philosophy of life. But as this Mr. Smith is a professional romancer who prints books for pelf, it is permissible for us to doubt whether it really was while luxuriating in the relaxing self-indulgence of an easy chair before the fire that his superactive brain evolved the philosophies and tender romances and thrilling adventures contained in his latest book. Jowett of Balliol, when asked what he had been thinking about while silently gazing long and steadily into the fire with the look of a man completely lost in profound thought, replied, "The fact is I was not thinking of anything." The great Greek professor was one with the farmer who, being asked what he did in winter, answered: "Sometimes I sets and thinks, and sometimes I just sets."

"While the fire was burning I mused" reverses the Psalmist's statement, "While I was musing the fire burned," but fairly describes the common experience. "I simmer," said old Palgrave, "as the liquor doth on the fire before it beginneth to boil." The fireside is a place for musing and reverie; "cogitate" is too purposeful, and "ruminate" has too bovine an odor. Soothed by the warm, balmy, and ambrosial air, pensiveness strokes us with its velvet hands and we succumb to the mesmeric spell. The hymn for the fireside is not "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve," nor "My soul, be on thy guard," but rather, "My willing soul would stay in such a frame as this." The soothing, tranquillizing, restorative touch of elemental things is reported in what

one man finds: "When things have gone wrong in business during the day, and my mind is full of care and cumber, I can generally forget it all by going out to look at the stars, or by listening to music, or by watching the open fire." As beautiful, benign, cheering, and comforting as a summer evening may be the brilliance of a winter night, all asparkle outdoors and in. Outside "in the icy air of night, the stars that oversprinkle all the heavens seem to twinkle with a crystalline delight"; inside, the sparks that fly up like swarms of golden bees imitate the twinkling fireflies of the sky and make the night indoors as brilliant and elemental as the spangled firmament.

III. Through the centuries many notable firelit faces have been snapshotted and preserved, illumined, some of them by the glare of conflagrations, some by the glow of hearthfires. Looking back they appear like a torchlight procession moving through the dark. In far-back regions, where history and legend blend, the flames of burning Troy make visible to all after times the face of Sparta's stolen child. A Baltimorean, who has a Helen of his own, tells us that when he sits with her before the hearth, looking at her face flushed by the firelight's ruddy glow and watching her feed the flames with aromatic pine cones, his Homer comes back to him and he sees the face of that earlier Helen, whose beauty was the prize of Priam's son and around which the action of the *Iliad* revolves, lit by the blaze of burning Troy. Little Robert Browning, sitting at evening on his father's knee before the hearth in the library, listened entranced to the ancient tale of the siege of Troy, until, to his excited imagination, the mounting flames in the fireplace were the burning city, and among the glowing coals the lad saw many-oared triremes and helmeted figures, with spears and shields, and the faces of Menelaus and Paris and Helen. That potent face which "launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Illium," and "drew the dreaming keels of poesy across the seas of all subsequent ages," is so immortally famous that Synge, the Irish dreamer, in the twentieth Christian century, imagines the holy prophets straining the bars of Paradise to lay eyes on Helen of Troy.

The conflagration of five sevenths of Rome (B. C. 64) makes more lurid against the dark background of antiquity the hideous and hateful face of Nero, who was fiddler, aesthete, lecher, matricide, and suicide, achieving endless infamy for himself within the same number of years as the Man of Nazareth took to live the life and die the death which redeemed the world, gathering to himself the endless worship of adoring millenniums.

The notable hearth-fires of recorded history, with firelit faces sitting by them, begin before Nero's day with a royal figure as sinister and truculent as his. Away back in the book of Jeremiah, a king of Judah was sitting in his winter palace in the ninth month, and "there was a fire burning on the hearth before him." The Lord had given Jeremiah some words of warning and threatening for this wicked king, and they were now being read to him. They made him as mad as fire. Red with rage, he reached over and slashed the parchment with his penknife, snatched it out of the reader's hands and threw it into the fire. King Jehoiakim meant to dispose of those words of the Lord effectually and forever, and his action was prompt, relentless, and thoroughgoing. He made sure work of it, as the wicked like to do. Sinners are so cute and knowing! They are such cunning diplomats and strategists! The way to make sure of the Christ-Child's death is to slaughter a lot of Bethlehem babies; the astute Herod knew that. The way to prevent the resurrection of the Crucified is to seal the sepulcher and set a watch, and, as Pilate said, "Make it sure"; the shrewd scribes and Pharisees knew that. The way to destroy the Word of the Lord is to knife it and burn it; this swift king of Judah knew that. When such smart and able sinners have thus made it "sure," the only thing that can disturb their placid security and give them bad dreams is the haunting fear lest after a while some busy newsgatherer may send a message down to Egypt, "They are dead who sought the young child's life," and then God's little Boy may come safely back northward past Herod's harmless grave; and some glorious women may report that they found the sepulcher vacant and saw within the empty tomb a deathless angel, who said, "He is not here, for he is risen as he said"; and some veracious historian may tell the ages to come that every jot and tittle of the words of the Lord were fulfilled upon the wicked king who knifed and burned them, and "his dead body was cast out in the day to the heat and in the night to the frost," as the prophet said. In the Bible's Hall of Statuary, the king who got mad at God sits forever by the hearth in his winter palace with the fire-light on his face as a warning to sinners of all centuries to beware how they fight against the Lord. They may be very sure that

His will fulfilled shall be,  
For in daylight or in dark  
His thunderbolt hath eyes to see  
Its way home to the mark.

Pictures of fire-lit faces by the fireside are usually good and pleasant to look upon; the home-hearth is not a bad man's resort; some place like the barroom suits him better; and always it is the pictures of the good that are more apt to be preserved. Quite typical is a pleasing seventeenth century picture which shows us Robert Herrick, the master among English poets of pastoral lyrics and tender love verses, incumbent of a Devonshire "living," "a rather timid bachelor gentleman of middle age, sitting by the fire in a snug and modest country parsonage," and writing out of a gentle heart his quaintly simple thanksgiving to God for the homely dwelling which shelters him in his Dean Prior parish:

A little house, whose humble roof  
Is weather proof;  
Under the spars of which I lie  
Both soft and dry;  
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,  
Hast set a guard  
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep  
Me, while I sleep. . . .  
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar  
Make me a fire.  
Close by whose living coal I sit,  
And glow like it.

In American history there is an early picture of Thomas Jefferson, with the hearth light on his face, reading the Gospels before the fire on winter evenings and getting therefrom the ethical ideas which went into the Declaration of Independence. A later American picture shows young Abraham Lincoln lying face downward before the hearth, his long, lank, angular form stretched full length on the clay floor of a humble cabin, with the firelight on his homely features, studying hard and beginning to get himself ready for the emancipation proclamation and the immortal Gettysburg address and the solemn majesty of his second inaugural and the apotheosis at the touch of an assassin's bullet at the climax of his illustrious career.

Young William Winter once saw Longfellow sitting by his open fireplace late at night, after all his household had retired, watching the flames, listening to the wind in the chimney, musing and occasionally jotting down with a pencil whatever came into his thoughts.

IV. What will go on in the mind of man or woman sitting before the fire seems wholly problematical. Celia Thaxter on the Isles of Shoals, safe and cozy indoors, by the blaze of beach-gathered drift-



wood, hears the storm raging furiously, thinks of her tiny playmate of the day, the little sandpiper, wonders where he will sleep to-night, remembers the sparrow's Caretaker, and cries to her winged comrade:

I do not fear for thee, though wroth  
The tempest rushes through the sky:  
For are we not God's children both,  
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

Once on a time, as a grizzled old man gazed dreamily into a bed of coals, there came to him out of the far hinterland of memory the vision of a woman rocking before the fire, crooning a hymn to her little boy, whose curly head lay lightly in "the good place God fashioned for it—the hollow 'twixt her bosom and her arm"; and the lonely old man felt as if the fire were mothering him.

Robert Browning's mother jealously kept for herself, as the dearest privilege of the day, a twilight hour of solitude and darkness and music; and the great poet all his long life remembered being held in his father's lap before the library fire and hearing his mother, sitting alone and without a light in the next room, singing familiar old hymns. She sang and prayed her own deeply religious temper and warm evangelical faith into her little boy, and in years when she was no more on earth her strong son said with grateful emotion, "She was a divine woman."

Eugene Field, alone by the fire, had the silence in which he was sitting changed into a vesper service by the sound of his child's small voice in an adjoining room saying sweetly her "Now I lay me down to sleep." It sent him back to his own childhood, made him a child again kneeling at his mother's knee; and with tears in his eyes the world-worn man bowed his head on his breast and reverently repeated his earliest petition, "Now I lay me." The voice of history cries to all mothers as in God's name: Sing hymns to your little children and teach them to pray! A certain general of the war for the Union found his mother's hymns singing in his head before the battle. One of his mother's hymns sung by a street missionary's little band helped to save wild Billy Sunday, reveling in bad company on the streets of Chicago.

In that greatest of all poems of the hearth-stone, Browning's "By the Fireside," Husband Robert sits watching his wife, with the fire-glow on her features and her curls—the "great brow and the spirit-small hand propping it." With the immortal faith and love which make firesides holy, he says to his Elizabeth:



Think, when our one soul understands  
 The great Word which makes all things new,  
 When earth breaks up and heaven expands,  
 How will the change strike me and you,  
 In the house not made with hands?

Later on, in middle age, looking ahead to life's December, Browning sees himself, in anticipation, with the firelight on his gray hairs and wrinkled face:

I shall be found by the fire, I suppose,  
 O'er a great book as beseemeth age,  
 While the shutters flap as the cross-wind blows,  
 And I turn the page and I turn the page;  
 Not verse then, only prose.

In London, on the last day of 1858, William J. Fox, aged seventy-three, comfortable in the warmth of his library fire, wrote to his daughter thus: "What an array of Christmases and New Years I look back upon! And in what a variety of situations and relations they found me! What a phantasmagoria of figures, if I could paint all the holiday dinners and people! All the first batch was cleared off long ago; the second generation have nearly all followed; and the third set is now on. I am making up my accounts, and I think it is time."

James Whitcomb Riley, on his fifty-ninth birthday, sits in his study by a dancing and crackling fire, surrounded by gift-flowers and messages from a host of friends, meditating on the fast-flying years and repeating to himself old Walter Savage Landor's lines:

I warmed both hands before the fire of Life;  
 It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

To a friend who inquired after his health, John Hay replied: "I have an incurable disease." "What is it?" asked the startled friend. "Old age," answered the great diplomat, who at sixty-eight, musing on the favored and enviable lot of those who, not living to be old, are remembered as forever young, wrote:

At eve, when the brief wintry day is sped,  
 I muse beside my fire's faint flickering glare—  
 Conscious of wrinkling face and whitening hair—  
 Of those who, dying young, inherited  
 The immortal youthfulness of the early dead.  
 I think of Raphael's grand-seigneurial air;  
 Of Shelley and Keats, with laurels fresh and fair  
 Shining unwithered on each sacred head;

And soldier boys who snatched death's starry prize,  
 With sweet life radiant in their fearless eyes,  
 The dreams of love upon their beardless lips,  
 Bartering dull age for immortality;  
 Their memories hold in Death's unyielding fee  
 The youth that thrilled them to the finger tips.

A man, alone before the fire, may have to reckon with memory and conscience. A poet pictures Napoleon sitting gloomily alone before the fire, himself "dying like an untended watch-fire on Saint Helena," and bids us guess whether that victim of unmerciful disaster, on his rock of exile, haunted by memories, thinks oftenest of the wreck of ambition or the loss of a woman's love—Waterloo or Josephine. Skinflint Scrooge, alone, the firelight on his flinty face, with its sharp nose, thin lips, and pointed chin, is haunted by his past. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail, and Scrooge knew he was dead, but that did not protect the miser. Suddenly Marley's ghost appeared. The unwelcome visitor came on through the heavy door and passed into the room before his eyes. "How now! What do you want with me?" demanded Scrooge. "Much," said the ghost.

V. Companionable and social is the open fire, as Burroughs said: "How it responds when you nudge it, and rejoices when you feed it." A man stark alone in his city house on a cool evening in the early fall, his family still away in the country, went down cellar, broke up a packing-box, and built a fire in the dining-room fireplace more for company than for warmth; found it a vivacious, sparkling, and entertaining companion; found that tending the fire is sufficient occupation to keep one from feeling that he belongs to the army of the unemployed; found that nursing a wood fire is the next thing to having a child to mind, enough to keep one busy and the moods and tenses of the one about as incalculable as those of the other. At bedtime this man went upstairs feeling that he had had a sociable and animated, as well as innocent and peaceful, evening. Dickens's Joe Gargery, who was "oncommon fond of reading," easily dispensed with company. "Give me a good book or a good newspaper," he said, "and set me down afore a good fire, and I ask no better."

"My son," says one of the characters in an English story, "a romance begins when two animated individuals can be silent for five minutes without either of them noticing it. It ends when both are afraid of silence and feel obliged to fill the minutes with conventional speech. Do you know enough about the mute communion of congenial souls to understand what I mean?" Between friendly souls

an open fire may supersede the need of conversation. One raw, gray, gloomy day Tennyson dropped in on Carlyle; found him sitting solitary before the fire; without palaver dropped quietly into a chair beside him. There the two old men sat for an hour, gazing contentedly into the fire without speaking a word. When an hour had passed sociably, but in utter silence, Tennyson rose to go. Carlyle, without rising, reached up his hand and said simply and sincerely, "Come again, Alfred, we've had a grand good time." Their session was as free and amiable as a Quaker meeting or a meeting of "the Society of Silent Unity." Imagine how intolerably different it might have been if, instead of gazing together into the sociable open fire, they had sat staring at each other for an hour in silence. Such an interview would have seemed inane, if not morose; they might have been glaring at each other before the hour was ended. The friendly fire acted as intermediary and maintained the *entente cordiale*. The famous scene when Lords Palmerston and Russell "met, embraced, and hated each other worse than ever" did not transpire in the presence of a genial open fire. The Court of Arbitration in the Peace Palace at The Hague should transact its business (when it has any) in front of a great, big, kindly hearth-fire.

The socializing influence of the open fire has been known to have a share in matrimonial results. The dictionary instructs us that the ardent participial noun, "sparking," is ambiguous and may relate to a fire or a lover, yet possibly to both, as when two middle-aged persons chanced to meet as guests in the same house and the family, retiring at the end of the evening, left them sitting together by the open fire. Hours afterward, when that man and woman bade each other good-night, they had formed a *Zwei-Bund*; they were pledged to each other for life. The man, if he had lingered by the sinking fire with her "Good-night" in his ears, might have repeated T. A. Daly's verse:

"Good-night!" and then your candle's feeble glare  
Went glimmering up the stair;  
A door closed and the house was still.  
The night grew old  
And from the smoldering hearth the cold  
Stole forth and laid its chill  
On heart and brain that had been fain  
To make a song of cheer.  
For, O, the summer warm and bright  
You conjured in the winter night  
Went upward with your candlelight,  
Went with you up the stair.

Friendly communion by the fire is warming to the cockles of the heart. Lionel Johnson, in a moment of revulsion from institutions and implements, realizing the preciousness of human intercourse, and craving the living personal touch, cries: "O swimming baths and cookery classes, Botticellis and banjos, congresses and councils, what are you worth compared to a talk with a friend by the fire?" Sir Gilbert Parker keeps himself from loneliness by communing in thought with his friends:

When blows the wind and drives the sleet,  
And ice-clad trees bend down;  
When all the world is chill'd 'tis meet  
Good company be known:  
And in my heart good company  
Sits by the fire and sings to me.  
The ingle-nook right warm shall be  
Where my heart hath good company.

To his old friends Whittier, in his "Snow Bound," sent this invitation:

Come sit with me by the homestead hearth,  
And stretch the hands of memory forth  
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze.

The wilder the weather the cheerier the fireside. When the snow is driving over the fields, and rough old Winter is blustering at the doors and rattling the windows, Emerson pictures the cozy comfort of the farm-house inmates sitting "around the radiant fireplace, inclosed in a tumultuous privacy of storm." We all agree with Holland's "Katharina" that

The storm makes sweeter music to our huddled hearts  
Than choirs of stars can sing on fairest nights.

Grim, glorious John Milton's sonnets say that sitting by the glowing hearth-fire in dreary winter weather may "help us waste a sullen day and gain what may be won from the hard season."

The fire on the hearth promotes a sociable and homelike feeling by the informal private musicales it gives with such quaint old-fashioned accompaniments as the kettle, the cricket, the pussy cat, and possibly the dog. The logs hum and hiss and whistle and warble; the kettle audibly boils and bubbles; the cricket chirps; pussy purrs; the sleeping house-dog snores. Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth" opens with "The kettle began it. . . . I say the kettle did. . . . The kettle began it full five minutes by the little Dutch clock in the corner before the cricket uttered a chirp."

Now, as to the kettle, Dr. J. H. Jowett appears as its laureate in this passage in a sermon on "Thankfulness": "Practice singing among the simplicities. Sydney Smith, the great wit, once said: 'I gave a lady twenty-two recipes against melancholy.' I will quote three. (I am afraid this applies more to England than to here.) One was, a bright fire, another was to remember all the pleasant things said to her, and another, a kettle simmering on the hob. You don't know what that is, do you? It is one of the pleasantest sounds in the peasant's cot. Let me be very intimate with you for a moment! I remember in my mother's home, away in a little house in the West Riding of Yorkshire, in England, I can see the kettle when the water is boiled, laid on the side—on the hob. I can hear it singing; and there is a contented, containing sound about it which it contributes to the whole atmosphere. A singing kettle is a very welcome thing about my old home. And Sydney Smith said to the melancholy woman in his recipes, 'Have a simmering kettle on the hob.' A trifle! A tremendous trifle. A simplicity, a commonplace. But the witty dean meant that just listening to such things makes the simple music of the simple life. Open your ears; receive them, and the singing kettle may help you to sing. If I may paraphrase my Master, I would say, 'He that is grateful in that which is least shall be grateful also in much,' and if he will be grateful for the sound of the simmering kettle he will shortly be grateful for the song of the angels which bring good news to him. Practice it, and you will succeed. 'In everything give thanks.'"

As for that shy, plaintive, reticent, tiny jongleur of the fireside, the cricket—is he really chirping anywhere now-a-days outside of Dickens's books? When a city man, retired from business, talks in rhyme to "An obscure poet who lives on my hearth," we leniently concede the possibility of a hearth and an open fire in a city dwelling; but we doubt the existence of that cricket outside the rhymester's imagination. No self-respecting cricket would consent to reside in New York city, unless in some very old mansion mysteriously spared and soon to be torn down.

As for the cat, a current short story poses kitty very naturally before the fire in this pleasing picture: "A wood fire was flickering in the square old-fashioned red fireplace, held up by straddling andirons and fenced in by a glittering brass fender. Before the fender, in the center of the neatly swept hearth, sat a small gray kitten, her tail curled about her, her little ears daintily pricked, her little feet de-

murely together, watching with the wide eyes of kittenhood the slowly rising smoke. The room was still; there was no one near; only the diminutive gray kitten composedly surveying the gently crackling flames in the deep fireplace—surely an exquisite picture of contentment and tranquillity.” To properly complete that homelike scene, other homely and familiar furnishings—the poker and shovel and tongs and turkey-wing hearth-sweeper, dearer to memory than bric-a-brac and parlor ornaments—should be added to andirons and fender.

VI. A description of the library of Francis Parkman says: “Up in that study he used to sit all the winter months in the company of his books and manuscripts, while the fire from the open stove flickered salutations to the shelves opposite.” As to that “open stove,” A. H. Joline properly remarked that “it grates a little on our nerves! No library or sitting-room is perfect without an *open* fire, stoveless be it understood, a fire on the hearth, with a fat, comfortable cat who will purr on pressure,” or, we add, an amiable, outstretched dog, offering his well-cushioned ribs as a foot-rest for the sitter in front of the fire. A stove robs a room of its poetry. An open fire is poetry. “Poetry,” George Meredith said, “is compounded of form and fire.” Kipling performed a masterly miracle in tuning McAndrews’s engines to a mighty chant of praise, but not even Kipling could make poetry out of stoves, or hot-air registers, or steam-radiators, or gas-logs. But an open fire is a poem of subtle elemental fascination, writ in lambent lines of flame. It is a spectacle, an entertainment, a moving-picture show, a vision which “decomposes but to recompose,” a song without words, a piece of woodland music improvised by some invisible dryad. “When old Robert draws the back-brand in, the green logs steam and spit,” and we listen to one of Nature’s lyrics in

The crooning of the blithe wood-flame—  
A single bar of music fraught  
With cheerful, yet half pensive thought—  
A thought elusive; out of reach,  
Yet trembling on the verge of speech.

An odoriferous delight also is the open fire when the right sort of wood is burning.

The oozing pine logs flame and flare,  
Wafting the perfume of their native woods;

and in the wood-smell is some opiate vapor which gives delicious dreams without somnolence. Spruce, which is fragrant with resinous aroma, is also the liveliest of woods, often making a miniature Fourth



of July on the hearth with its snapping and crackling and popping fireworks.

VII. Magical, brilliant, and various are the exploits of the open fire. It fastens its fascinations on the new-born baby and the white-haired grandsire. One young mother hoped that when the earliest intelligent gaze, the first really attentive and seeing look, should come into her first-born's face, it might fix itself on her own face. One evening when she was rocking him in her lap before the fire, a burning log broke and fell with a great burst of sparks, startling the baby. Then for the first time the soul peeped out in what seemed a perceiving look of wonder and delight. The eager mother, who had waited for the coming of that look of awareness, put her jealous face nearer his to appropriate that look to herself, but the little face turned from her kiss; the fascinated infant eyes were held by the burst of sparks at which he gazed and smiled. Happily unaware he was that "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." The open fire which fixed the baby's gaze talked articulately as with lambent tongues of flame to the young mother's gray-haired father, whose easy chair was next to her low rocker. Watching the fiery fountain that spirted upward from the fallen log, he meditated on Job's saying that, as surely as "the sparks, the children of the burning coals, lift up to fly," so surely is man's lot a troubled one. Seeing on the wall behind them the wavering shadows of three generations, the old man's experienced, wise, and sober mind recalled the saying of Edmund Burke, "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!"—an exclamation uttered when the great Irish statesman and orator, mourning the loss of his son, felt that he would not, in that desolate hour, "give a peck of spoiled wheat for all the empty honors of the world." That passage in Job about the up-flying sparks had its meaning altered and improved by a Bible-wise English cobbler whose fine spiritual insight, by simply changing the place of the period, made it read: "Man is born to trouble. (Therefore) as the sparks fly upward I would seek unto God and unto God would I commit my cause." If only all higher critics were as intelligent and useful as that pious country shoemaker!

VIII. "Around our habitation be thou a wall of light" is the inscription on the terra-cotta chimney piece above the fireplace in the central hall of the Pine Tree Inn at Lakehurst which started this idyll of the open fire. Those words from an old hymn are possibly an echo of the divine promise of protection given the Holy City in Zechariah's time: "I will be unto her a wall of fire round about." . . .

On the façade of that temple of peace, the Twenty-seventh Psalm, are chiseled and gilded these words of cheerful confidence: "The Lord is my light and my salvation."

On the frozen body of a missionary to the far north a bit of paper was found on which his numbed fingers had written, in triumph of spirit over flesh, "It is not cold where Christ is."

Some Christian fireplace might inscribe upon the chimney-piece above the radiant light and warmth of its open fire that agraphon of Jesus preserved by Origen: "He who is near Me is near the fire."

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### THE ARENA

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#### THE ORIGIN OF LIFE—SCIENCE AND FAITH

We have just witnessed the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Professor E. A. Schäfer, of Edinburgh University, president of the association for the year, delivered an address on "The Nature, Origin, and Maintenance of Life." His main proposition is that life arises in matter. We herewith give quotations which give, in general, the trend of his discussion.

"The problems of life are essentially problems of matter; we cannot conceive of life, in the scientific sense, as existing apart from matter. . . . It is produced by a gradual process of change from material which was lifeless, through material on the borderland between inanimate and animate to material which has all the characteristics to which we attach the term life. . . . The difficulty, nay, the impossibility of obtaining evidence of such evolution from the past history of the globe is obvious. . . . It follows that in an attempt to pursue the evolution of living matter to its beginning in terrestrial history we can only expect to be confronted with a blank wall of nescience. . . . Whether life, in the form of a simple slimy colloid, originated in the depths of the sea or on the surface of the land, it would be equally impossible for the geologist to trace its beginnings, and were it still becoming evolved in the same situations, it would be almost as impossible for the microscopist to follow its evolution. We are, therefore, not likely to obtain direct evidence regarding such a transformation of nonliving into living matter in nature, even if it is occurring under our eyes."

On the day following the startling declaration made by Professor Schäfer, Professor Elliot Smith, of Manchester University, traced in detail the pedigree of man and the gradual emergence of human traits from the habits of man's ape-like ancestors. He said: "There is now ample evidence for drawing up a pedigree for man as far back as a million years or so. The steady development of the brain must give a fundamental reason for man's ascent from the ape, the ancestor of which was a small, land-

grubbing insectivorous animal, whose sense of smell was more serviceable than all its other senses, and which took to life in the trees, becoming a squirrel-like creature. . . . The squirrel-like creature gradually developed into an ape, with more highly developed senses and greater muscular action and skilled movements. . . . The gradual development of the brain resulted in the power to anticipate the consequences of actions. . . . The erect attitude became fixed, and these upright creatures emerged from their ancestral forests in troops, armed with sticks and stones, and with the rudiments of all the powers that enabled them to conquer the world." Professor Smith then goes on to show the development of features, gestures, speech, until the perfect man is evolved.

Professor E. A. Minchin, of the University of London, read a paper in which he said: "The earliest forms of life were exceedingly minute particles of chromatin alone. In the course of evolution these chromatin specks formed around themselves an inclosing membrane, and from the concentration and organization of these scattered chromida sprang the nucleus of a cell structure. Thus came into existence the first cell."

Then the average layman stands aghast, and, not being accustomed to scientific reasoning or language, nor being trained to analyze obtuse statements, concludes, with the learned professors, that life arises in matter, that his origin is in minute particles of chromatin (tissue capable of being stained with dye) which developed into a cell, that he progressed until the first real tangible form of life he showed appeared in the form of a "small land-grubbing, insectivorous animal, whose sense of smell was more serviceable than all its other senses, and which took to life in the trees," that he finally emerged from the woods of his ape existence until he stood forth as man. What a bewildering of his reason! What a shock to his faith! "Where does God come in?" he innocently asks. The skeptic answers: "I told you so! It proves there is no God." Then the average man's faith is weakened. Overboard with mother's God! Away with the Bible! Has not the scientist shown that he discovers life forms to have their origin in matter?

But wait a moment. Do not hurry off the precipice yet. Alfred Russel Wallace, Darwin's famous colleague, now in his ninetieth year, steps in and says: "Professor Schäfer's arguments are the same as those of Haeckel and all the other great agnostics, but he does not really get over the difficulty one iota more than they did. So there is nothing in what he says that one can call new. . . . Take, for instance, Brookes and myself. We have studied the subject of psychological phenomena for forty years, and we know pretty well that there are phenomena, of which these men are absolutely ignorant, which prove the existence of life without matter, as it were; certainly without ordinary matter. So that vitilates all his reasoning right away. . . . Another and the most important fallacy in the whole thing is the assumption, without showing that there is any difficulty about it, that if you can prove the production of dead matter you can prove the production of living matter. . . . In my last book, *The World of Life*, I have endeavored to deal with that fundamental point, which all these psychological agnostics, as they call themselves,

utterly ignore and pass by, and that is, whence comes the directing power? . . . In a chapter on the mystery of a cell I show that some of the greatest modern writers admit that there is a mystery in it; that its changes are most marvelous. All this they ignore—all this directive power which enables the cell to go through a marvelous series of changes and development, not one of which can be explained by any mechanical or chemical process. . . . If chemists do produce life, it is not they who produce it. The chemist never goes into the ultimate cause, he does not deal with directing power. . . . I maintain that you cannot explain the smallest portion of dead matter without a series of forces which imply mind, which imply direction. . . . In chemistry only certain things will produce certain results. In life the most diverse things will produce the same results. . . . One man may feed entirely on animal food, another entirely on vegetable. The machinery is the same. Yet this same machinery, so differently fed, produces identical results in muscle, skin, hair, everything."

We stop a moment with this great scientist for consideration. Suppose all that is said by the exponents of the origin of life be true. Grant them the discovery of life forms in matter; of the chromatin particles; of the land-grubber with the preposterous nose; of the ancestors, samples of whom we now cage for public exhibition; grant them all this. Then let us ask, How did the life forms get into matter? Whence did the chromida achieve the power to inclose themselves in membrane? What or who produced the land-grubbing insectivorous animal? What force started or directed the development of the ape to manhood? Whence, with Professor Wallace, is the directive force? And the scientist stands as aghast as did the layman, and says, "We do not know."

The Rev. T. R. R. Stebbings, of Tunbridge Wells, speaking at the association, said that in his young days there was a story of an Oxford don who said: "For forty years I have listened to university sermons and am still a Christian." Some of the audience will go home and tell their friends that they had listened to learned professors speaking on the origin of life and had come away with the conviction that life had never had any origin at all."

Nothing better, perhaps, can at this point be brought to our attention than the words of Alfred Noyes, the coming poet laureate of England:

*"THE ORIGIN OF LIFE"*

In the beginning slowly grope we back  
 Along the narrowing track,  
 Back to the deserts of the world's pale prime—  
 The mire, the clay, the slime.  
 And then, what then? Surely to something less;  
 Back—back to nothingness!

You dare not halt upon that dwindling way.  
 There is no gulf to stay  
 Your footsteps to the last. Go back you must  
 Far, far below the dust.  
 Descend, descend grade by dissolving grade;  
 We follow unafraid.

Dissolve, dissolve this moving world of men  
 Into thin air, and then,  
 O pioneers, O warriors of the light,  
 In that abysmal night  
 Will you have courage then to rise and tell  
 Earth of this miracle?

Will you have courage then to bow the head  
 And say, when all is said:  
 "Out of nothingness arose our thought.  
 This blank abysmal nought  
 Woke and brought forth that lighted city street,  
 Those towers, that armored fleet"?

When you have seen those vacant primal skies  
 Beyond the centuries:  
 Watched the pale mists across their darkness flow,  
 As in a lantern show,  
 Weaving by merest "chance" out of thin air  
 Pageants of praise and prayer;

Watched the great hills like clouds arise and set  
 And one named Olivet;  
 When you have seen as a shadow passing away  
 One child clasp hands and pray;  
 When you have seen emerge from that dark mire  
 One martyr, ringed with fire;  
 Or from that nothingness, by special grace,  
 One woman's love-lit face,

Will you have courage then to front that law,  
 From which our sophists draw  
 Their only right to flout one human creed,  
 That nothing can proceed—  
 Not even thought, not even love, from less  
 Than its own nothingness?

The law is yours, but dare you waive your pride  
 And kneel where you denied?  
 The law is yours; dare you rekindle, then,  
 One faith for faithless men  
 And say you found, on that dark road you trod,  
 In the beginning—God?

The ear of faith, amid the noise and confusion which the controversy is already bringing forth, attuned to things unseen, hears the voice of Christ saying, "I am the way and the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." No man comes to the utmost origin of life except by him who is the Life.

Jesus presents himself as the directive power which the scientists have failed to reach. "I am the Life." Faith, then, accepting what the scientists has to say regarding the method of creation, goes back to the creative force and finds it in Christ. This is altogether consistent with the thought of God as being back of all things.



John, the beloved disciple of Christ, says in his Gospel (John 1): "In the beginning was the Word [Christ], and the Word was with God, and the Word was God [shared in his Divine, Infinite nature]. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by [through, by means of] him; and without him [apart from him] was not anything made [brought into existence] that was made. In him was life [that which originated in him was life] and the life was the light of men."

The Bible teaches that God, through Christ, brought man up out of the dust, or elements of the ground. This is what science finally teaches. The Bible does not attempt to state the method of such creation. The story of the method is what science is supplying. Science finds that life's development comes from the lower form to the higher. Very good. That need not disturb our faith. That is consistent with God's orderly method of working. That is no reason for rejecting Christ. That ought rather to turn us to him who is the source, developer, and sustainer of that life. This is the step which faith takes beyond the scientist. The scientist stops at the directive force; faith grasps this force and names it. God is the creator working through his Son: as if the Father were the directive and the Son the executive force. Jesus thus stands as the initial creator of all things, as the origin of life.

Paul, in his Epistle to the Colossians (1. 15-17), says: "In him were all things created, in the heavens and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or powers; all things have been created through him, and unto him; and he is before all things, and in him all things consist [hold together]." All creation is "in him." There is no creative process external to or independent of him. All creation is "by or through him." The forces of creation which summoned all things into being and uphold them in being are his. He is the Producer and Sustainer of all created existence. All creation is "unto him." He created for himself. In living for him, every creature finds the explanation and law of its being. "He is before all things" gives us the explanation of being. "By him all hold together" gives us the law of being.

If these be true, and nothing whatever has been adduced to show that they are not, the repeated failure of the scientist gives added conviction that they are true, then Jesus the Life stands forth, more clearly than ever, as the divine Son of God through whom we come to the Father; his word is established and his redemptive work sure. What follows?

1. Jesus stands as the Author of Spiritual Life. What Christ, the "directive force," means to matter as the Creator he means to our souls as the author of spiritual life. Dead matter surcharged with the "directive force" means life. A dead soul surcharged with Christ means spiritual life and transformation. An artist once drew a picture of a wintry twilight. The trees were heavily laden with snow; a dreary, dark house, lonely and desolate, stood in the midst of the storm. There seemed nothing to cheer. All was gloomy and hopeless. Then, with a quick stroke of yellow crayon, he put a light in one of the windows of the house. The effect was miraculous. The hopelessness of the scene was gone and the



entire picture was transformed into a vision of comfort and good cheer. It is thus that Jesus, the directive force, touches the life that is dark and hopeless with sin, transforming it into a temple of light and life. That pictures, too, the difference between the soul athrob with Christ and the soul without him. We may be "dead matter" if we will; or we may be a living soul, permeated with brightness and hope. The difference lies in having or not having Christ, the "directive force."

Two men toiled side by side from sun to sun,  
And both were poor;  
Both sat with children, when the day was done,  
About the door.

One saw the beautiful and crimson cloud  
And shining moon;  
The other, with his head in sadness bowed,  
Made night of noon.

One loved each tree, and flower, and singing bird  
On mount or plain;  
No music in the soul of one was stirred  
By leaf or rain.

One saw the good in every fellow man,  
And hoped the best;  
The other marveled at his Master's plan,  
And doubt confessed.

One, having God above and heaven below,  
Was satisfied;  
The other, discontented, lived in woe,  
And, hopeless, died.

2. Development Under His Hand. There is an evolution in the Christian's character that is as sure as any the scientist has yet discovered. God's purpose, through Christ, in the spiritual realm, as well as in the material, is to form a race of perfect beings. Through him who is the sustainer of life, as well as its directive force in its initial stages, men are transformed from grace to grace, from glory to glory, until they shall be like him and, in the realm of life not yet realized, shall see him as he is.

The upward trend, or slant, along which there is this evolution of Christian character receives its incentive largely from a spirit of discontent with present achievement. "Yes," said the worker in the slums, "I have immense hopes of Luigi." "But he is so ignorant!" urged some one. "Yes," admitted the worker, "but he shows the infallible sign of advancement—he is no longer discontented with his condition; he is discontented with his character." It is the spirit Paul shows when he says, "Not as if I had already attained nor were already perfect, but I press on, if so be that I may lay hold on that for which also I was laid hold on by Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself yet to have laid hold, but this one thing I do: forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the

prize of the high [upward] calling of God in Christ Jesus." And this development is steady, advancing from day to day and year to year. It is upward, tending ever to a higher plane of integrity. It is perfect, finding its culmination in a likeness, spiritually, to the very source and inspiration of its movement.

3. Surety in His Care. He is both the originator and the sustainer of life; hence our lives are sure in his keeping. What he said to the disciples in his earthly ministry holds true for us to-day. "Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. . . . Behold the birds of the heaven, they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not of much more value than they? . . . And why are ye anxious concerning raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. But if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or What shall we drink? or Wherewithal shall we be clothed? . . . for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things."

Under every condition, in every circumstance, for every burden, in every need, through every sorrow, Christ, the source and sustainer of life, is more than sufficient. Giles Fletcher has given us words worth remembering:

He is a path, if any be misled;  
He is a robe, if any naked be;  
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;  
If any be a bondman, he is free;  
If any be but weak, how strong is he!  
To dead men, life he is; to sick men, health;  
To blind men, sight; and to the needy, wealth;  
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, is the Source of Life, the Developer of Life, the Sustainer of Life. Let us receive his words and be filled with his life.

A. L. FAUST.

New York City.

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### THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

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#### PAUL'S EXPOSITION OF CHRISTIANITY (Continued)

*The Blessed Results of Justification by Faith.—Rom. 5. 1-11.*

THE discussion of the Epistle to the Romans thus far has shown the necessity of faith righteousness. The apostle has demonstrated that neither Jew nor Gentile has been able to secure by legalism reconciliation with God, and his conclusion is that it is unattainable in that way. He

has proved also that his doctrine was in harmony with the teaching of the Old Testament, and he has justified salvation by faith logically to the Jewish consciousness by citing the case of Abraham, their historic representative and leader.

Having thus demonstrated his main proposition, he enters the realm of personal experience and shows the rich fruitage of salvation by faith in the life of the believer. In the fifth chapter, first verse, we read: "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." The Revision of 1881 translates, "Being therefore justified by faith, let us have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." The manuscript authority is manifestly in favor of the latter, but the interchange of the long and short vowels *o* and *e*, called "Itacism," which is not uncommon in Greek manuscripts, may justify the rendering of the Authorized Version. When such critical scholars as Meyer, DeWette, Scrivener, Alford, and others retain the translation of the Authorized Version it may well remain for the present as an unsettled problem. These commentators have held that the logical connection of the passage requires us to read, "we have peace with God." The Revised Version, "let us have peace," is held by many not only to be the rendering of the manuscripts, but also to be in harmony with the apostle's course of thought. It may mean, "let us enter into and enjoy the peace which has been secured for us through Jesus Christ," or "we may have peace through Jesus Christ." The point, however, for which the apostle cites these words is full of Christian significance. He sets before us the glorious results of faith in Jesus Christ. The first result he mentions is, "peace with God." There cannot be peace unless there has been a previous alienation on the part of God or man or both. While it is God's peace which the justified man enjoys, it is man's peace with God which is secured by faith. This is explained further in the tenth verse, "For if, while we were enemies, we were reconciled to God through the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." And again, 2 Cor. 5. 18-20, "But all things are of God, who reconciled us to himself through Christ, and gave unto us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not reckoning unto them their trespasses, and having committed unto us the word of reconciliation. We are ambassadors therefore on behalf of Christ, as though God were entreating by us: we beseech you on behalf of Christ, be ye reconciled to God." Also in Col. 1. 20, "And through him to reconcile all things unto himself, having made peace through the blood of the cross."

It seems clear from these passages from the same apostle that man by his sin has alienated himself from God and God is displeased with him and requires something on man's part in order to be restored to the divine favor. The prophets blaze with indignation against the sins of their times. "God is angry with the wicked every day." All sin in the nature of things is antagonistic to God's holiness and must be displeasing to him. His infinite compassion and love may through Christ forgive sin and restore the believer to the divine favor, but something on man's

part must be done to secure the reconciliation. God's love for man is all-abounding, and no one can be beyond the reach of his interest and Fatherly compassion, and when the vilest sinner comes back to his Father's house, he finds a hearty welcome. The peace, then, spoken of in this passage is the restoration of the harmony between God and man through conversion of the sinner by the influence of the Holy Spirit.

The peace also implies more than this. It implies that internal sense of comfort which is the direct outcome of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. To the one who has been conscious of guilt, the blessedness of his new relation to God brings such peace as the world can neither give nor take away. It is the joy of a truly contented life united with God and doing his will and in the constant enjoyment of his favor. From the scriptural standpoint this peace has been secured for the believer from the moment when he accepts Christ by faith as his personal Saviour. Our Methodist fathers were accustomed to sing:

O how happy are they,  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above!  
Tongue cannot express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

He further says: "Let us rejoice in the hope of the glory of God." The word *dóxa*, "glory," is one of Paul's special words. It is found about sixty times in his Epistles and frequently in other parts of the New Testament. It means "manifested splendor" or "majesty." It takes its meaning in part, at least, from its environment. In the passage before us we have, "The glory of God"; in 1 Thess. 2. 12, "To the end that ye should walk worthily of God, who calleth you unto his own kingdom and glory." We also have it in Rom. 2. 7, 10, "To them that by patience and well-doing seek for glory and honor and incorruption, eternal life." Then also in the tenth verse, "But glory and honor and peace to every man that worketh good." We have it also in 2 Tim. 2. 10, "That they also may obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory." And in 1 Pet. 5. 1, "The elders therefore among you I exhort, who am a fellow-elder, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, who am also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed." Then again 1 Pet. 5. 4: "And when the chief Shepherd shall be manifested, ye shall receive the crown of glory that fadeth not away"; and in the tenth verse, "Who called you unto his eternal glory in Christ." The various passages attest that it may mean the glory of God manifested to the believer here and also the sharing of God's glory in the future life. It may be said, then, that the apostle exults in the hope of the glory of God which would include the presence and favor of God here and the enjoyments of the eternal life beyond.

In the third verse we are taught also that the apostle rejoices in tribulations. The Revised Version reads, "Let us also rejoice in our tribulations." Here we feel the sentiment of the apostle expressed else-

where, "For our light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," where we are taught, as in the passage before us, that he glories in tribulations because of their blessed results. We can hardly conceive of one rejoicing in tribulations in themselves, but he expects and rejoices in them as part of God's plan for human perfectment. This is expressed in the verses immediately following, showing the benefits of tribulation. "Tribulation worketh patience." One who has never met disappointments or gone through severe trials does not know the meaning of tribulation and therefore has not experienced its results. Patience under trial is one of the richest fruits of the divine life. Often the most afflicted people are the most patient people. The writer of this in his pastoral experiences has seen examples of the patience wrought in and through suffering which were very remarkable, and when one is looking for the fruits of the spiritual life in their ripeness and richness, he will find them generally in some home of affliction and perhaps of poverty. It is further said, "And patience probation"—perhaps the better rendering is "approval." Patience receives the divine approbation and strengthens the character. Then again, "Probation, hope." The approval just referred to worketh out hope and "hope putteth not to shame." The apostle then gives the reason why hope does not disappoint: because of God's love "which is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit."

One can best appreciate the force of the apostle's rejoicing in tribulation by recalling 2 Cor. 11. 23-30, in which he gives the list of the sufferings through which he had passed. It is this man, whose life in Christ was one of toll and deprivation and trials of manifold kinds, who exults in his sufferings, and in this passage teaches us that to the Christian tribulations may become a matter of exultation. He further rejoices in the reconciliation with God which he now enjoys. His language is, "We also rejoice in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have now received the reconciliation" (verse 11). This seems to be the consummation of his rejoicing, that he is reconciled to God, which brings with it the blessed experiences of which he has spoken and the exulting assurance of the life beyond.

In the course of his discussion of the blessed results of justification he pauses in the verses 6-8 to set forth the peculiarity of Christ's death in its relation to mankind: "For while we were yet weak, in due season Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: for peradventure for a good man some one would even dare to die. But God commendeth his own love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." In this passage he affirms that it was man's weakness that called forth Christ's death. They were sinners, unable to rescue themselves. They must have help; and Christ died for them, not because they were strong, but because they were weak, and further, he did it at an appropriate time: "In due season," is the language. This has been interpreted as meaning that the condition of the world at the time of Christ's coming was the most appropriate one in which his advent could take place. The superiority of the Greek language, the universality



of the empire of Rome, the intercommunion possible between all parts of the world, at that time made it the fitting occasion for the coming of Him toward whom the prophets had looked forward and for whom the world was unconsciously waiting. It was the time of man's need and God's appointment. "When the fullness of time came, God sent forth his Son, born of a woman, born under the law, that he might redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons" (Gal. 4. 4).

It is further stated that the extraordinary nature of Christ's death included the fact that it was not a natural thing or according to ordinary custom that man should do as Christ had done in dying for sinners. There are cases, he intimates, but rare ones, in which one might die for a just man, by which he meant one who filled the requirements of legal obligation, such as business honesty, personal rectitude, and general devotion to human welfare. He further indicates that it would be more probable that one should die for the good man. This word "good" is supposed by some to have the same meaning as the "just" man, but it is improbable that Saint Paul should repeat the two words with exactly the same meaning. The general view is that to the idea of justice was added that of active goodness. It was the generous man whose heart was open to the cry of the needy and felt deeply the appeals of human want. For such a one one would be more likely to lay down his life. He further states that Christ's death was for those for whom it was very unlikely that anyone would die. Christ showed the measure of his love in that he died for men while they were yet sinners. Men sometimes ask wherein was the death of Christ different from other martyrs—from Socrates, who drank the hemlock with fortitude, and others who have gone to their death willingly for some great cause. Paul explains it. His death differs in that he died for men because they were sinners and without divine help incapable of throwing off their sins and securing God's favor. Here, then, was the supreme glory of Christ's sacrifice. It was not the righteous, but sinners, whom Jesus came to call. The passage which we have been considering contains one word around which his discussion gathers: the word "rejoice." It seems peculiar in a passage which seems pathetic in its references to the death of Christ for sinners. Above the shadows of the gloom of those awful events to which he was referring in the life of his Lord he sees the glory that lies beyond, the glory of peace with God, the glory in tribulations, the glory of the future life, and the glory of the reconciliation which he now enjoys and in which he exults.

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## ARCHAEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

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### THE MORALITY OF EXCAVATION

THE Morality of Excavation is the title of a very learned, instructive, and intensely interesting article from the pen of Mr. Arthur E. P. B. Weigall, Inspector General of Upper Egypt, Department of Antiquities, in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century and After*. The paper is an



earnest plea for a reasonable, scientific exploration of ancient sites, especially of sepulchers and cemeteries in Egypt, for the purpose of benefiting the natives and enlarging our knowledge of ancient history as revealed by the buried past, and not for amusement, much less for mercenary purposes.

Those who have given any attention to the ruins of Bible lands know that there is and has been, from time immemorial, a class of treasure-hunters, among these not a few whose sole business is the exploring of burial places in the hope of securing valuable booty of some kind. No words are too strong to condemn such sacrilegious violation of the sanctity of the tomb, be it the resting place of an American millionaire, buried a few months ago, or the sepulchral chambers of some Egyptian dignitary of gray antiquity.

In excavating tombs, as in all other matters, the end may justify the means or method.

The chief argument in justification of the exploration of tombs by trained archæologists is stated by Mr. Weigall as follows: "The careful opening of an ancient Egyptian sepulcher saves for science information and antiquities which otherwise would inevitably be scattered to the four winds of heaven by native plunderers." It is a well-known fact that grave-robbing is a very ancient custom, going back to prehistoric times. The majority of burial places examined by competent students of antiquities in recent years show too clearly the traces of the ghoul. "For in spite of the strenuous efforts of the Department of Antiquities [in Egypt], a considerable amount of robbery takes place in the ancient cemeteries. Tombs are rifled, coffins are broken open, mummies torn to pieces in the search for gold, heavy objects smashed into portable fragments, and valuable papyri ripped into several parts to be apportioned among the thieves." And, alas! all this is done by those not in the least interested in the records of the past, as preserved in these tombs, but rather from a sordid desire of receiving a few paltry piastres for the objects found and offered for sale. The despoiling of even one grave may rob the world of most valuable information nowhere else contained. And then the utter heartlessness with which these grave-robbers ply their business! Read the following vivid and graphic description by Mr. Weigall of a plundered tomb. He says: "There lies the overturned sarcophagus; there sprawls the dead body, with the head rent from the shoulders; there are the shattered remains of priceless vases, believed by the robbers to have been of no great value. It is as though the place had been visited at full moon by demented monkeys."

Taking, therefore, for granted that the excavation of these old sepulchers is justifiable, no one can doubt for a moment as to the best way of proceeding. The trained archæologist employed by the learned societies of Europe and America is not digging in a mercenary spirit, does not care for quantities of gold or precious stones as he does for data which may throw light upon the civilization of the age in which the occupier of that coffin or tomb lived. He examines every stone, every fragment of earthenware, no less than the fine statue, precious stone, or metal which

may be found. In short, every shovelful of dirt is subjected to careful scrutiny. Then every scratch on the wall, no less than the most artistic mural decorations or elaborate hieroglyphs, is thoroughly studied in the hope of getting some new information which may throw light upon the religion, morals, and politics of that land. The utmost care is shown in opening tombs and coffins and in unrolling the bandages in which the bodies are swathed, so as to make sure that not a line or word may pass unnoticed. Nay, more, "the archæologist records, by means of photographs, drawings, plans, and copious notes, everything that is to be recorded in the tomb."

Having granted the superiority of the archæologist's method and procedure over that of the grave-robber or professional treasure-hunter, does that justify the disturbing of tombs by anyone whatever? Is it not even possible to put an end to the illegitimate work of ghouls? Even if these natives could not be entirely prevented from rifling tombs, what justification has the modern, foreign, even, if trained, archæologist and student of ancient history for engaging in a work which is regarded with horror by so many good people? Mr. Weigall replies to this question by saying that without excavating these tombs and examining their contents a complete, systematic history of ancient Egypt would be an impossibility. Were it not for these scientific excavations of tombs and ancient cemeteries, some of the choicest pieces of Egyptian literature would have remained concealed to this day. Indeed, the entire Book of the Dead is made up from inscriptions found on the inner walls of tombs, from the inner and outer sides of coffins and sarcophagi, and from "rolls of papyrus bound up inside the bandages of the mummy." These old inscriptions take us back to the very beginning of Egyptian history—or, according to Brugsch, to nearly 5,000 B. C.

The data obtained from the richly decorated temples of Egypt have been of great aid in the reconstruction of Egyptian history, but valuable as these are, if we are to believe Erman, little can be gained from them toward the knowledge of everyday life during the various dynasties in the Valley of the Nile. The tombs, according to this learned authority, "are much more satisfactory, for though unfortunately even in them religious inscriptions and religious pictures outweigh all else, yet most of the tombs of the oldest period show us scenes of the home life of the deceased or tell us of his deeds and of the honors he won. Besides which, the tombs contain objects of all kinds which the deceased used in his official or home life and which were intended to serve him also in the underworld—weapons, articles of adornment, a draughtboard, or perhaps letters from his relatives or an important legal document." To be sure, these elaborate texts found in tombs or on the mummy are not always reliable, but, like many a modern obituary or funeral oration, they must be taken with a grain of salt.

From the above it is evident that no one can have a fair understanding of ancient Egypt without a study of the material offered by its coffins, mummies, and tombs. The more we learn about the ancient Egyptians, the better able we are to understand and appreciate the Egyptian of to

day. Mr. Weigall maintains that "the study of Egyptology is a political necessity, and for this reason alone the tombs must be opened and their contents recorded"; or, as Taine wrote, "The knowledge of the present must be supplemented from the history of the past."

Then, again, it is argued that the study of the mummies and bones of the dead in these ancient burial places helps us in a scientific way, since it throws light upon the subject of diseases and their cure. It is claimed that these bones prove conclusively that certain maladies were not known in ancient Egypt. If, then, it be true that these old tombs may in any way help in matters of health, there is an additional reason for their exploration, and much for the same reason that the dissection of a cadaver by a medical student may be for the public good.

Moreover, these excavations as carried on by competent, conscientious archæologists seem perfectly justifiable if we fully understand that unauthorized ones by mercenary ghouls cannot, at present, be effectively prohibited. It is still fresh in our memories how the grave-robbers, or "native plunderers, in spite of bolts, bars, and police, on one occasion burst into the tomb of Amenophis II and dashed in the breast of the mummy in the vain search for gold." It is far better to have these antiquities examined for science' sake and removed from their original places of rest to the museum of a great metropolis for the benefit of those interested in archæology and ancient history than to have them torn to tatters or left exposed on the sands of Egypt.

It will be readily granted that the tomb should be as little disturbed as possible, and that mummies, especially, should be left or replaced in their tombs, rather than to have them exhibited in glass cases or otherwise in the museums at Cairo, Constantinople, or London. But supposing they were left in their original resting places at Thebes, for example, who could vouch for their safety? If the government had unlimited wealth and abundant police protection for such tombs, it were a different matter. But conditions being as they are, a change for the better is at present impracticable.

The fact that the archæologist is permitted by the lawful authorities to carry on his investigations carries with it certain conditions; for all privileges presuppose certain obligations. When, for example, a physician is called to examine a patient, it goes without saying that his work should be done in the most thorough and scientific way possible. So, too, with the archæologist who is permitted to open a sepulcher, "the objects which he sees in front of him are not his own; they belong to all men; and it is his business on behalf of the public to get from them as much information as possible. . . . The excavator who omits to record by means of photographs, drawings, and notes every scrap of evidence with which he meets commits a far greater crime than he could at once comprehend, and has failed in his duty to the public. An item is forever lost; and the history of Egypt is built up of items."

Mr. Weigall emphasizes the importance of careful observation by two illustrations: Four bronze statuettes may be found in a tomb, but if the excavator has neglected to observe or report their exact position in

reference to the body, one may never know that they were placed in precisely the position discovered, namely, to ward off evil spirits from the four points of the compass. Then, again, an excavator is intrusted with the exploration of an ancient Egyptian temple, over the ruins of which had been constructed, centuries later, a Roman fortress. To get at the foundation of the older building, large portions of the later must be removed and destroyed. The excavator, because he is interested simply in Egyptology, has no right to destroy any portion of those old Roman ruins without photographing, measuring, and fully describing them. For, once destroyed, they are forever lost to the public. Thus it will be seen that the true achæologist must be filled with a proper appreciation of his moral obligations to the world of knowledge.

Viewed in this light, it will be readily seen that not only the greatest care, but also religious conscientiousness must enter into the life of the archæologist. Commercialism or financial gain should form no part of his plan. Indeed, the discovery of any object of antiquity is of no particular value unless it adds to the sum total of human knowledge. The fact that much of the excavation carried on in the past by those lacking some of the most necessary qualifications has caused much just criticism as well as irretrievable loss should not be urged against further work in this field. The work of such famous men as Mariette can be described only as legalized plundering, and there are not a few diggers at the present day who have no possible right to touch ancient ground. Mariette made practically no useful records during the course of his work. Consequently, many of the most important finds credited to this French savant have no great scientific value chiefly because details and exact information regarding them are lacking. If this be true of Mariette, what must be said of the native antiquity-dealers in mad search for loot, who are simply in the business for commercial purposes? Unfortunately, permission is given natives to carry on excavations in many parts of Egypt, provided they will do it at their own expense, under government inspection, and deliver over to the government fifty per cent of the objects unearthed. It is needless to add that the majority of those appointed by the government to superintend such excavations lack every qualification and have no appreciation of the importance of their office.

European and American millionaires are also, quite often, permitted to engage in this work in the hope of finding some quaint object of antiquity, which, to gratify their vanity, may be exhibited by them in their palatial homes or in some collection called by their names in one of our great museums. Even granting that they employ men more or less competent to carry on such work, there always remains the temptation of hurried work and the desire to cover as much ground as possible. How different the excavations done under such patronage from that done by Petrie or Bliss, or by the *Deutsche Orient-Gesellschaft* in Babylonla, Egypt, and elsewhere?

An old inscription or a stele covered with hieroglyphs or cuneiform may be of infinitely more value to the intellectual world than a ton of gold dug out of some old hiding place.

It would be of great benefit to real knowledge if all but experts were kept from excavating. There should be a positive law that wherever any work of this kind is done, it should be executed thoroughly. Sites once opened and the antiquities found in them should be carefully guarded till the work is finished. How often has it happened that native dealers in antiquities have taken advantage of places half excavated, where many valuable objects lay exposed, and have hacked out pieces of bas-reliefs, either from mercenary or superstitious motives?

Mr. Weigall would limit not only the number of sites to be excavated at one and the same time, but also of those licensed to carry on such work. None should be done by wealthy amateurs unless under the supervision of a first-rate archaeologist. His definition of the latter is: "By a first-rate archaeologist I mean an archaeologist who has been trained in his work, who is imbued with the highest principles and is aware of his responsibility to the world; who subordinates personal interests and the interests of the institution which he serves to those of science in general; who works for the benefit of his fellow men, desiring only to give them in complete measure the full value of the property which they possess in the regions of the dead; whose general knowledge is such that he will not overlook any item of evidence in the 'finds' which he makes; who is prepared to sit or stand over his work all day long, no matter how trying the conditions; who is deft with his fingers as well as with his brain, being able to photograph, draw, plan, mend, and write fluently, and who can organize and control his men."

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## FOREIGN OUTLOOK

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### RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

At the present time no New Testament scholar of Germany is better known in Great Britain and America than Deissmann, of Berlin. Through his extensive researches among the papyri he has probably shed more light on the language of the New Testament than any other German of this generation. The best fruits of these researches he has laid before the public in his well-known *Bible Studies* and the later and more important *Light from the Ancient East*. A more recent work of real value is his *Paulus* (Mohr, Tübingen, 1911). Deissmann's aim is to understand Paul in the light of all available knowledge of the world of that day. He has little respect for those who think of the apostle primarily as a thinker and theologian. Our author seeks to trace the personal experiences and development of the man in all his relations to the religious and civil life of the time, and to understand his thoughts in the light of the practical situations and crises of his life. Doubtless an excellent program. Yet Deissmann lays, it seems, an unwarrantably great emphasis on a variety of outward conditions as determining the apostle's personal life, thought,



and work. The other main contention of our author is that Paul is, above all else, a religious mystic, and that all Pauline thinking and doctrine must be understood from this (alleged) fact. Here, again, an important truth is touched, but here also there seems to be a gross exaggeration. We agree with Deissmann that the picture of Paul and the account of his theology that the old literary exegesis gave us needed correction. Yet here we seem to have an extreme reaction in another direction. Moreover, in picturing for us the great apostle under the illumination of "light from the East," Deissmann is sometimes strangely fanciful. Nevertheless, the book is intensely interesting and in many ways instructive. Still, we are of opinion that men like Feine and Schlatter, in their works on New Testament theology, give us a deeper and truer account of Paul than does Deissmann. At all events, however, we are grateful for the stirring and original discussion. Among the particulars to be especially grateful for are a fine map of "the world of the apostle Paul," two autotypes of an "altar to an unknown god," with explanatory notes, and (above all) a valuable epigraphical study bearing on the absolute chronology of Paul. From fragments of a stone with remnants of a letter of Claudius to Delphi, in which mention is made of his "26th imperial acclamation," and of Gallio as proconsul of Achaia, Deissmann concludes, after a detailed examination of the data, that Gallio entered upon his proconsulate at Corinth in the summer of A. D. 51, and that if, as is probable, the complaint of the Jews against Paul occurred soon after this event, then Paul (who had already labored there eighteen months) must have come to Corinth in the early months of 50 and have left in the late summer of 51. From this fixed point the chronology of the apostle both backward and forward may pretty largely be determined.

#### GERMAN UNIVERSITY NOTES

In the summer semester 1912 the students of Protestant theology in German universities numbered 3,338. As compared with the winter semester 1911-12 and the summer semester 1911, this means an increase of 513 and 527 respectively. After the high tide of the late eighties—in the summer of 1888 the number was almost 4,800—there was a steady decline for about fifteen years, after which for several years the attendance, with little variation, stood at about 2,100 or 2,200. Even in the winter semester 1908-09 the number was only 2,194. Then an increase began to be noticed. At first it was slow, but lately it has taken a great leap. Only two theological faculties, Marburg and Strassburg, fail to show an increase over the summer of 1911. The former, however, had experienced its rapid growth a little earlier; in Herrmann and Jülicher it has two powerful attractions. At Heidelberg, the increase since 1908 has been from 72 to 169; at Giessen, since 1911 it has been from 76 to 104. The great light at Heidelberg is Tröltsch; at Giessen, Gunkel. In this last semester Halle had 427 students of theology, Tübingen 405, Leipzig



402, Berlin 386. But in this comparison one must bear in mind that Tübingen is always larger in summer than in winter, while with Berlin the case is exactly the reverse; so that in winter Berlin would stand first and Tübingen fourth. The increase at Berlin in a single year has been 114, at Halle 101. Among the 3,338 students of theology there were eleven women, regularly matriculated, as against six a year ago.

The question has been much discussed whether growing liberalism was the cause of the former decline in the number of students of theology. These statistics seem to make it clear that it is rather a question of demand and supply. There had been a great overproduction and a long "waiting list." When people began to realize that the supply had become inadequate, there came a swift influx to the theological faculties. Moreover, the liberal, conservative, and "mixed" faculties have shared the increase in very similar proportions.

The whole number of students in the twenty-one universities of the empire in the summer of 1912 was 59,560, as against 57,230 in 1911. Of that number 2,958 were women, as against 2,552 the year before. Besides these there were 1,182 women admitted as "hearers" without matriculation.

Personal changes in the theological faculties are always matters of real interest to German churchmen, because every man is interested in the practical issue of whether liberal or conservative tendencies shall prevail. In Prussia the Kultusministerium (ministry of worship and education) has for a long time past recognized the parity of the two general Richtungen (tendencies) as a practical principle. Sometimes, however, the ministry has seemed inclined to favor one party at the expense of the other. At present it looks as though the conservatives are favored. When Mirbt, professor of church history at Marburg (a very moderate conservative, acceptable to the liberals), recently accepted a call to Göttingen, the ministry appointed to succeed him a man not in the list of the faculty's nominations, namely, Böhmer, of Bonn, a pronounced conservative. This act called forth some protests, but they were less vigorous than those aroused on some similar occasions in the past. Furthermore, the ministry almost simultaneously appointed to the chair of practical theology in Greifswald—the one undividedly conservative faculty in Prussia—a man who is generally regarded as moderately liberal, namely, Eduard von der Goltz.

Of more interest to us across the sea is the continued development in two branches of theological science until recently rather neglected in Germany: the general science of religion ("comparative religion") and the science of missions. Leipzig, following the example of Berlin, has just established a chair for the former subject, and Söderblom, of Upsala, has been called to fill it. Berlin, it will be remembered, had called another Scandinavian, Lehmann, to the corresponding professorship in its theological faculty—the first professorship of its kind in Germany. Leipzig has also a new chair for the science of missions; its incumbent is Dr. C. Paul.

## BOOK NOTICES

## RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

*The Fragrance of Christian Ideals.* By MALCOLM JAMES McLEOD. 12mo. pp. 91. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, 50 cents, net.

Dr. McLeod, holding firmly to the old faith, keeps preaching out of the commonplace and makes it luminous, stimulating, and uplifting. A dozen fragrances are wafted to us in the pages of this new small book, rich with wholesome odors; the fragrance of the Christian is Spirituality; of Discipleship its Trust; of the Sick-Room its Patience; of Friendship its Loyalty; of the Rich Man his Generosity; of the Home the Family Altar; of the Church its Hospitality; of the Sabbath its Sanctity; of the Press its Wholesomeness; of the Pastor his Sympathy; of the Sermon its Spiritual Freshness; of the Preacher his Mysticism. Maeterlinck calls perfume the soul of the flower. It is mysterious because the soul of everything is mysterious. Human beings are like plants; each one emits something resembling an odor, some a sweet effluence and some an effluvium. Out of Jesus went a certain virtue; out of everybody goes an influence emanating from personal quality and character. Every human being's influence may be a fragrance or a stench, healthful or unwholesome. Some are like flowers without fragrance, not offensive, but not fragrant—lacking the supreme charm of sweet-odorousness. Dr. McLeod names a dozen of the world's good things, and briefly specifies what is the supreme charm of each. Calling Hospitality the fragrance of the church, he complains of the lack of it in some churches: "Last Sunday afternoon I went around to an afternoon service in one of our large city churches to hear a brother minister. I was politely shown to a good seat about half way up the aisle. I had not been seated more than a minute or two, when the same usher bowed a young couple into the pew directly in front, thereby filling the seat, which, by the way, had five people in it. During the singing of the first hymn, in walks Lord Somebody or other with his wife. They walked slowly up the aisle till they came to this same pew into which the young couple had just been shown, when, standing at the door, they stared and glared as, in the old story of the Lamia, the sage eyed the serpent. Of course the occupants felt the chill keenly, for they cuddled themselves up like children in bed after hearing a ghost story. It would have been embarrassing even to those of us who were spectators had not the usher just at that moment come up and asked the young people if he could not show them to a 'better seat.' Well, I was greatly annoyed. It marred the service for myself and my friend. If there is one place more than another where we would naturally expect to see love and real hospitality and brotherhood flourish and thrive, surely it is within the walls of the sacred inclosure where the golden rule is preached and incarnate Love is worshiped. Inexplicable as it may seem, however, in no Pullman is more

selfishness oftentimes shown than in the House of Prayer." Speaking of Sympathy as the fragrance of the Pastor, Dr. McLeod says: "I am being reminded of this almost every day by the tributes I hear paid to the memory of my lamented predecessor, Donald Sage Mackay. I never had the pleasure of hearing or seeing Dr. Mackay, but all seem to agree that what won and held his great congregation was the superb sympathy of the man. He had such a big, tender human heart. As a dear friend of his was recalling yesterday, she had lost her sister, and the doctor at the time happened to be up in Maine on his summer vacation—and a sick man. But he came down to the funeral unexpectedly, although the deceased had not even been a member of his church. And when the sister said to him, 'Doctor, why did you come so far?' 'Because,' he answered, 'I heard you wished that I was here, and when I knew that, I wished it too.' And is not that the very key to sympathy—to put oneself in the other's place? Whoso does this will always feel. Sympathy is essentially considerate and thoughtful. Wordsworth says of Milton, 'Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.' But Milton we know was by nature cold, solitary, masterful, austere. Sympathy and compassion mean the same thing, 'to feel with,' the one being Latin, the other Greek. I can feel for a brother in distress at a distance, but I cannot fully feel with him until I get close by and hear his sobs. Then his trouble becomes my trouble too, and I am a cosufferer. As Madame du Chatelet says, 'I have a pain in my sister's side.' 'Rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with those that weep.' Not weep for. Weep with. Pity is weeping for, but many there are who dislike being pitied. Pity has been known even to reprove. Pity is a little apt to carry with it a gentle reminder that possibly, after all, it may be one's own fault. Jesus did not weep for Mary and Martha. He wept with them. He did not stand aloof and say, 'How sorry I am for you!' He stood by the grave and said, 'I am sorry with you.' When the little child in the street saw a bereaved husband following the casket of a loved one to the grave, his heart was touched and he went up to the weeping man slipped his hand into his and walked along without saying a word. That was true sympathy. When a certain merchant discovered that one of his clerks was embezzling, he called him into his private office and said, 'Charlie, why did you do this?' The young man was crushed with a sense of unutterable shame, and, putting his head down on the desk, he burst into tears. The merchant saw the tender spot, and felt he must tiptoe tenderly. He must not break the bruised reed. Convinced that there was good stuff left, he put his arms about him at last and said in the dusk of the twilight, 'Charlie, let us kneel and ask God to forgive us.' 'Us!' That was the grace, was it not, in its perfect expression? To sympathize with men who are terribly tempted! What a delightful and delicate and gracious art! How little we know of the solitude of the sinner's soul! But Sympathy is not only the minister of sorrow. She is also the blessed messenger of joy. She is a beautiful angel with two wings. Clip either and her glory is shorn. We are not only to weep with those who weep; we are to rejoice with those who rejoice. We are not only to sob with men in their sorrows; we are to laugh with them

in their laughter." The chapter which happens to draw us most just now is the last one, which says that while many elements are needed in the pulpit, such as manliness, wholesomeness, and freshness, these are not the finest fragrance of the preacher. "The perfume of the preacher, after all, is his Mysticism, and this comes only from direct intercourse with the Spirit. We hear much about magnetism, but magnetism is a miscellaneous thing; Mysticism is the better word. It is the real secret. It was said of Matthew Simpson that when delivering his message his eyes were slanted upward as if he were listening to and reporting a voice which the people could not hear." That sentence about Bishop Simpson reminds us of several things. A student under Asa Gray, the great botanist at Yale, describes one of the peculiar mannerisms of the old professor of botany. When lecturing in Holden Chapel, he sat at his desk behind a substantial rail which fenced him from the boys in the front row. His seat was raised a little above the platform. Directly over his head was a narrow light-well that opened up to a skylight in the roof, from which enough light fell on his desk to make his notes perfectly plain to him even on gray days. Gray's utterance was rather hesitant. He would halt and catch for his word, and, while so doing would keep reiterating the article—"the-a, the-a, the-a." And sometimes, when thus hunting for the word or phrase he wanted he would throw his head back and look directly up to the skylight, nervously gyrating his upraised forefinger toward the ceiling as if to attract the attention of some one above. The student says it used to seem as if Asa Gray had a Prompter on the roof to whom he looked to help him out by supplying him with the needed word, the true phrase. And, though sometimes slow in coming, it was the right thing when it came. Was it not Emerson who said that by looking up and lowly listening we may hear the right word? A striking and suggestive figure this great teacher was with the light on his face and his appealing look upward. The student ends his description by saying: "We used to laugh about the Prompter he seemed to have at the top of the light-well in the skylight in Holden Chapel. In a deeper sense than we knew the good man received his prompting from the clear upper sky." So much for Matthew Simpson and Asa Gray. Certain it is that the supreme power of the pulpit is not its eloquence, not its learning, not its literary finish, not its dramatic force, but its God-consciousness. Dr. McLeod says: "I never heard Phillips Brooks but once. It was down in Old Trinity at a midday Lenten service. I was a student in Princeton at the time. I stood in a crowded aisle throughout the service. I do not remember the text, nor indeed a single thought uttered. But I remember very keenly the impression left. It was that of a man who was looking into the face of God." The preacher must be a man who, while living not up in the steeple, but down among his people and looking the facts of man's earthly life straight in the face, is fired with the vision of things unseen. Light from above must be in his eyes and on his face, and his words must be the right words, gotten straight and fresh from God. Then will his message keep company in nobleness with those memorable words of pure wisdom in which Emerson appealed to the Harvard students: "You will hear every day the maxims of low

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prudence. You will hear that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. What is this truth you seek? What is this beauty? men will ask with derision. If, nevertheless, God have called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true. When you say, 'As others do, so will I; I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go until a more convenient season,' then dies the man in you, then once more perish the buds of art and poetry and science as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history, and see that you hold yourself fast by the intellect and the soul." Such a passage is enough, all by itself, to ennoble the page on which it appears and to make even a common book notice rise at that point into the company of greatness.

*The Preacher: His Life and Work.* Yale Lectures. By REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D. 8vo, pp. 239. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

*The Preacher and the Modern Mind.* By the REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A. 12mo, pp. ix+245. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

THESE two volumes discuss questions of vital interest to the preacher by two men who have given excellent proof of their ministry on both sides of the ocean. Dr. Jowett is one of the few preachers in the English-speaking world who are exercising such a masterful spiritual influence. He continues to preach to large and appreciative audiences in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. Mr. Jackson was superintendent of the Wesleyan Forward Movement in Edinburgh for eighteen years. He was then transferred to Toronto, where he was very popular as preacher and professor. He has just been elected to a chair at Didsbury College, one of the leading theological institutions of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in England. Both these preachers agree in recognizing the perils and responsibilities of the present religious situation. They are, however, assured that the signs of the times are not alarming to the earnest and enlightened minister, but are rather encouraging calls to thrust in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe. "The way will rarely, if ever, be easy. But in chivalrous faith and obedience our victory is secure." Dr. Jowett's lectures may well be characterized as a series of devotional meditations on ministerial efficiency. A great deal is said impressively on the culture of the soul. In the chapter on "The Perils of the Preacher," there are passages as searching as *The Reformed Pastor*, by Baxter. On pulpit prayer, he says: "There is nothing mightier than the utterance of spontaneous prayer when it is born in the depths of the soul. But there is nothing more dreadfully unimpressive than extemporary prayer which leaps about on the surfaces of things, going we know not whither—a mob of words carrying no blood, bearing no secret of the soul, a whirl of insignificant expressions, behind which there is no vital pulse, no silent cry from lone and desolate depths." The personal note is one of the charming features of this volume. In places he becomes autobiographical and takes the reader into his confidence and invites him into his study, which is also his oratory, and there discourses informally about his methods. Dr.



Jowett is decidedly in favor of Bible preaching, known as expository. He outlines a very exacting course of study for one who would excel in this rich field. He urges upon all young preachers, amid their other reading, to be always engaged in the comprehensive study of some one book in the Bible: "Let that book be studied with all the strenuous mental habits of a man's student days. Let him put into it the deliberate diligence, the painstaking care, the steady persistence with which he prepared for exacting examinations, and let him assign a part of every day to attaining perfect mastery over it. You will find this habit to be of immeasurable value in the enrichment of your ministry." This preacher, who has shown such original insight in Scripture interpretation, tells us that in his sermon preparation it has been his practice for many years to consider his themes from the point of view of celebrated preachers like Newman, Spurgeon, Dale, Maclaren, Bushnell, Whyte. What he saw through their windows helped to make his own vision clear, but he was careful not to let it interfere with the free expression of his own individuality. "Be yourself, and slavishly imitate nobody. We do not want mimic greatness, but great simplicity." He believes that the message of comfort is one of the pressing needs of the pew. This is very true, but the preacher should not fail to deliver sermons which emphasize duty and responsibility and summon his hearers to hard tasks in the name of Christ. The kindness of God must be supplemented by the searching thoughts of his justice and holiness. The sermon on the mount is as necessary as the conversations in the upper room. Dr. Jowett is not attracted by topical preaching on social conditions. He fears that the evangelist may be lost in the sociologist, and that the preacher of glad tidings may become too absorbed in programs of social betterment. It may even lead to the emphasis of the Old Testament message of reform rather than to the New Testament message of redemption. But are not both necessary? Principal George Adam Smith has shown in his Yale Lectures on "Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament" what untold riches are available to the Christian preacher in the utterances of the Hebrew prophets. The appearance of social idealism in our midst, the need for economic adjustments, the existence of intellectual discord, constitute a difficult, but pressing, invitation to the preacher to consider the serious situation earnestly and intelligently. The pulpit should not be confused, hesitating, or detached in the presence of these tumultuous forces, but must endeavor to save them from crass materialism by offering a spiritual interpretation of life. This is not an easy task, but the Christian preacher is accustomed to handling difficulties, and he will face these rebellious facts and throw on them the light of the gospel so that the Church of Christ will regain and maintain leadership as a monitor of the conscience, a guide to the heights of spiritual perfection, and a helper in Christianizing the social order. "We must get more iron into our blood, more vision into our ideals, more vigor into our purposes, more sacrifice into our services, more tenacity into our wills." This will enable the preachers to be men of affairs as ambassadors of Christ. The concluding paragraph of these arresting lectures has this sentence: "My brethren, you are going forth into a big



world to confront big things." What some of them are like we find carefully discussed by Mr. Jackson, whose Fernley Lecture finely supplements these Yale Lectures. The discriminating references to books in the text and footnotes make his volume a helpful guide to the preacher who desires to know some of the best things to read. The dominant note throughout these chapters is that of readjustment. The preacher must know the age in which he lives in order that he may minister to its needs as a mediator and interpreter. Back of all his qualifications there must, however, be the undying passion to win men to Christ. "A preacher may possess almost every kind of gift, but unless to them all he add that indefinable something, that witchery of heaven which our fathers called 'unction,' his word will be but as a very lovely song of one that has a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument. The preaching that prevails is always passionate." We have somehow become suspicious of our emotions and are starving a large side of our nature. Let us have the courage of our Methodist convictions and not be swayed by pedantic tempers, but live in the fullest surrender to the living Christ, whose power is undoubted to save and sanctify to the uttermost. Mr. Jackson is certain of the Christian fundamentals, and he, therefore, has no fear of the results of science and criticism. Indeed, he welcomes their contributions and tests them by the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. The preacher's supreme mission is to win men's faith for Christ. This can be done not by setting forth any theological propositions concerning him, but by allowing him to make his own appeal through his words and works, his life and death. Men will then "throned him as Lord, Lord of the will, Lord of the conscience, Lord of the affections." It is only the preaching which magnifies the grace of God in Christ that can give guarantees to morality and secure Christian edification. These two subjects are well brought out in the chapters on "Ethical and Doctrinal Preaching." Professor Faulkner, of Drew Theological Seminary, in his recent book, *Crises in the Early Church*, states very truly: "If the fascinating study of history is of any value at all, it is to make one esteem truth and fact more than all things else; indeed, to make one care much more for truth, but nothing for shibboleths, whether the so-called liberal or the so-called conservative." Mr. Jackson has given adequate importance to the history of the Church, so that he distinguishes between the things that differ and speaks as a judicious modern. He accepts the conclusions of criticism regarding the Bible, which is the standard and authority of the Protestant preacher. He is not alarmed, though he may have lost a few texts, so long as his gospel is secure and he is able to see God in this Book more clearly than ever before. The fact of its inspiration is not a question of dogma, but of present experience, since in its pages there is a revelation of the gracious will of God for our salvation. These two books on the preacher and preaching deal with the subject in different ways, but they both arrive at the same conclusion. Dr. Jowett says that the life of our day tempts us to diffuseness, and Mr. Jackson declares that "the preacher's lack of passion to-day is probably due to the multiplying of his activities and the consequent dissipation of his strength." The present need is for prophets of the spiritual, who re-

ceive their vision and strength in solitude. Let the preacher realize that he has been separated unto the gospel of God. Let him have courage to refuse tasks that do not bear directly on his commission, because he must reserve himself for the supremest things. Let him remember his limitations and that he can do his best only as he does his own work. He will then deliver his God-given message, which is really a part of himself. Zion will then be quickened and edified; God will be glorified; and the preacher will not have spent himself for naught.

*Egypt to Canaan; or, Lectures on the Spiritual Meanings of the Exodus.* By A. H. TUTTLE. 12mo, pp. 286. New York: Eaton & Maina. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, \$1, net.

THE book of Exodus has been studied in different ways. The critical student has been concerned with questions of "the triple tradition" and textual emendation, and he has found in the book subjects of literary and archaeological interest. Valuable as is this use, it is only preliminary. If we believe that no prophecy is of individual interpretation, and that its teaching cannot be exhausted by only one fulfillment, we can hold that the sacred oracles of the Scriptures have a hidden sense, and that it is the supreme business of the religious teacher to set it forth. The writers of the New Testament used the Scriptures of the old covenant in this way, and the Church has profitably followed this noteworthy precedent. Dr. Charles Reynolds Brown, in his Yale lectures on "The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit," deals with the book of Exodus "entirely on the sociological side." He calls it "the story of an ancient labor movement" and points out very suggestively how rich this book is in symbolism for the whole movement toward social and industrial betterment in our own time. It is a volume that can be heartily commended on account of its Christian interpretation of the modern social and economic unrest. It is well that Charles Scribner's Sons have made it accessible in a fifty-cent edition. On the other hand, Dr. Tuttle regards Exodus not only as a history which records the deliverance of the enslaved people of Israel, but he also traces within that history the deliverance of an enslaved soul from its bondage to sin into the perfect liberty of the children of God and its career through this wilderness world to its God-prepared country in the heavens. While Dr. Brown leans leniently on the side of advanced biblical scholarship, Dr. Tuttle holds to the traditional view of the Pentateuch. But this is a matter of pure scholarship, so that questions of historical and literary criticism do not affect the religious value of any of the books. They are incidental in comparison with what is essential as regards religious values. "Typological research," says Dr. McNeile in his recent commentary on Exodus, "offers a fruitful field for devotional study; but its results depend largely on individual temperament and presuppositions and can in no case be accepted as final." The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews used the Old Testament on the assumption that it had throughout a spiritual meaning. When, therefore, it is read in the light of the New Testament, its spiritual value is increased many times. Dr. Tuttle's purpose in this volume is to expound the Christian life; and he has used

the book of Exodus as a basis, because it aptly sets forth in symbolical form some of the essential features of the Christian experience. His style of exposition may be gathered from the following description of the Holy of holies: "In this room was placed the ark of the covenant, which means God's presence. On the top of this ark was a little lid called the mercy seat, indicating to us that we reach our hands down into the awful mysteries of God's presence only through mercy. This mercy seat was closely guarded by two cherubim, one on either side, bending and spreading their wings, overshadowing it. No profane hands can reach that place. The spirit watchmen guard it. In the ark were placed three things: the tables of the law, prefiguring the law written in the heart and graven on the mind; hidden manna, type of our spiritual sustenance, that living bread which cometh down from heaven of which, if any man eat, he shall never die; Aaron's rod which budded. This teaches life from the dead. What can be more dead than a stick, cut from the tree, seasoned, polished, and used for years as a staff? Aaron's staff budded like the branches of a tree in spring. Dead, it blossoms again with life." Dr. Tuttle is a rare master of the spiritual life, and a wise steward of the mysteries of God, with a clear understanding of the central verities and having a unique power of expression. It is, therefore, not surprising that his ministry in the pulpit has always been spiritually instructive, constructive, and edifying. In his sermon on Marah, he says: "Holiness is not an external omnipotence sheltering us from harm, but the goodness of God identified with our own. This is not a thing conferred, but a thing achieved." Here is another suggestive sentence from his exposition of the Levitical law: "When religion fails to produce saints, men and women with the inward power of a holy life, it reverts to the past and recalls the practices of the ages." The glory of Christianity is its thrilling experience of a present salvation and a progressive sanctification. Where this is vividly set forth, the spread of scriptural holiness will be realized. This volume of sermons, breathing the rich fragrance of spiritual truth, contains a much-needed message. It will help to strengthen the life that is hid with Christ in God. "Ha'e ye any preachers in America?" asked an exacting Edinburgh church-goer of an American visitor. "O yes, a great many," was the reply. "Ha'e ye any that can *really preach*?" "Yes, I think so." "Who are they? The ones we've heard over here are a *sloppy lot*." Let us appoint Dr. Tuttle preacher to Edinburgh for a few months. No sharp Scotchman would call his preaching "sloppy." Even Edinburgh would delight in it, finding it meaty, savory, and nutritious—full of the Bread of Life and the Water of Life. He is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed in any presence, rightly dividing the word of truth.

#### PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*Humanly Speaking.* By S. M. CROTHERS. 12mo, pp. 216. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

TEN essays collected into one volume which is titled from the essay that is put first. Apparently the original intention was to give the volume

the title of the essay which now stands second, "In the Hands of a Receiver." A felicitous ingenuity appears in Dr. Crothers's choice of titles for each of his essays. Here they are: "The Contemporaneity of Rome," "The American Temperament," "The Toryism of Travelers," "The Unaccustomed Ears of Europe," "The Obviousness of Dickens," "The Spoiled Children of Civilization," "On Realism as an Investment," "To a Citizen of the Old School." You get the delicious Crothers flavor and tang wherever you bite in. It is not easy to describe a flavor. It is known by tasting. Mellow, yet shrewd humor, amiable leisurely discourse, gentle nudging of solemn folk, good-natured irony, virile and robust good sense racily and pungently expressed, comments as of a scholarly and thoughtful man of affairs and observant critic of events—all these, and more, are mixed in these enjoyable and cheering essays. The book begins thus: "'Humanly speaking, it is impossible.' So the old theologian would say when denying any escape from his own argument. His logical machine was going at full speed, and the grim engineer had no notion of putting on the brakes. His was a non-stop train, and there was to be no slowing-down till he reached the terminus. But in the middle of the track was an indubitable fact. By all the rules of argumentation it had no business to be there, trespassing on the right of way. But there it was! We trembled to think of the impending collision. But the collision between the argument and the fact never happened. The 'humanly speaking' was the switch that turned the argument safely on a parallel track, where it went whizzing by the fact without the least injury to either. Many things which are, humanly speaking, impossible are of the most common occurrence, and the theologian knew it. It is only by the use of this saving clause that one may safely moralize or generalize or indulge in the mildest form of prediction. Strictly speaking, no one has a right to express any opinion about such complex and incomprehensible aggregations of humanity as the United States of America or the British Empire. Humanly speaking, they both are impossible. Antecedently to experience the Constitution of Utopia as expounded by Sir Thomas More would be much more probable. It has a certain rational coherence. If it existed at all it would hang together, being made out of whole cloth. But how does the British Empire hold together? It seems to be made of shreds and patches. It is full of anomalies and temporary makeshifts. Why millions of people, who do not know each other, should be willing to die rather than to be separated from each other is something not easily explained. Nevertheless, the British Empire exists, and, through all the changes which threaten it, grows in strength. The perils that threaten the United States of America are so obvious that anybody can see them. So far as one can see, the republic ought to have been destroyed long ago by political corruption, race prejudice, unrestricted immigration, and the growth of monopolies. The only way to account for its present existence is that there is something about it that is not so easily seen. Disease is often more easily diagnosed than health. But we should remember that the republic is not out of danger. It is a very salutary thing to bring its perils to the attention of the too easy-going citizens. It is well to have a Jere-

miah, now and then, to speak unwelcome truths. But even Jeremiah, when he was denouncing the evils that would befall his country, had a saving clause in his gloomy predictions. All manner of evils would befall them unless they repented, and, humanly speaking, he was of the opinion that they couldn't repent. Said he: 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil.' Nevertheless, this did not prevent him from continually exhorting them to do good, and blaming them when they didn't do it. Like all great moral teachers, he acted on the assumption that there is more freedom of will than seemed theoretically possible." Here is a glimpse of the phenomenal popularity of Dickens in his day: "The nineteenth century had its fling at the artificiality of the eighteenth century, and treated it with contempt, as the age of doctrinaires. And now that the twentieth century is coming to the age of discretion, we hear a new term of reproach, Mid-Victorian. It expresses the sum of all villainies in taste. For some fifty years in the nineteenth century the English-speaking race, as it now appears, was under the sway of Mrs. Grundy. It was living in a state of most reprehensible respectability, and Art was tied to the apron-strings of Morality. Everybody admired what ought not to be admired. We are only now beginning to pass judgment on the manifold mediocrity of this era. All this must, for the time, count against Dickens; for of all the Victorians he was the midmost. He flourished in that most absurd period of time—the time just before most of us were born. And how he did flourish! Grave lord chancellors confessed to weeping over Little Nell. A Mid-Victorian bishop relates that after administering consolation to a man in his last illness, he heard him saying, 'At any rate, a new Pickwick Paper will be out in ten days.' Everywhere there was a wave of hysterical appreciation. Describing his reading in Glasgow, Dickens writes: 'Such pouring of hundreds into a place already full to the throat, such indescribable confusion, such rending and tearing of dresses, and yet such a scene of good humor, I never saw the slightest approach to. . . . Fifty frantic men got up in all parts of the hall and addressed me all at once. Other frantic men made speeches to the wall. The whole B family were borne on the top of a wave and landed with their faces against the front of the platform. I read with the platform crammed with people. I got them to lie down upon it, and it was like some impossible tableau, or gigantic picnic—one pretty girl lying on her side all the evening, holding on to the legs of my table.' In New York eager seekers after fiction would 'lie down on the pavement the whole of the night before the tickets were sold, generally taking up their position about ten.' There would be free fights, and the police would be called to quell the riot. Such astonishing actions on the part of people who were unfortunate enough to live in the middle of the nineteenth century put us on our guard. It could not have been a serious interest in English literature that evoked the mob spirit. Dickens must have been writing the kind of books which these people liked to hear read. We remember with some misgivings that in the days of our youth we wept over Little Nell, just as the lord chancellor did. The question which disturbs us is, Ought we to have done so?" Our essayist



talks to an Old School Citizen who is in "the doleful dumps": "The fine optimism which your friends have admired seemed to have deserted you. There was a querulous note which was strangely out of keeping with your usual disposition. It was what you have been accustomed to stigmatize as un-American. When you discussed the present state of the country, you talked—you will pardon me for saying it—for all the world like a calamity-howler. The country, you said, is in a bad way, and it must be awakened from its lethargy. After a period of unexampled prosperity and marvelous development, something has happened. Just what it is you don't really know, but it's very alarming. Instead of working together for Prosperity, the people are listening to demagogues, and trying all sorts of experiments, half of which you are sure are unconstitutional. The captains of industry who have made this the biggest country in the world are thwarted in their plans for further expansion. There are people who are criticizing the courts, and there are courts which are criticizing business enterprises that they don't understand. There are so-called experts—mere college professors—who are tinkering the tariff. There are overzealous executives who are currying favor with the crowd by enforcing laws which are well enough on the statute books, but which were never meant to go further. As if matters were not bad enough already, there are demagogues who are stirring up class feeling by proposing new laws. Party loyalty is being undermined, and the new generation doesn't half understand the great issues which have been settled for all time. It is rashly interested in new issues. For the life of you, you say, you can't understand what these issues are. New and divisive questions which lead only to faction are propounded so that the voters are confused. The great principle of representative government, on which the republic was founded, is being attacked. Instead of choosing experienced men to direct public policy, there is an appeal to the passions of the mob. The result of all this agitation is an unsettlement that paralyzes business. The United States is in danger of losing the race for commercial supremacy. Germany will forge ahead of us. Japan will catch us. Socialism and the Yellow Peril will be upon us. The Man on Horseback will appear, and what shall we do then? I do not understand whether you looked for these perils to come together, or whether they were to appear in orderly succession. But I came to the conclusion that either the country is in a bad way, or you are. You will pardon me if I choose the latter alternative, for I too am an optimistic American, and I like to choose the lesser of two evils. If there is an attack of 'hysteria,' I should like to think of it as somewhat localized, rather than having suddenly attacked the whole country." Trying to quiet the apprehensions of the Old School Citizen, Dr. Crothers goes on: "If you would understand the driving power of America, you must understand 'the divers discontented and impatient young men' who in each generation have found in the American wilderness an outlet for their energies. In the rough contacts with untamed Nature they learned to be resourceful. Emerson declared that the country went on most satisfactorily, not when it was in the hands of the respectable Whigs, but when in the hands of 'these rough riders—legislators in shirt-sleeves—Hoosier, Sucker, Wolverine, Badger—



or whatever hard-head Arkansas, Oregon, or Utah sends, half-orator, half-assassin, to represent its wrath and cupidity at Washington.' The men who made America had an 'excess of virility.' 'Men of this surcharge of arterial blood cannot live on nuts, herb-tea, and elegies; cannot read novels and play whist; cannot satisfy all their wants at the Thursday Lecture and the Boston Athenæum. They pine for adventure and must go to Pike's Peak; had rather die by the hatchet of the Pawnee than sit all day and every day at the counting-room desk. They are made for war, for the sea, for mining, hunting, and clearing, and the joy of eventful living.' In Emerson's day there was ample scope for all these varied energies on the frontier. 'There are Oregons, Californias, and Exploring Expeditions enough appertaining to America to find them in files to gnaw and crocodiles to eat.' But it must have occurred to some one to ask, 'What will happen when the Oregons and Californias are filled up?' Well, the answer is, 'See what is happening now.' Instead of settling down to herb-tea and elegies, Young America, having finished one big job, is looking for another. The noises which disturb you are not the cries of an angry proletariat, but are the shouts of eager young fellows who are finding new opportunities. They have the same desire to do big things, the same joy in eventful living, that you had thirty years ago. Only the tasks that challenge them have taken a different form. When you hear the words 'Conservation,' 'Social Service,' 'Social Justice,' and the like, you are apt to dismiss them as mere fads. You think of the catchwords of ineffective reformers whom you have known from your youth. But the fact is that they represent to-day the enthusiasms of a new generation. They are big things, with big men behind them. They represent the Oregons and Californias toward which sturdy pioneers are moving, undeterred by obstacles. . . . When I consider the new and vigorous forces in American life I cannot agree with your apprehensions; but there is one thing which you said with which I heartily agree. You said that you wished we might settle down to sound and constructive work, and get rid of the 'muck-raker.' I agree with you that the muck-raker stands in the way of large plans for betterment. But it might be well to refresh our minds in regard to what is really meant by the man with the muck-rake. He is not the man who draws our attention to abuses which can be abolished by determined effort. He is the man who apologizes for abuses that are profitable to himself. He prefers his petty interests to any ideal good. His character was most admirably drawn by Bunyan: "The Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them first into a room where was a man that could look no way but downward, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in His hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake, but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and the dust of the floor.' The man with the muck-rake, then, is one who can look no way but downward, and is so intent on collecting riches for himself that he does not see or regard any higher interests. I agree with you that if we are to have any constructive work in American society, the first thing is to get rid of the man with the muck-rake and to put in his

place the Man with a Vision." Bunyan and Dr. Crothers are right. The man who looks down, and not up, is a dishonor and a burden to the human race. The earth devours all those who disregard the Double Sky.

*Echoes from Vagabondia.* By BLISS CARMAN. 16mo, pp. 65. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Price, paper boards, \$1, net.

THE book, though small, is not high-priced if you value by quality rather than by bulk. Bliss Carman is one of the real poets of America; clean, high-minded, blithe, as surely born to sing as is the lark, the oriole, or the nightingale, his singing as genuine as the bobolink's ecstasy. It seems a long time, all too long, since we had a volume from him. One of his admirers, weary of his silence, wrote to his publishers a while ago: "What has become of Bliss Carman? Has he stopped being poet? Please wake him up and tell him we miss him." Our thanks to him that now he adds these *Echoes from Vagabondia* to the *Songs from Vagabondia* and *More Songs and Last Songs* which delighted us years ago. The authorship of those *Songs* Bliss Carman shared with Richard Hovey. Singing now alone, he calls these later songs *Echoes from the dear old days of comradeship and wandering*. The front inside cover of this small volume has these lines of remembrance touched with the ache of missing:

'Tis May now in New England,  
And through the open door  
I see the creamy breakers,  
I hear the hollow roar.

Back to the golden marshes  
Comes Summer at full tide,  
But not the golden comrade  
Who was the Summer's pride.

Opening with that backward look toward the lost comrade, this volume closes with verses which seem like another loyal and loving remembrance of Richard Hovey:

We traveled empty-handed  
With hearts all fear above,  
For we ate the bread of friendship,  
We drank the wine of love.

Through many a wondrous autumn,  
Through many a magic spring,  
We hailed the scarlet banners,  
We heard the blue-bird sing.

We looked on life and nature  
With the eager eyes of youth,  
And all we asked or cared for  
Was beauty, joy, and truth.

We found no other wisdom,  
We learned no other way,  
Than the gladness of the morning,  
The glory of the day.

Bliss Carman dedicates his *Echoes* to one who is described as "a spirit undismayed, confronting fortune with a gentle mirth, with love alike for Heaven and for Earth, thinking no ill, going her duteous ways, seeing the beauty round her all her days, playing her quiet part with tender strength and with a woman's heart." The *Last Day at Stormfield* is on the final hours of "our great funning friend," Mark Twain, who made his generation laugh with his wit, putting smiles on even the faces of "keen-eyed, serious men who watch the sorry world and the gaudy pageant of life with pity and wisdom and love"; and who leveled his merciless mirth at pompous shams. At Stormfield, his Connecticut home, on the last day of his life, Mark Twain for the last time opened a book. It was one of Carlyle's, that "dour and rugged philosopher who looked askance upon life, lurid, ironical, grim, yet sound at the core." He wearied quickly, laid the book and his glasses down on the bed, fell asleep, and in that sleep at twilight ceased to breathe. Bliss Carman fancies our American humorist in the other world consorting with Chaucer and Shakespeare and Molière, with Cervantes not far off, and jesting with Dagonet, King Arthur's Fool. Kipling, too, is quoted as saying that "the great Clemens" was some relation to Cervantes. These glad *Echoes* are mostly of the spring, the summer, the seashore, the hills, and the woods, but also of the city. "The Urban Pan" is the hurdy-gurdy man who returns when the magic days of spring bring stronger sun and milder air, the hand-organ man, swarthy and hairy, smiling up at your open windows expectant of dimes or nickels or coppers, casting his spell upon the town.

And so he follows down the block,  
A troop of children in his train,  
The light-foot dancers of the street  
Enamored of the reedy strain.  
I hear their laughter rise and ring  
Above the noise of truck and van,  
As down the mellow wind fades out  
The piping of the urban Pan.

Our poet, playing pagan for a while, as poets in their love of Nature sometimes do, fancies he really hears the pipes of the Greek god Pan in the Catskills:

They say that he is dead, and now no more  
The reedy syrinx sounds among the hills,  
When the long summer heat is on the land.  
But I have heard the Catskill thrushes sing,  
And therefore am incredulous of death,  
Of pain and sorrow and mortality.

In those blue cañons, deep with hemlock shade,  
In solitudes of twilight or of dawn,  
I have been rapt away from time and care  
By the enchantment of a golden strain  
As pure as ever pierced the Thracian wild,  
Filling the listener with a mute surmise.

At evening and at morning I have gone  
Down the cool trail between the beech-tree boles,  
And heard the haunting music of the wood  
Ring through the silence of the dark ravine,  
Flooding the earth with beauty and with joy  
And all the ardors of creation old.

And then within my Grecian heart awoke  
Remembrance of far-off and fabled years  
In the untarnished sunrise of the world,  
When clear-eyed Hellas in her rapture heard  
A slow mysterious piping wild and keen  
Thrill through her vales, and whispered, "It is Pan!"

Is there anything or anybody now left that has not yet been set in verse by some singer? Daly makes himself the city laureate of Little Italy and glorifies the "Dago." Bliss Carman makes himself laureate not only of the hurdy-gurdy man, but, in his most notable city poem, of the familiar woman who helps drag the street-organ through the streets. His point of view is outside the southeast entrance to Central Park, in sight of the equestrian statue of General Sherman. Here is what he saw and says:

One August day I sat beside  
A café window open wide  
To let the shower-freshened air  
Blow in across the Plaza, where  
In golden pomp against the dark  
Green leafy background of the Park,  
Saint Gaudens's hero, gaunt and grim,  
Rides on with Victory leading him.

The wet, black asphalt seemed to hold  
In every hollow pools of gold,  
And clouds of gold and pink and gray  
Were piled up at the end of day,  
Far down the cross street, where one tower  
Still glistened from the drenching shower.

A weary white-haired man went by,  
Cooling his forehead gratefully  
After the day's great heat. A girl,  
Her thin white garments in a swirl  
Blown back against her breasts and knees,  
Like a Winged Victory in the breeze,  
Alive and modern and superb,  
Crossed from the circle to the curb.

We sat there watching people pass,  
Clinking the ice against the glass  
And talking idly—books or art,  
Or something equally apart  
From the essential stress and strife  
That rudely form and further life,

Glad of a respite from the heat,  
 When down the middle of the street,  
 Trundling a hurdy-gurdy, gay  
 In spite of the dull-stifling day,  
 Three street musicians came. The man,  
 With hair and beard as black as Pan,  
 Strolled on one side with lordly grace,  
 While a young girl tugged at a trace  
 Upon the other. And between  
 The shafts there walked a laughing queen,  
 Bright as a poppy, strong and free.  
 What likelier land than Italy  
 Breeds such abandon? Confident  
 And rapturous in mere living spent  
 Each moment to the utmost, there  
 With broad, deep chest and kerchiefed hair,  
 With head thrown back, bare throat, and waist  
 Supple, heroic and free-laced,  
 Between her two companions walked  
 This splendid woman, chaffed and talked,  
 Did half the work, made all the cheer  
 Of that small company.

#### No fear

Of failure in a soul like hers  
 That every moment throbs and stirs  
 With merry ardor, virile hope,  
 Brave effort, nor in all its scope  
 Has room for thought or discontent,  
 Each day its own sufficient vent  
 And source of happiness.

#### Without

A trace of bitterness or doubt  
 Of life's true worth, she strode at ease  
 Before those empty palaces,  
 A simple heiress of the earth  
 And all its joys by happy birth,  
 Beneficent as breeze or dew,  
 And fresh as though the world were new  
 And toil and grief were not. How rare  
 A personality was there!

In tribute to a very different character, Bliss Carman pauses "On Burial Hill," at Concord, in the old burying-ground where Concord men first laid their dead, and tells of the inscription in honor of the village pastor:

There stands simple, square, and unadorned,  
 Our grandsire's altar tomb.  
 Upon its dark gray slated top  
 The long inscription reads,  
 In stately phrase his townsmen's praise  
 Of his deserts and deeds.

Their "pastor of the Church of Christ,"  
 They wish the world to feel  
 The "luster" of his ministry,  
 His "meekness" and his "zeal."  
 I doubt not he deserved it all,  
 And not a word of ill;  
 For they were just, these men whose dust  
 Lies here on Burial Hill.

Perhaps we wear the very guise  
 And features that he wore,  
 And with the look of his own eyes  
 Behold his world once more.  
 Would that his spirit too might live,  
 While lives his goodly name,  
 To move among the sons of men,  
 "A minister of flame."

O, might his magic gift of words,  
 Not wholly passed away,  
 Survive to be a sorcery  
 In all men's hearts to-day,  
 To plead no less for loveliness  
 Than truth and goodness still.  
 God rest you, sir, his minister  
 Asleep on Burial Hill!

One of these Echoes is a poet's reply to a little boy's question on his Christmas lesson about the Wise Men from the East: "Why were they three, instead of five or seven?" One is on the words, "He leadeth me beside the still waters; he restoreth my soul." It is difficult to choose among these forty poems, and tastes would differ; the one which most holds us is entitled "Mirage." Its five pages are too long to quote and its story is not easy to condense, but its argument is just and true and glorious. The great truth in solution in its hundred and seventy lines is that man is the culmination of all earthly grandeurs, the consummation and crowned king of the world, Nature's supreme and only use being to act as a setting for man's significance and to serve his needs. That is the meaning of Bliss Carman's saying that Beauty is "the superb eternal noun which takes no verb but love." A painter spends an enchanted summer at little Siasconset on the seaward side of the Island of Nantucket. At the season's end there stands upon his easel the most significant of all the summer's work. One day he had strolled along the beach to "Tom Nevers Head, the lone last land that fronts the ocean, lone and grand as when the Lord first bade it be for a surprise and mystery." There, all alone in the vast solitude of sea and shore and moor, the conviction came to him of the worthlessness of the earth by its mere self. He saw and felt that beauty and grandeur are nothing without soul, and that it is the presence and the power of man the godlike that alone give meaning and use and reason to the world of Nature; that earth's intention and *raison d'être* is to be the arena and the setting for the human soul, with its aspirations and struggles, its joys and



sorrows, its loves and prayers and victories, its toils and triumphs, its exultations and its tears. Then he gave himself to putting this sublime conviction on canvas. He painted first as powerfully as he could a picture of the sea and shore and sky, far outspread and high uplifted with all their majesty, beauty, and splendor of color, and then he painted into the middle of his picture "a vivid questing human face, up-gazing against the blue with eyes that heaven itself shone through, the lips half-parted as in prayer, scanning the heavens as if asking grace and confident of kindness from above; a face as tender as a happy girl's, where meet repose and ardor, strong and sweet; looking as Virgin Mary might have looked into the annunciation angel's eyes with faith and fearlessness and innocence." The artist made all the glory and wonder of the universe bend and lean about that human head. And when he had finished the picture, a sermon on canvas, into which he had put his meaning with all his might and skill, he stands before it and says:

In other years when men shall say,  
 "What was the painter's meaning, pray?  
 Why all this vast of sea and space,  
 Just to enframe a woman's face?"  
 Here is the pertinent reply,  
 "What better use for earth and sky?"

To us this is the noblest of all the poems in these *Echoes from Vagabondia*. In these *Echoes* we hear Bliss Carman owning his subjection to the seductive spell of elemental things breathing on him through the nature-sounds he hears:

My forest cabin half-way up the glen  
 Is solitary save for one wise thrush,  
 The sound of falling waters and the wind  
 Mysteriously conversing with the leaves.

And inside the ash-colored cover at the end of his book, our poet sitting at night by that seat and shrine and reservoir of primal elements, the hearthstone, sings his closing verse:

The stormy midnight whispers,  
 As I muse before the fire  
 On the ashes of ambition  
 And the embers of desire,  
 "Life has no other logic  
 And time no other creed  
 Than: 'I for joy will follow  
 Where thou for love dost lead.'"

A soul might say that to its divine Saviour and Lord.

*Winning the Fight Against Drink.* By E. L. EATON, D.D. Pp. 344. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Maina. Price, cloth, \$1, net.

THIS book is notable because of the subject it treats. It is the broadest work on the greatest reform question of the twentieth century. It sets forth the history, development, rational basis, moral, financial, eco-

nomic, and scientific appeals of the temperance reform, in which every phase of the subject is fully considered. Second, it was written at the request of the Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. Eaton being selected for this task because of his eminent fitness to write a standard work on the liquor problem. Third, our Board of Bishops has selected this work for the Conference Course of Study and placed it in the first year and also in the Local Preachers' Course, thus giving it the unique distinction of being the first work on the liquor problem ever adopted by our bishops and required in the Course of Study. Fourth, it has so met the demand that in six months from the date of its issuance from the press a second large edition is being printed. Introduction to the work was written by Clarence True Wilson, general secretary of the Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The first chapter is an Historical Outline of the liquor problem in all ages, but especially of the last hundred years of temperance effort. The second gives the Biblical Basis of the Reform, in which Dr. Eaton, with scholarly skill, takes up the different wine theories both in the Hebrew and the Greek and the various translations, and in this valuable chapter points out the teaching of the Scriptures with reference to total abstinence and prohibition. The Moral Issue is next discussed, and the notable survey of the ravages wrought by intemperance is followed by the social, moral aspects of the drink traffic and the corrupting influence of the license system. The Financial Question is studied in an impressive way and the wasted resources of the country contrasted by the paltry amount received back in license. The Economic Problem is discussed and the author gathers a valuable collection of material and masses it in a way that suggests the mind of a statesman. The Scientific Status is next taken up and the questions, "Is it a Food?" "Is it a Stimulant?" "Is it a Medicine?" "Is Moderate Drinking Safe?" are answered from the viewpoint of the latest and sanest investigations of the scientists and the substance of the study of many volumes is put into a chapter of 44 pages. The System of Regulation discusses the license system, governmental ownership, local option, and other modes that give the advantages and disadvantages of each in a thoughtful way. Next comes the Doctrine of Prohibition, in which the writer clears the field by reviewing all the objections of the liquor advocates of prohibition, then gives the rationale of prohibition, and then the success of the policy and the principle in court. The boldness with which the writer then launches into the troublous waters of the next problem is matched only by the skill with which he guides his pen in discussing Political Action. No man can read this chapter and not feel that he has been fair to all parties concerned and has brought forth positive information where light is very much needed. But the book rises to its climax in the tenth and final chapter on the Opportunity of the Church. Here Dr. Eaton shows the power of the church, the responsibility of the church in her civic relations, the awful blight of the rum power upon all our civilization, and how the church could overmaster it when she sees the importance of this work and addresses herself to the task of annihilating the saloon. The

author says the latest evolution of the temperance reform is the definite organization of the seventeen great denominations of the country into Church Temperance Societies. The author writes: "Recently these societies have been organized into a federation entitled 'The International Temperance Federation,' and are now considering plans for a nationwide campaign against the rum power. This movement is one of the significant and hopeful signs of reawakening life. It promises help and inspiration to every temperance man and measure, and in a practical way to bring the entire church in our country into united and aggressive warfare against the saloon. When the churches, seeing eye to eye, and standing shoulder to shoulder, as they have never yet fully done, but as this movement proposes to array them—looking upon their vast resources, and feeling the thrill of their united power, conscious of the leadership of their Divine Captain, who never lost a battle—shall fall upon the army of boodlers and grafters and 'booze-mongers and drunkards as Joshua fell upon the confederated multitudes at Gibeon, the saloon power shall be overthrown and forever destroyed. May the church quickly fall into line while heaven leads the way! Separately each committee will direct the work and furnish plans and leadership for its own church. The Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with headquarters in Topeka, Kan., has already begun a vigorous propaganda of education and agitation which will be felt by every Conference, every minister, every church, and every member throughout our country and our mission fields. The plans of work so far developed are: A *lecture bureau*, sending out competent speakers to churches, Sunday schools, conventions, Conferences, Chautauquas, and to help in no-license campaigns in cities, counties, and States. A *press agency* supplying information upon every phase of the temperance reform to Leagues, Sunday schools, and to church papers, as well as to the secular press. A *tract society* furnishing temperance literature—leaflets, pledge cards, papers, and books—to all the Sunday schools, Leagues, and churches of Methodism. A *benevolent board* raising funds to help counties and States in critical struggles when they are under fire of the united liquor forces of the country, thus throwing the power of the church into campaigns for State-wide prohibition. This society is the official agitator organized by the General Conference to keep the church awake and aggressive, to enlist the children for total abstinence, and the voters for the suppression of the political power of the saloon. It is one of the seventeen largest denominations in America, the greatest army ever rallied to the trumpet call of a righteous cause against the mighty foe of the home, the church, the state, and of civilization itself. After a century of experimenting with attempts to fight the temperance battle through resolutions, the church has now organized for militant leadership of its own forces and the making good of its own resolutions. While being no less helpful and sympathetic with all other antisaloon organizations, the church feels, and through this agency expresses, its responsibility for the sentiment, training, and conduct of its own six millions of members and Sunday school pupils."

## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

*Anglo-American Memories.* Second Series. By GEORGE W. SMALLEY, M.A. 8vo, pp. 418. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, \$2.50.

IN this Second Series of *Anglo-American Memories* George Smalley has added to his portrait gallery of international celebrities a series of striking character sketches of some of the leading diplomats, statesmen, financiers, artists, and men of letters with whom he has become intimate in the course of his long and distinguished career as a journalist. Chamberlain, Balfour, Lord Rosebery, Sir Edward Grey, Whitelaw Reid, Morgan, Carnegie, William Waldorf Astor, Whistler, Sir Henry Irving, Sir William Shwenck, Gilbert, Roosevelt, and Count Witte—to mention only a few—stand forth as living personalities in his pages. There is many an anecdote in this entertaining volume that will be eagerly seized upon and repeated as typical of one or another of the men of whom it is told. This is what he says about Free Trade in England and Mr. Chamberlain: "He was the first Englishman to free his mind thoroughly from the worn-out fetish of Free Trade and to force on the Unionist party a policy of Tariff Reform. The superstitions of Free Trade have a strong hold on the English mind, and great effort will be required to free the multitude from their slavery to the economic fallacies which Cobden taught. But in that world-wide war of Tariffs, which is the greatest of modern wars, England is not forever to stand, alone of all great powers, defenseless; and when she arms herself with the weapons by which only a great economic battle can be fought, she will owe them to Mr. Chamberlain. Alone among great Englishmen, for a long time, he looked across the Atlantic, learned the lesson of Protection and Prosperity, the child of Protection in America, and taught it to his countrymen." Here is a comparison of Mr. Balfour with Mr. Chamberlain: "Mr. Balfour is a man with a high order of political genius. Like Lord Rosebery, he is a diplomatist, skilled in every art of evading or compromising great issues; a great debater and much else. But he is not a man whom men follow instinctively, inevitably, because they must. There is no must. He asks you to choose. He appeals to reason; he philosophizes; he thinks men are led by the subtleties of a metaphysical argument. What they are led by is a trumpet note, such as used to be heard from Mr. Chamberlain, and before him from Lord Palmerston. Mr. Balfour understands logic, Mr. Chamberlain understands men." Goldwin Smith said in his *Reminiscences* that Chamberlain brought on the Boer War. On this Smalley comments: "Goldwin Smith was incapable of saying, even in his frequent hours of bitterness, what he did not believe; but, like Gladstone, he could convince himself of anything." Lord Hartington, denying that Chamberlain was responsible for the Boer War, said: "In a sense it is not our war at all. It was forced upon us. We are fighting in South Africa for the Empire. If we lose South Africa, who can say what we shall keep?" Lord Hartington had an inveterate habit of reading in bed at all hours of the night. Warned by his doctor that it would injure his eyes, he replied: "Yes, but I can't lie awake and do nothing." Being asked

If his eyes did not pain him, he said: "Yes, but it is a choice of evils"; a stubborn, self-willed man, impatient of advice even from his physician. Of Balfour, Smalley writes: "He shares with Pascal the distinction of being a devout believer, yet possessed by an invincible longing to apply scientific methods of inquiry to matters of faith. He is a saint in the skin of an agnostic. There is intellectual and spiritual kinship between him and the great Frenchman. In a way he is a child of Pascal; he has the Port Royalist's habit of seeing both sides and stating both; a useful habit in realms of speculation, but almost fatal in party politics. A Minister, or a leader of the Opposition, who states both sides only perplexes and dispirits his followers. Balfour at times qualified his statements till they ceased to be statements and became hypothetical suggestions." (There is a warning just here for the preacher stating the case for faith.) Taine said that the result and root of all true philosophy is "Take things as they come." Balfour seems to have mastered that attainment of the philosophic mind. Years ago it was reported that he was financially ruined, and it looked so for a time. This is what he said: "They tell me I am ruined. It may be so, but I do not find that it makes any difference in my daily life. I still have all I care for, all that I really require for existence. I eat and sleep as usual. Best of all, I still have my friends. How can I be ruined?" This is the calm and patient temper of the philosopher, as of the soldier, for example of General Wolseley, of whom it is written: "He accepted things quietly as they came; bullets, fever, and all the rest. He was a soldier, and these things were in the day's work. He was a born leader of men; men follow a man who will lead them unflinchingly to their death and his; and him only do they follow. Into the rush of battle and of life, in age and youth alike, 'the fervor of the heart sends men raging.'" It was General Wolseley who fastened on Gladstone the blame for Chinese Gordon's death. Smalley says Gladstone, then Prime Minister, "was ever a lukewarm friend to Gordon, if not his enemy." It was Gladstone who held back the relief force during that summer of 1885, while an overwhelming savage force was besieging Khartoum. General Wolseley says: "I put every military argument before Gladstone. I showed him the urgent necessity of haste. I besought him to act. He would not. I was on my knees to him for months, entreating him to let us go to Khartoum to rescue Gordon. He steadfastly refused." So Gordon's doom was sealed in Downing Street, and he was left to be hacked in pieces by Mahdist spears in besieged and betrayed Khartoum. It is said that on the news of Gordon's death, Gladstone, for the first time in his life, could not sleep. General Wolseley was in a position to know the facts, and if what he says is true, Gladstone ought never to have slept again. Of the movement for Home Rule in Ireland, which attempts to break up the United Kingdom, General Wolseley's comment was, "Home Rule will be the end of the English army. English soldiers will refuse to fire on Ulstermen whose crime is loyalty to England; and an army that mutinies is no longer an army." So thinks this Irish soldier. Writing of orators, Mr. Smalley says of Disraeli's description of Gladstone as "intoxicated by the exuberance of his own ver-



bosity" that there was truth in the unfriendly fling, for his fluent facility of speech and unrestrained copiousness of diction often brought Gladstone to disaster. Our author says: "If I were to choose among all the speeches I have ever heard the one which had every quality of great oratory in the least compass, I would name Lord Peel's at the farewell dinner given to M. Waddington on his retirement from the French Embassy to London. Peel said everything that needed to be said, said it with finish, with distinction, with rhetorical power, with a vibratory emotion which held a brilliant company breathless, and his speech *was just six minutes long!*" Mr. Smalley calls Lord Pauncefote the greatest Ambassador England has sent to the United States. He was the first Ambassador from any nation who ever had audience of a President of the United States. The honors paid him on his death in Washington were unprecedented. The President, who, by rule, calls on nobody, flung etiquette and rules to the winds and went in person to Mrs. Pauncefote to offer condolences and pay tribute to the dead. The President (it was Roosevelt) personally ordered the flags half-masted on every public building in Washington; personally ordered a state funeral; and, again disregarding an unbroken rule of official etiquette, attended the funeral service; gave orders to his Secretary of War to parade fifteen hundred American troops as military escort of honor to the body of this British subject. When the coffin, after the services, was carried out of the church, the President of the United States stood with head uncovered, with his cabinet ministers and other great officers of state, judges, generals, admirals, and foremost citizens. This action of an American greatly impressed England and all Europe; especially Germany, perhaps, whose policy, our author says, has been and is to disturb the friendship between Great Britain and the United States. This is called the policy of the Kaiser, "an emperor-journalist, with a journalist's love of the sensational; the Hearst of Berlin." Those are the words of George W. Smalley, the famous correspondent of the London Times and the New York Tribune, who knows journalism and journalists, and nations, and rulers, and international relations. Mr. Smalley wants us to remember in these days, when President Taft and Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Balfour, stand so nobly for Arbitration, that the first treaty of general arbitration between England and the United States was the work of Lord Pauncefote and Mr. Olney, both of whom had legal minds, learned and full, from which the spirit of contention was absent. "No two men were more competent to frame such an agreement. If it was not an agreement for unlimited arbitration, it went as far as the public opinion of that day would follow; and further, it was built on recognized principles of international jurisprudence; a science which both Pauncefote and Olney had mastered. The Senate wrecked it (as also it has wrecked a later treaty)—a body of legislators ever more jealous of its usurped prerogative than careful of those international relations with which America is more than ever bound up. The final blow struck by the Senate, a blow below the belt, shattered Lord Pauncefote's most cherished ideals and shortened his life. The treacherous hostility of the Senate to the peace of nations intensifies the prayer that the Senate may hereafter abandon its role of obstruction and destruction



and earn a better name than the graveyard of treaties." Mr. Smalley bears high testimony to Whitelaw Reid, our Ambassador to the Court of Saint James, who has just received honors at his death in England recalling those given to Pauncefoot in this country. When it was to be decided whether we should retain the Philippines, cast into our hands by the fortunes of war, President McKinley appointed as a commission on terms of peace Judge Day, of Ohio, then Secretary of State; Senators Frye, of Maine; and Davis, of Minnesota; and Gray, of Delaware; and Whitelaw Reid. Day and Gray favored surrendering the islands, leaving them to the mercy of the power that might want them most—probably Japan. Davis, Frye, and Reid favored our keeping the islands; and Mr. Smalley tells us that it was Whitelaw Reid's strong convictions and force of argument that gained a majority of the commission to his views. Mr. Smalley thinks Thomas B. Reed the greatest of all Speakers of the House of Representatives, and that he had the finest mind among politicians or statesmen of his day; also that he could have occupied the White House by making concessions which he refused to make. This correspondent says: "If I wanted an original view I used to go to Speaker Reed. I would find him in his poor, dingy little room at the Shoreham Hotel. The space which his bulk did not fill was occupied by a writing desk, two chairs, and a tumbled mass of House bills and other official papers, all apparently in disgraceful confusion as of a busy man's work shop. It was not a cell to which the Speaker should ever have been condemned; but Mr. Reed had no fortune, and was stingily paid. He was not the sort of man who puts emphasis on money, and he lived as he could in meager plainness and bare simplicity. To him life meant work, not luxury." Mr. Smalley, noting that J. P. Morgan has been criticized for leaving so many of his art treasures in England, tells us that Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, once said to Mr. Morgan: "Why don't you bring your pictures, miniatures, and the rest to America, where the American people can have a look at them?" "I can't afford to," was the reply. "Well, I knew you were a poor man," said Shaw, "but I didn't know you were so poor as all that." "Well, Secretary Shaw, how much would your duties on my collection amount to if they passed through your New York Custom House?" "I don't know, perhaps two or three hundred thousand," answered the Secretary. "At least six million dollars," said Morgan. Mr. Smalley says no President was better posted as to public opinion in all directions than Roosevelt, and tells of one occasion when he was warned that he was alienating the big financiers and enraging Wall Street; and Roosevelt replied: "The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church are with me and, that being so, I don't care who is against me." What he meant was that those Bishops were representatives; that traveling over the whole country, they knew public sentiment; and that they were speaking for the millions of their coreligionists. He cared more for the support of the people than for Wall Street. The sayings of many notable people enliven Mr. Smalley's *Anglo-American Memories*: Emerson's saying that "the influence of an idea is mathematically measurable by its depth of thought"; Huxley's saying, "Death as an everlasting extinction of one's energies and faculties is

horrible and incredible"; also Huxley's reply when asked if Science owes as much to Germany as the Germans claim: "In accumulation of facts, yes. In use of them, no. They are ahead in methods and completeness of investigation, but in constructive processes the French and English are their superiors; and it is by the French and English that the fabric of Science has been built up"; Lord Lyndhurst's saying that if Lord Brougham only knew a little law he would know a little of everything; Lord Spencer's saying when he surrendered in a conflict of views with the Prime Minister, "If you had ever spent half an hour alone in a room with Gladstone, you would know why I gave in." Grover Cleveland, when President, had to deal several times with acute financial crises, in one of which, it is said, the government was within twenty-four hours of bankruptcy. One of his friends and ablest financial advisers (not J. P. Morgan) described Cleveland as ignorant of finance and all fiscal matters, saying: "All he knows I taught him, and it seems impossible for him to learn. He would seem to understand a particular financial situation, and would adopt the remedies suggested, and so pull through. But at the next difficulty he was as helpless as ever, and everything had to be gone over with him again. To the day of his death he could not understand either money or business." A certain great French actress says that at times she loathes her art as being a mere hypocrisy: "You feign convictions wholly artificial, you force the appearance of passions which you do not feel, you declaim things you do not believe—in a word, you make a business of pretending and lying, to deceive the eyes and ears of people in order to amuse them a few hours. . . . Applause does not make me happy or content. I care nothing for it all. I may yet end under a nun's cap. I don't wish to kill myself, but I would gladly die. In a convent I should adore my Christ, and he, perhaps, would give me back what I give to him." About hard work as the secret and condition of success, many confirmatory examples are given. Joseph Chamberlain, in public life, worked fifteen hours a day, full steam ahead; and, adds Mr. Smalley, "If he had not smoked so many cigars a day, he might be working still." Lord Rosebery, when at the head of the Foreign Office, described his work as "Penal servitude for fourteen hours a day." What do the so-called "working classes," who think eight hours a day too much, say to that? Many men in high positions or at the head of great affairs work ten, twelve, and more hours a day. Mr. Smalley saw Lord Rosebery late one night at his desk with boxes full of fresh dispatches relating to the Foreign Affairs of his government piled on the floor as high as his desk on three sides of him. At one o'clock in the morning Smalley, leaving, asked Rosebery, "When are you going through all those?" "Now," was the reply. "But that may mean the rest of the night," said Smalley. "I can't tell how long it will take, but it must be done to-night. The only way to handle the business of this office is to start with a clean slate every morning." James Lowther, Speaker of the House of Commons, reared as a "country gentleman," regarded by some of his neighbors as one of the "idle rich," has the habit of studying and working ten, twelve, and fourteen hours a day. Sarah Bernhardt, after acting one play for six weeks in Paris, was told by an admirer, "You do much better than you

did the first week of this play, and you improve all the time." She answered: "It ought to be better, and I'll tell you the reason why. It is because I have worked on it six hours a day for six weeks. That is why." All of which is to certify that whoever, in any sphere, attains excellence and commands high success must pay a high price of hard, persistent, never-ceasing work. Also it is noted that nothing but hard work will ever develop a man and enable him to make the most of the contents and resources of his own nature so as to be able to give a creditable and satisfactory report of himself in the final accounting. Crammed full of varied interest is George W. Smalley's second volume of *Anglo-American Memories*.

*The Religious Forces of the United States.* By H. K. CARROLL, LL.D. Crown 8vo, pp. lxxxviii+488. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.00 net.

DOUBTLESS there was never a time when the many exceedingly diverse denominations of the United States were so genuinely interested in one another as in this second decade of the twentieth century. We can easily go back in memory to the days when every district church was absorbed in its own affairs, intent upon the enlargement of its own particular kingdom, and confident that the future of the church of Christ was in its hands. Such a thing as a great church trust, to adopt an industrial term, was not dreamed of. Now with the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, embracing the flower of evangelical Christianity, every denomination looketh not upon its own things, but also upon the things of other denominations. The period of isolation gives place to the period of unification. A great communion, claiming a large and ancient heritage and exclusive in its splendid complacency, now dreams of corporeal unity and shows a neighborly interest in the affairs of other bodies, realizing the truth of Phillips Brooks's observation that the brethren on the same street are nearer than the Copts of Egypt. All this is simply a prelude to the main purpose of this article and points to the present demand for concise and comprehensive information concerning the denominations, big and little, old and new, orthodox and heterodox, episcopal, presbyterial, and congregational, Calvinistic and Arminian, ritualistic and nonritualistic. No book, or series of books, will better serve the purpose of those drawn to the study of the denominations for their points of agreement and points of difference, for their peculiarities of belief, polity, discipline, method; for their spirit and purpose; for their history, development, failures, and successes, than *The Religious Forces of the United States*, by Dr. H. K. Carroll. This book has been for nearly twenty years the one authority on this subject. Its author, having successfully threaded for the United States Government in 1890 the maze of denominational titles and entitles and identified with infinite pains every particular entity and title, and so charted the intricate way that others may confidently follow, has given new and clearer clues in a revised edition just published by Charles Scribner's Sons. That which pertains to the census of 1890—the tables of statistics, showing for each denomination the number of ordained ministers, churches, communicants, church edifices, seating capacity, and value, its distribution by States and conferences or dioceses, etc.; the

comprehensive historical sketch of each denomination; the grouping of branches according to family relation as Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, etc.—is retained unchanged in the revised volume and is, indeed, unique in its completeness and arrangement, and of permanent value. We may mention here, as a tribute to the absolute impartiality of the author, that when the Census Office sought for the census returns for 1906, a new sketch of the Protestant Episcopal Church and asked a bishop of that communion to prepare it, sending him as a model that of 1890, he wrote advising that Dr. Carroll's article be reprinted, saying he knew not how to improve it. The portions of the volume which are new are (1) some sixty pages of statistical tables, giving the returns of all denominations for 1900 and 1910 and the gains in each of the two decades and of both in ministers, churches, and communicants, with diagrams for the several States, showing the proportion of Methodists, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and the like in each; and (2) some ninety pages at the beginning descriptive of the "convictions and characteristics of Christianity in the United States." Some of this matter is from the previous edition, but the whole is recast, largely rewritten, and greatly enlarged. It is explanatory of the pages which follow, indicating the meaning of the terms used; it is analytical, showing the tendencies of the present age, the elements of strength, the dominant characteristics of the religious forces which are aggressive; it is illuminative, pointing out the causes of radical changes in the rates of increase, and the results of migration and immigration. There are two or three things which Dr. Carroll's book, with its orderly arrays of facts and figures, results and tendencies, makes very clear even to the casual reader. (1) The dominant type of Christianity in the United States is the evangelical, whether the comparison be made on the basis of communicants or of "population." Evangelical Protestantism is well in advance. Liberal and nonorthodox Christianity is not great in influence, numbers, or power of increase. In communicants evangelical Protestantism is relatively to nonorthodox Protestantism as 27 to 1, and as to Roman Catholic and Oriental orthodox churches, it is as 21 to 12. In population the ascendancy of evangelical Protestantism is much greater. It is, in round numbers, 64,000,000 to the 15,000,000 of the Roman Catholic and Eastern orthodox churches. (2) The Roman Catholic Church is gaining very rapidly. In fifteen of the States, including every one in New England, with New York and New Jersey, it has more communicants than all other denominations combined, and in fifteen other States it has more than any other denomination. It almost doubled the number of its communicants between 1890 and 1910. Of course the streams of immigration have contributed to this result. Where foreign populations are densest there the Church of Rome is strongest. (3) The Christian church is gaining more rapidly than the population. The gains for the past twenty years indicate that the aggregate membership of all Christian denominations will in twenty-five years, or 1915, be twice as large as it was in 1890. Of course there are many elements in the problem of Christianity in the United States to be considered—some favorable and some rather discouraging. They need to be

studied with great particularity, and Dr. Carroll's book gives large opportunity to those who would do service to the common cause of the churches.

*Studies in the History of Religions:* Presented to Crawford Howell Toy by Pupils, Colleagues, and Friends. Edited by DAVID GORDON LYON and GEORGE FOOT MOORE. Pp. viii + 373. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1912. Price, \$2.50, net.

It has long been the custom in Germany to celebrate the birthday of some distinguished scholar or the turning point in the history of a school by the dedication of a book specially written by pupils or professors in honor of that scholar or school. This is an admirable custom, not only as recognizing merit or services, but because it affords an opportunity for the publication of essays whose technical character might debar them from the reviews and magazines. This custom has fortunately invaded America, of which we have had recent instances in the volume presented to Briggs, and that in honor of the one hundredth year after the founding of Princeton Theological Seminary. Toy, who is one of the ablest Oriental scholars in America, is one of the many gifts of the Baptist Church to learning. He is a Virginian by birth and a graduate of the old University of Virginia, in which Jefferson took such profound interest (it was planted only four miles from his home in Monticello). After two years in Berlin he was made professor of the Old Testament in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, then at Greenville, S. C., now at Louisville, Ky., which we understand to be the largest school of the kind in the country, perhaps in the world. Apparently the influence of the rationalist professors in Berlin made him too liberal for our Baptist brethren, and after only ten years service there (1869-79) he was glad to remove to the chilly atmosphere of Harvard, where in the Hebrew or related department he has been a distinguished ornament since 1880. He may well feel proud of this noble sheaf of essays. Kittredge leads off with an intensive study of witchcraft under James I. The veteran Unitarian, J. Etlin Carpenter, of Manchester New College, Oxford, follows with a study of Buddhist and Christian parallels, in which he can in the nature of the case come to no decisive conclusions. There are fascinating parallels in all religions, but when you come to the question of deliberate borrowing, you meet a difficult problem. In this case most Buddhist experts deny the connection. Fred Norris Robinson has an essay on Satirists and Enchanters in Early Irish Literature, and Edward Stevens Sheldon a translation from the French of a mediæval poem six hundred years old, *Saint Peter and the Minstrel*, which was well worth doing. Jastrow treats the *Liver* as the Seat of the Soul, and makes out quite a case for the psychical influence of that vital part of our organism in the history of religions. He thinks that "liver" and "life" are practically synonymous in Prov. 7. 23, and that we should read liver (*kabed*) instead of honor (*kabod*) in Psa. 7. 5; 30. 13 ("that my liver may sing praise to thee and not be silent"); 16. 9 ("My liver exulteth"); 108. 2 ("My heart is steadfast, O God! I will chant and I will sing—aye, my liver" [shall sing]). This sounds strange to us, but it is really no more difficult than the idea of the bowels as the seat of mercy.



This reviewer has no right to speak of the rightfulness of the substitution of "liver" for "honor" above, but he asked his neighbor, an eminent Hebrew scholar, and the latter replied that he believed that liver was the right word. Jastrow makes the point that whereas among us white-livered is a term of reproach, in Babylonia "it might have been the phrase to convey all that is implied in the colloquial expression, a 'white' man—pure, virtuous, of superior intellect—in short, a noble and rare soul, as among the Arabs a 'white heart' is a pure heart." Bloomfield (Johns Hopkins) presents us with an essay on The Sikh Religion, and Barton (Bryn Mawr) on Yahweh before Moses, both exceedingly interesting to those working in those fields. The latter thinks we should look for the origin of the name of Yahweh in some early home of the northern Semites in Arabia, whence migrations occurred to Babylonia, Palestine, Sinai, and Hamath. He was a deity of fertility. Barton rejects the view that he was the moon god, and thinks there is very little truth in the idea that he was the volcano god. Budde has a discussion in German at the close of the book of Hosea, Hopkins of the religious significance of the sacred rivers of India, Peters of the Two Great Nature Shrines of Israel, Bethel and Dan, Ward of the interesting subject of the Asiatic Influence in Greek Mythology, and G. F. Moore on the Theological School at Nisibis. Torrey tries to show that our Gospels are translations from Aramaic originals (50 pp.), a very important essay. C. H. Moore: Oriental Cults in Spain; D. G. Lyon: The Consecrated Women of the Hammurabi Code; R. J. Gotthell: Figurines of Syro-Hittite Art. The book closes with a Toy bibliography. There is no index—a lamentable deficiency. Is it not a crime against learning to send forth a scientific book of any importance whatever without an index? There is a mistake on p. 255. Athanasius did not "express himself similarly" to Arius as to Christ having a body without a truly human soul. Exactly the opposite was held by Athanasius. It was fundamental with him that Christ, while essentially he had the same nature with God, took actual human nature in its fullness. Not only so, it was essential to Athanasius's philosophy of religion that the humanity of Christ should be as real as his divinity. Only thus could man be deified and united with God. See Athanasius, Discourses ag. the Arians, Disc. II, § 70; III, § 32 ("he had a body not in appearance, but in truth"), § 41, etc. The learned author should have submitted this part of his paper to the Andover or Harvard professor of Church History. Mention should be made of the generosity of the Hon. Jacob Henry Schiff, who made the publication of this book possible—a noble method of doing distinguished service to mankind.